THE

BIOGRAPHY

OF

CHARLES BRADLAUGH

BY

ADOLPHE S. HEADINGLEY.

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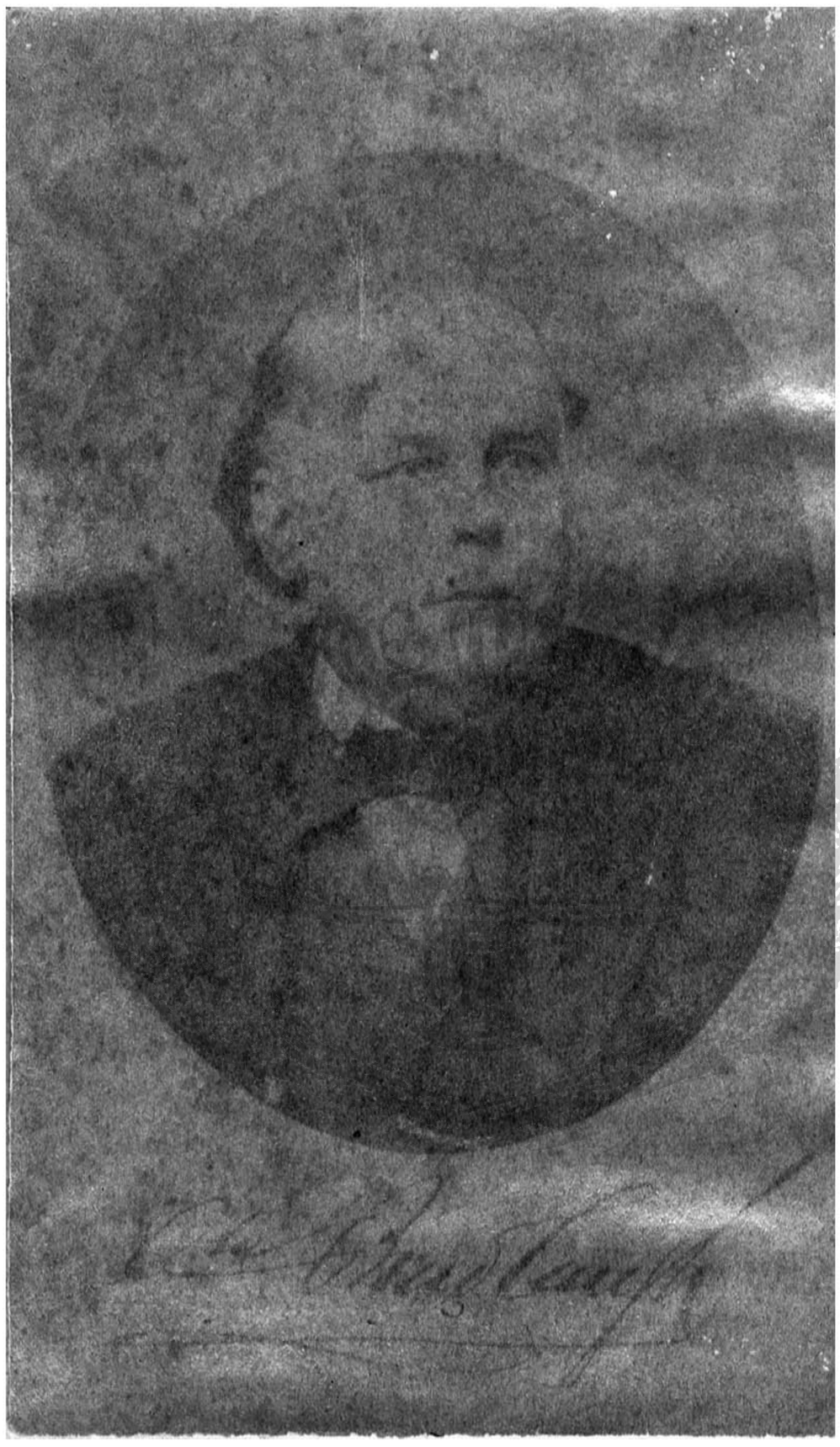
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T. M. Krishna Menon



PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE innate respect that all Englishmen bear towards any one who unmistakeably displays exceptional perseverance, integrity, and courage, is my reason for presenting to the public a biography of Charles Bradlaugh. That he possesses these great qualities, those who read the incidents of his life will scarcely be able to deny. While his opinions must of necessity excite the most energetic opposition in many quarters, there is every reason to hope that all parties will ultimately acknowledge his personal merits. It is these qualities and the varied events of his life that I have attempted to describe; and in the hope that the book may be welcome to friend and foe alike, I have carefully avoided the introduction of controversial dissertations.

Of course, it is notorious that Bradlaugh is in religious questions an Atheist, in social questions a Malthusian, and in politics a Republican. The defence of these views has been the basis of his every action, and it is impossible to lose sight of this fact in writing his biography; but I have refrained from reproducing any of his arguments in favor of these opinions, so that the story of his life may be read by the most timid Christian or the most orthodox victim of our conventional laws without the least fear. Not that for a moment I would shrink from the discussion of the great and fundamental questions which Bradlaugh has raised, but that in the present instance I am anxious to spread some knowledge concerning the man, rather than his doctrines.

In a separate work these latter might be fitly considered, the reader being fairly warned as to the character of what he is about to read. But in this volume perhaps the greatest service may be rendered to the

cause of truth by simply seeking to elicit those feelings of respect which should exist on both sides if any discussion is to be conducted in a dignified manner and brought to a satisfactory issue. Now it is quite evident that England will be called upon, at no distant date, to discuss the opinions which Bradlaugh represents; and therefore it is essential that we should be better acquainted with this new spokesman who has arisen in our midst.

So as not to express merely my own view of the question, it will be found that Mr. Morrison Davidson, in his essays on "Eminent Radicals," remarks that of all roads by which St. Stephen's may be approached, Bradlaugh certainly selected the least likely and the most arduous, and yet he has succeeded. He has taken infinite pains to spoil his own chances. All the great "interests," royalty, aristocracy, church, chapel, and the public-house, have waged war against him, and yet he has surmounted all these obstacles. "This unique position," adds Mr. Davidson, "he was won by his daring, by his intellect, by his Titanic energy, and by his general thoroughness of character. If he is not a real hero, he is a surprisingly clever counterfeit. In his own way, and by his own example, he has inspired many thousands of the most abject of his countrymen with reinvigorated feelings of self-reliance and renewed hope on earth. He has taught them the inestimable lesson of self-help, of righteous indignation against oppression."

By Wendell Phillips and Charles Summer he has been described as one of the most powerful amongst English orators, and Mr. M. Davidson asserts that, excepting Mr. Gladstone, Bradlaugh has perhaps the most attached personal following of any politician in England. Certainly, the National Secular Society, of which he is the President and principal organiser, possesses, eight London and sixty-one provincial branches,*

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* There are now twenty-two London and seventy-four provincial branches, besides branches in India, Australia and New Zealand.—Ed. 2nd edition.

not to mention a large number of other bodies who work with, but do not yet form part of, this special association.

When Bradlaugh's seat in the House of Commons was menaced, the efficacy and power of this organisation was conclusively demonstrated by the fact that a few pounds spent in postage sufficed to set all these bodies in motion, and ensured the holding of more than a hundred and forty meetings in his favor during the course of one single evening. On the other hand, when in advertisements, etc., several hundreds of pounds had been expended to convoke only one meeting in Hyde Park against his admission into the House of Commons, barely 400 persons were present, and out of these a large minority were emphatically in Bradlaugh's favor, while thousands of enthusiastic supporters waited to greet him in Trafalgar Square and Westminster Hall when he was about to claim his seat.

Under these circumstances, it is impossible to deny the importance, as a great political fact, of Bradlaugh's advent to Parliament ; and the facts of this life, irrespectively of all party feelings, should be known, if only as a part of contemporary history. To ensure the accuracy of this fragment of the history of our time, I applied to Bradlaugh personally, and from him obtained the greater part of the material that will be found in these pages. By his courtesy and ready assistance, I am enabled to give a considerable amount of information which has not yet been published, and could only have been obtained directly from him.

ADOLPHE S. HEADINGLEY.

London, July, 1880.

PREFATORY NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

THE First Edition, issued in 1880, having been exhausted, an Appendix, by Mr. W. Mawer, has been added, containing a rough diary of the principal events which have happened between the issuing of the two editions.

[*June*, 1883.

BIOGRAPHY

OF

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and School Days—Early Trials—Extraordinary Successes as an Angler—The Awakening of Political Thought—Works as an Errand Boy—Becomes a Sunday School Teacher—Is Started on the Road to Freethought by the Parish Clergyman.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH was born on the 26th of September 1833, and is, therefore, still in the prime of life. His father was a poor man—in fact, a very poor man—who struggled painfully for existence as a solicitor's clerk, his salary being so small that he was compelled to work at home in the evenings. Fortunately he had acquired a small reputation for his excellent penmanship, and was able to procure some law writing. It appears, also, that Mr. Bradlaugh, senior, wrote a few sketches, short stories, and articles for the *London Mirror*. These were signed "C.B***h," and must have been published about fifty years ago. They produced, however, but little effect, and did not help to relieve the family from the depressing poverty under which they all labored. Nor were the means forthcoming to supply Charles Bradlaugh with anything better than the most elementary education. At the age of seven he was sent to the National School in Abbey Street, Bethnal Green; then he went to a small private school in the same neighbourhood, and when finally he attained the ripe age of eleven, it was considered that his education was complete. The finishing touch had been given at a boy's school in Coldharbour Street, Hackney Road.

During this period the family had migrated from Bacchus Walk to Bird Cage Walk, where is situated the first house that Bradlaugh remembers. It was a poor man's cottage, but

it was surrounded by a garden measuring three-quarters of an acre, which Bradlaugh's father cultivated with great assiduity, for he was extremely fond of flowers—a taste his son has in no wise inherited. Nevertheless, the garden was ultimately abandoned, and the family removed to 13, Warner Place, Hackney, where, for seven shillings a week, they secured one of the new cheap class "Jerry" built houses, professedly of six rooms, but containing, in reality, only four good rooms. It was in this latter dwelling that Bradlaugh saw the last of his parents, and he seems to cherish none of those softening recollections of home, and the kindness received during early childhood, which extend their soothing influence far beyond the days of youth. Between himself and his father there is, however, one distinct link, and Bradlaugh is fond of recalling this fruit of union that has survived the test of many years. The father was passionately fond of fishing, and the son knows no greater relaxation, no keener enjoyment, than angling, nor is there a spot in any county or country that pleases him more than the banks of the Lea, where his father fished before him.

When overwhelmed with work or anxiety, Bradlaugh can put aside every care, if he can only secure time enough to spend a few hours at the water-side. Here he is entirely transformed, not merely by his top-boots and waterproof, but his whole mind is concentrated on the hazard of the spot, and no one would imagine that he had given a thought to politics or theology. His father was wont to get up at three in the morning, and walk as far as the Temple Mill, on the Lea, to secure some fish before business hours. At this spot the waters are free to all comers. In his love for this sport Bradlaugh has not shown less energy; but as a characteristic trait, he cannot, like many anglers, wait for the fish. If the fish will not come to him, he will go after the fish. He will be seen all over the water, rowing first to one part then to another, till he has discovered the best spot. Every inch of the bank is familiar to him; but his favorite localities are the Carthagena Weir and

the King's Weir. To all the fishermen on the Lea he is well known, but not as a politician. No one could induce him to talk on such subjects while there remained fish in the water.

Perhaps it is to this great concentration of effort that Bradlaugh owes the success which, had he failed in all other respects, would, at least, have made him a renowned angler. He can, in any case, boast of having captured the largest carp which has been taken in England with rod and line. It weighed no less than 14¾ lbs. This remarkable fish, stuffed and preserved, is exhibited at the Crown Hotel, Broxbourne Bridge, and by its side there is another case containing three huge bream that weight over 21 lbs. This case has no rival; for though single fish of greater size have been caught, it would be difficult to find such a trio, and may be considered as a distinct little to pre-eminence in the angling world. At this same hotel may also be seen a trout, weighing 11¾lbs., which Bradlaugh took; but though this latter capture is remarkable, many other anglers have been equally fortunate.

To return to Bradlaugh's boyhood. It is probable that the first awakening of political thought occurred when he was about ten years old for he remembers discovering among his father's books a copy of Cobbett's "Political Gridiron," which he was able partially to understand, and, in any case, he read it with some avidity. In those days the Chartist agitation was stirring the country, and did not fail to excite the minds of mere boys. Perhaps Bradlaugh's first political act—it was done after much hesitation, aud with great trepidation—was to enter a chandler's shop and purchase a halfpenny copy of the "Charter." But the reading of this celebrated document did not at first produce any very deep impression, and the boy rapidly returned to his favorite games. These consisted pricipally of theatricals, enacted with paper dolls, and, as a halfpenny sheet gave all the characters of "The Miller and his Men," this became the most popular play. Sometimes this game was varied by a sham fight. Tin sediers were, of course, too expensive, aud consequently altogether out of the question;

but, with boyish ingenuity, young Bradlaugh collected all the old steel nibs he could find. Stuck in a wooden table, and standing proudly erect, the larger pens represented the cavalry and the smaller ones the infantry, while paper pellets, as cannon balls, wrought destruction amid these ironside regiments.

But little time, however, was allowed for these childish battles; the real struggle of life was soon to begin. Bradlaugh was only twelve years old when he was called upon to work for his living. He was appointed to the high dignity and emoluments of errand boy in the solicitor's office where his father toiled during all his life. More than two years elapsed before anything better was found for the youth, who, it was easy to discover, possesed exceptional ability. He was fourteen years old when he became wharf clerk and cashier to a firm of coal merchants, in Britania Fields, City Road. Simultaneously with his promotion the Chartist movement developed itself, and assumed formidable proportions. Joining the general current and, at first, from mere idle curiosity—Bradlaugh attended various open-air meetings held in his neighbourhood. The acuteness of the crisis, the ardor of some of the speakers, inspired him with serious thoughts, awakened a consciousness of his own ignorance, and gave him the ambition and the courage to study and read whenever he had a leisure moment. At the same time he attended the Church of England regularly with his parents. So earnest and devoted did he seem that he was chosen as one of the Sunday School teachers, and Bradlaugh was gradually developing into manhood in a most orthodox and conventional manner, when an untoward circumstance occurred which at one blow changed the whole tenor of his life.

The Bishop of London announced that he was about to hold a confirmation in Bethnal Green. The Rev. John Graham Packer, the incumbent of St. Peter's, Hackney Road, the district where Bradlaugh lived, thereupon determined to distinguish himself. He resolved to select a few of the ablest boys from his class and invite the Bishop to question them

himself, so as to demonstrate the special care he had taken in teaching his parishioners all that concerned this solemn event. Of course Bradlaugh was signalled out as among the most promising pupils, and urged to prepare for confirmation. With the greatest alacrity, and only anxious to do what was right, Bradlaugh at once studied the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England and the four Gospels; but these, unfortunately, he examined so carefully that he found they differed. No sooner was he convinced of this fact than he forthwith, and very naturally, wrote to the Rev. Mr. Packer, respectfully soliciting his aid and some explanation.

It has often been shown how the greatest events result from the most trifling circumstances. The Duchess of Marlborough is stated to have lost her temper, quarrelled with Queen Anne, and even struck for sovereign patroness because she was put out by an indisposition resulting from eating sauerkraut. This dish of sauerkraut, therefore, became the cause of the Duke of Marlborough's disgrace, and when he lost his influence at Court, England lost all the advantages gained by his great victories, and recorded in the Treaty of Utrecht. Without seeking to establish a comparison between Bradlaugh and the Duke of Marlborough, which would be obviously absurd, it may be said that had the Rev. Mr. Packer shown a little more self-control and discretion, Bradlaugh might never have been a Freethinker, and the thousands of persons whose opinions were changed through his influence might have remained Christians to this day.

The incumbent of St. Peter's seems, however, to have lost his temper when he discovered that his pupil ventured to criticise and compare what is generally taken for granted. Instead of bringing his superior learning and education to bear on the elucidation of the problems suggested by Bradlaugh, he wrote to his parents denouncing the inquiries of their son as Atheistical, and further suspended him for three months from his office as Sunday school teacher. At that time, Bradlaugh would have shuddered at the mere suggestion of becom-

ing an Atheist, but his spiritual paster evidently failed to understand that

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
* * * than in half the creeds."

In disgrace, and reluctant to put in an appearance at Church when he had been driven away from Sunday school, Bradlaugh found time to attend the meetings held in Bonner's Fields, where the Hospital for the Diseases of the Chest now stands. These gatherings were composed of groups varying in number from fifty to five hundred. Little hillocks, or accumulations of rubbish, were used as platforms, and a variety of social, political, and theological subjects were discussed. In the centere of one group some energetic speaker might be found explaining that human ills were due solely to the prevalence of intemperance. A larger crowd would surround the expounders of the five points of the Charter, while others equally earnest would join in religious discussions. It was in this heterogeneous crowd that Bradlaugh found solace for the injury, not to say the insult, he had received. Needless to add that the anger of his parish clergyman increased rather than dispelled his perplexities, and on Bonner's Fields there were many speakers who brought new and powerful arguments to confirm the doubts which had spontaneously arisen in Bradlaugh's mind. Nevertheless, when he first took part in these discussions, he fought in favor of orthodox Christian doctrines. The more often he debated, however, the greater the number of tenets, essential to the old faith, which had to be abondoned; and the final below was struck when, in 1849, Bradlaugh was induced to engage in a public discussion at the Warner Place Hall, with Mr. J. Savage, on the "Inspiration of the Bible." After this to him, memorable struggle, Bradlaugh was obliged to confess that he could not hold out any longer. Frankly recognising that he was beaten, he soon proclaimed himself a Freethinker.

In politics, Bradlaugh was little more than spectator, though on one occasion, in 1848, he ventured to speak at the meeting which concluded with a free fight with the police, and

the arrest of Ernest Jones. At last matters came to a grand crisis. In the winter of 1849, Bradlaugh again ventured to approach the Rev. Mr. Packer, and submitted to him Robert Taylor's "Diegesis," informing him, at the same time, that he had become a teetotaller, an act which the reverened gentleman considered still further demonstrated the infidel tendencies of his former pupil.

The experience of past had failed to show this reverened gentleman that persuasion and argument, rather than hostile demonstrations, were most likely to influence a dauntless and independent character. The Rev. Mr. Packer, determined, on the contrary, to strike a hard below just at the moment when tact and gentleness alone were likely to win Bradlaugh back to his fold. Mr. Packer, however, did not understand his mission as one of peace, gentleness, and loving kindness. He relied, in preference, on threats and a demonstration of force. After consulting with his father, he informed Bradlaugh that his employers gave him three days to "change his opinions, or lose his situation." Thus, early in life, Bradlaugh found himself face to face with this trying temptation—the loss of position or the abandonment of opinions which he could not help entertaining, and against which he had fairly and honestly struggled. For it should always be borne in mind that Bradlaugh was orignally a public advocate of Christianity, that his doubts sprang up spontaneously as the result of fair and open argument, and that it was against his every interest, and, with the prospect of starvation staring him in the face, that he abondoned the old faith to which he could no longer honestly subscribe. Probably neither his father, his employers, or his clerical persecutor realised the depth of his feelings the earnestness of his character and convictions.

Bradlaugh, looking back at these circnmstances with the calmer reflexion which years bring, is now inclined to think that the threat would probably have never been enforced. It was, doubtless, used only to terrify him into submission. Other and wiser men than a [illegible] parish clergyman have adopted this

policy, which is, indeed. at the foundation of all the religious persecutions that have distressed humanity and retared progress. But when threats are used on one side, resistance is generally forthcoming on the other, and Bradlaugh even at that age, was the last person to recant his expressed opinions merely out of fear for the consequences they might entail. His decision was prompt. Finding that every one was in league against him, he determined to leave home, and fight the battle of life unaided but independently.

CHAPTER II.

Bradlaugh as a Coal Dealer—The Taint of the Infidel—Seeks Fortune in Braces—The Boy Orator—Poetic Effusions—The First Poverty and Love—Debt and Despair—"A Borrowed Man"—Private Bradlaugh of the Dragoon Guards.

BRADLAUGH was barely seventeen years old when he found himself alone in the streets of London, with no money and hardly any clothes. Few youths would have dared to face the world with such slender resources, but events proved that after all he was not quite friendless. In any case, he had made himself known at several public meetings, and having left his home because he differed with the opinions there entertained, he naturally sought out those casual acquaintances whose views harmonised with his own, and found in Mr. B. B. Jones a true friend. He was a well-known old Chartist, whose means were more limited than his kindness, for when he heard Bradlaugh's story he did not hesitate to offer him hospitality for a week. This was sufficient time to organise a plan of action, and as Bradlaugh had acquired some knowledge of the coal trade, he determined to become a coal merchant, and he forthwith had some cards printed to that effect. His first attempts were not, however, of a very fruitful description. Without credit or capital a business is not easily created. Nor was this all. When Bradlaugh, by dint of perseverance, had secured an order, he was obliged to ask the purchaser to pay for his coals before he had received them. No one would deliver coals on the mere recommendation of an unkonwn and penniless boy. Yet, in spite of all these difficulties he did secure a few orders

though the necessity of demanding payment in advance made it, every limited business.

From one source of anxiety Bradlaugh was, however, spared. His parents did not institute any pursuit, and it has since occurred to him that perhaps after all his father was not so much opposed to his views as he seemed to be. Finding he was not molested by his parents, Bradlaugh, on one day of exaltation after the receipt of an order for coals, waited till dusk set in, and then pushed one of his cards to his father's door. This display of malice probably accounts for the fact that efforts were not made to discover his whereabouts. Mr. Bradlaugh senior would scarcely have allowed his son, in spite of his views, to starve ; but when he found that he proudly styled himself a " coal merchant" he was doubtless glad to let the boy have his own way, and not sorry either, that a compromising cause of religious discord was removed from his home.

Bradlaugh's principal customer was the good-natured wife of a baker, whose shop was situated at the corner of Goldsmith's Road. As she required several tons of coal per week to bake the bread, the commission on this transaction amounted to about ten shillings a week, and this constituted the principal source of Bradlaugh's income. The spirit of persecution, however, was abroad. Some kind friend considerately informed the baker's wife that Bradlaugh was in the habit of attending meetings of Secularists and Freethinkers, where he had been known to express very unorthodox opinions. This was a severe blow to the good lady. She had always felt great commiseration for Bradlaugh's forlorn condition, and a certain pride in herself for helping him in his distress. When, therefore, he called again for orders she exclaimed at once, but still with her wonted familiarity—

" Charles, I hear you are an Infidel !"

At that time Bradlaugh was not quite sure whether he was an Infidel or not ; but he instinctively foresaw that the question addressed him might interfere with the smooth and even course of his business ; he therefore deftly sought to avoid the

difficulty by somewhat exaggerating the importance of the latest fluctuation in the coal market.

The stratagem was of no avail. His kind but painfully orthodox customer again returned to the charge, and then Bradlaugh had to fall back upon the difficulty of defining the meaning of the word Infidel, in which line of argument he evidently failed to produce a favorable impression. Again and again he tried to revert to the more congenial subject of a reduction in the price of coals, and when, finally, he pressed hard for the usual order, the interview was brought to a close by the baker's wife. She declared in accents of firm conviction, which have never been forgotten, that she could not think of having any more coals from an Infidel.

"I should be afraid that my bread would smell of brimstone," she added with a shudder.

This was a death blow to Bradlaugh's business, though for about nine months he struggled against terrible odds. Finding that it was almost impossible to sell coals without possessing at least a little capital, he sought fortune in another direction. Mr. T. J. Barnes, of Goswell Road, started a Manufacture of buckskin braces, and offered him a commission on the sale of these somewhat luxurious articles of dress. When Bradlaugh called in the morning to fetch the samples, Mr. Barnes gave him some breakfast; when he brought them back in the evening, his kind employer gave him some dinner. Between these two important periods of the day Bradlaugh strove hard to sell the braces, but seems to have been signally unsuccessful. Probably the braces were only given to him as an excuse, as a delicate way of helping him in his distress; and, though Bradlaugh was fervently convinced that he was rendering considerable service to the business, Mr. Barnes doubtless looked upon the transaction as one that enabled him to assist a victim of religious intolerance.

While struggling in the day time for the means of existence Bradlaugh devoted the evenings and the Sundays to discussion and meetings. He had found a home at the Warner

Place Temperance Hall, near the Hackney Road. Here he lived with the widow and daughters of Richard Carlile, and naturally attended at the meetings held in the Hall. On other occasions he would speak in the small Hall in Philpot Street, or at the open air meetings in Bonner's Fields. From the very first he was always a fluent speaker, and it was not long before hundreds of persons congregated on Sunday afternoons to hear the boy orator. At that time his views were Deistical, but they were rapidly tending towards the extreme phase which has rendered Bradlaugh's advancement a matter of such great difficulty. He also took part in the agitation in favor of the Poles and the Hungarians, and tried to write on these subjects. With the overweening confidence of youth, he even imagined that he was capable of writing verse. His great delight was to conclude a speech with a stanza of his own composition. These little poems were generally devoted to the laudation of Mazzini or Kossuth, and on one occasion some of these verses were printed on a fly sheet of paper. They are now, however, scattered and out of print, much to Bradlaugh's satisfaction.

His successes as a speaker extended his range of acquaintances, ond it was at this early date that he first met Mr. Austin Holyoake, who afterwards became one of his most intimate friends and co-workers. He introduced Bradlaugh to the John Street Institution, and this was soon to be followed by other successes, for Bradlaugh not only wrote, but succeeded in obtaining the publication of his first pamphlet, entitled: "A Few Words on the Christian's Creed." Nor was this all; the pamphlet caused some sensation, as it was honored by a leading article in the *British Banner*, on which occasion Dr. Campbell violently denounced the various lectures Bradlaugh had delivered.

All this popularity, though so pleasing in itself, failed to bring grist to the mill. It is true that Mrs. Carlile still allowed Bradlaugh to share with her children, Hypatia, Theophila, and Julian, such poor comforts as were at her disposal;

but these were very slender indeed. There was, strange to relate, an extraordinary predominance of rice at their meals, but there was better cheer when Mr. Harvey came to teach the family French, and invited himself to dinner. These occasions were always associated in Bradlaugh's mind with the joyful presence of a joint on the table. Mr. Harvey was a philanthropist who not only held very advanced opinions, but possessed some means of his own. This rare and most fortuitous combination enabled him to help a great many people with whom he sympathised, and first among these he singled out the family of Richard Carlile, a man for whom he had naturally borne the profoundest respect. He consequently gave his children gratuitous lessons in French, and on those days there was a good dinner in the bargain, for which, under the pretext that he had invited himself, Mr. Harvey probably provided the *piece de resistauce.*

Nor was French the only subject studied. Bradlaugh, in any case, did not lose a moment. When he was not lecturing or seeking to sell coals or braces, he was engaged preparing himself for discussion by studying Hebrew, Greek' and other tongues, or, it should be added, in making love to Miss Hypatiy Carlile. Being proud, penniless, awkward in his manner, over-grown in his limbs, inelegant in his dress, he naturally, and with the unreasoning impulsiveness of youth, added to his other troubles that of falling hopelessly in love. Fortunately, considering the state of affairs, his affection was not returned, and Bradlaugh sighed in vain. To accentuate his distress, the grip of poverty became more and more intense, and with it Bradlaugh's pride rose to an exaggerated pitch.

The Freethinkers, who admired his ability and sympathised with his trouble, organised a subscription on his behalf; and this, far from pleasing, profoundly humiliated him. It made him realise more forcibly his own poverty; and then the matter was complicated with the bitterness of owing money that he could not pay. His debts were not large; his many friends were too poor to lend much, even had he been willing

to accept their help, but the exceptional difficulties of the moment had compelled him to borrow, in all, the—to him—terrific sum of £4 15s !

Evidently the time had come for taking a decided step. On a Monday morning, in December, 1850, Bradlaugh queitly went out, leaving his good friends without any farewell scene, not knowing exactly what to do, but firmly resolved to put an end to a crisis which had already been prolonged beyond endurance. He strolled from street to street, turning his steps instinctively towards the west, till at last he found himself at Charing Cross. Here a large poster attracted his gaze. It announced that smart young men were required for the East India Service, and a bounty of £6-10s. was offered. This sum would amply suffice to pay all his debts, and perhaps in the East Indies there would be better opportunities for him to carve out his way to fortune, or at least independence.

A moment's reflexion sufficed to convince him that there was no better opening available. With a firm step, resolutely and soberly, Bradlaugh went down some steps to a bar where the recruiting sergeants were in the habit of congregating. Here he discerned the very fat, beery, but honest sergeant, who was then enlisting for the East India Service, and at once volunteered. Bradlaugh little imagined, when he stepped out of the cellar and crossed Trafalgar Square once more—this time with the fatal shilling in his pocket—that after all he would never go to the East Indies, but remain in England to gather around him vast multitudes of enthusiastic partisans, who, on that very spot, would insist on his taking his seat in Parliament as the member for Northamption ; and this, too, in spite of those heterodox views which, as yet, had debarred him from earning even the most modest livelihood.

It happened, however, that the sergeant of the East India Company had " borrowed a man " from the sergeant of the 50th Foot, and he determined honestly to pay back his debt with the person of Bradlaugh ; so that, after some hocus-pocus transactions between the two sergeants, Bradlaugh was

surprised to find that he had been duly enrolled in the 50th Foot, and was destined for home service. Such a trick might have been played with impunity on some ignorant country yokel; but Bradlaugh at once rebelled, and made matters very uncom-fortable for all persons concerned.

Among other persons to whom he explained all his grievances was the medical officer who examined him. This gentleman fortunately took considerable interest in the case, and had a long chat with Bradlaugh. He could not engage him for India, as he belonged to the home forces, but he invited him to look out of the window, where the sergeants were pacing about and select the regiment he might prefer. As a matter of fact Bradlaugh was not particularly disappointed at being compelled, to remain in England; he objected principally to the lack of respect implied in trifling with his professed intentions. He was, therefore, willing to accept the compromise suggested by the physician. So long as his right of choice was respected, it did not much matter to him in which regiment he served.

After watching for a little while the soldiers pacing in front of the window, his choice fell on a very smart cavalry man, and being of the necessary height, he determined to join his corps. It proved to be the 7th Dragoon Guard; and with the assistance of the doctor, who supported his claim, Bradlaugh was finally enrolled in this well-know regiment.

Thus Bradlaugh's career as a coal merchant was brought to a close. He left the circle in which he had struggled so arduously, after paying every debt he owed, his mind a little embittered by the failure of his endeavors, but strong in the consciousness of his fearless honesty of purpose, satisfied that no dread of loss, of poverty, of hardship, had ever made him deny any of his opinions. He might be mistaken; his lectures, his doctrines, might prove injurious to himself and the community at large; but in any case he had always fought for what he believed to be right and true. He was not guilty of "trimming" to meet the exigencies of his position; he could not be

suspected of hypocrisy. All he had done was diametrically opposed to his material interests; and if he had failed to earn his living, it was because he had devoted himself too much to public work which he conceived to be for the public good. Doubtless the excitement and gratification of success as a public speaker incited him to a great extent? but the applause would have been more general, and the prospect of deriving some material benefit from his public action infinitely greater, had he adopted other views than those of a poverty-stricken and ill-considered minority.

The Secular party, which was then forming itself, has since assumed formidable proportions; but in those days it was about the weakest sect to which any one, actuated by political ambition, could attach himself. It was only those who were inspired by the highest sense of duty who would venture to incur the opprobrium of joining this unpopular body; nor is it just to pass by, too lightly, the early efforts of the pioneers, who are still considered by the majority of their fellow-countrymen as the advocates of mischievous and erroneous heresies. If the Secularists are mistaken, their errors will not be demonstrated by denying the honesty of their convictions, and the disinteretedness of their acts.

CHAPTER III.

Bradlaugh's Luggage—A Storm at Sea—Bearding the Captain—A Ministering Angel Rebuked—Military Trials—Bradlaugh's Knock-down Blow—"Leaves"—Temperance Advocacy—A Sermon Suppressed—Defence of the Right of Way.

THE first experiences of a recruit are rarely pleasant, and to a man of Bradlaugh's disposition they were more particularly vexatious. He found that his fellow recruits were a rough uncouth set of men, among whom he seemed altogether out of place. The troop was at once ordered off to Dublin to join their regiment, and was marched down to a ship lying in the Thames, which was to sail all the way to Ireland. Bradlaugh was the only recruit who wore a black suit and a silk hat. The former was very threadbare, and the latter weak about the rim,

but still, to the other recruits he seemed absurdly attired, and as he looked pale and thin and ill-conditioned, it was not long before some one ventured to destroy the dignity of his appearance by bonneting him. The silk hat thus disposed of, much to the amusement of the recruits, who considered horse-play the equivalent of wit, a raid was made on Bradlaugh's baggage. His box was ruthlessly broken open, and when it was discovered that a Greek lexicon and an Arabic vocabulary were the principal objects he had thought fit to bring to the regiment, the scorn and derison of his fellow soldiers knew no bounds.

A wild game of football was at once organized with the lexicon, and it came out of the scuffle torn and unmanageable. The Arabic vocabulary was smaller volume, and it fared better. Ultimately Bradlaugh recovered the book, and he keeps it still on his shelf, close to his desk; a cherished and useful relic of past struggles and endeavors. Bradlaugh there is no doubt, should have fought in defence of property, but his rights of in those days he could have defended himself better with his tongue than with his fists, and further, to add to the weakness of his position and the dejection of his spirits, he soon began to feel the qualms of sea-sickness.

Pr obably no one on board was looked upon with more contempt by some, and more commiseration by others, than Bradlaugh as he lent wearily over the side of the vessel, and "poured his sorrows to the ocean." His luggage broken, his books scattered to the winds, his hat desecrated, and ludicrously mis-shaped by the rough hands of his fellow recruits, Bradlaugh certainly did not present the picture of a future leader of men. Yet, even at this early stage in his military life, an opportunity soon occurred which turned the tables entirely in his favor.

The weather had been looking "uugly" for some time, and now became more and more menacing, till at last a storm broke upon the ship with a violence so intense that the captain feared for her safety. It was absolutely necessary to move the cargo, and his crew were not numerous enough to accomplish, unaided,

so arduous a task. Their services also were urgently required to manœvere the ship. The captain, therefore summoned the recruits to help, and promised that if they removed the cargo, as he indicated, he would give them £5 to share among themselves. He further encouraged them by expressing his hope that if the work were well and promptly done, the ship would pull through the storm.

The proposition was greeted with cheers, and Bradlaugh, in spite of his sea-sickness, helped, as far as he was able, in moving the cargo. The ship now rode the waves more easily, and in due time the storm subsided; and, the danger over, the soldiers thought the hour of reckoning was at hand. The recruits began to enquire about the £5 which had been offered as the reward of their gallant services; but, with the disappearance of the danger, the captain's generosity had considerably subsided. He then hit on a mean stratagem to avoid the fulfilment of his promise. He singled out three or four of the leading men, the strongest recruits, and gave them two half-crowns each, calculating that if the strongest had a little more than their share, they would silence the clamours of the weaker, who were altogether deprived of their due.

The captain had not, however, reckoned on the presence of Bradlaugh. The pale, awkward youth, who as yet had only been treated with jeers and contempt, was the only person who dared stand up and face him. To the unutterable surprise of every one, he delivered a fiery, menacing, unanswerable harangue upbraiding the captain in no measured terms, exposing in lucid language the meanness of his action, and concluding with the appalling threat of a letter to the *Times*. To this day Bradlaugh remembers, with no small sense of self-satisfactio utter and speechless amazement of the captain at the sight of a person so miserable in appearance suddenly becoming so formidable in speech and menance.

Awakened, therefore, to a consciousness of his own iniquity by Bradlaugh's eloquence, the captain distributed more money. The soldiers, on their side, at once formed a very different

opinion of their companion, and from being the butt, he became the hero of the troop. Every one was anxious to show him some sort of deference, and to make some acknowledgment for the services he had rendered. During the removal of the cargo

e soldiers had not failed to steal a few trifles that fell out of the bags and cases, and they were, consequently, able to ply Bradlaugh with a plentiful supply of herrings and biscuits during the rest of the journey. It is doubtful whether these mitigated Bradlaugh's sea-sickness; but, in any case, the kindness the recruits now manifested, helped, in a great measure, to heal the mental distress that had made the earlier portion of the journey one of the unhappiest episodes of his life.

Three days after leaving London the recruits landed at Dublin. But little time was allowed them to admire the charms of the capital, and Bradlaugh's principal recollection refers to the indelible impression produced on his mind by the tall statue and magnificent appearance of the Dublin police. The recruits were hurried on to the Newbridge Barracks, at Kildare, where the Seventh Dragoon Guards were stationed, and here Bradlaugh was at once brought up for inspection to Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. Ainslie. This gentleman looked at him deliberately from head to foot, and then quietly remarked:

"And what do you think you are fit for?"

Now Bradlaugh had fondly imagined that he was fit for a a great many things, and this opening of the proceedings threw a shade on the ardor of his expectations. Nevertheless Colonel (now General) Ainslie always behaved with the greatest kindness towards Bradlaugh, who, in fact, never alludes to his life as a soldier without recording his grateful remembrance of his colonel.

Pending the arrival of his uniform, it was decided that Bradlaugh should be deputed to whitewash the Quartermaster's room, as this was light, easy work, and it was considered he could not as yet be fit for anything better. Nothing loth, Bradlaugh set to work, and while thus employed he attracted the attention of the Quartermaster's daughter. This young

lady could not help gazing at the unusual sight of a recruit in a black suit, which was rapidly becoming stained with whitewash. Then she noticed how threadbare his dignified apparel had become, how it had shrunk from exposure to weather, how it positively refused to cover the ankles, and would not fit itself over the angular bony frame of this thin and overgrown youth. But his pale face and apparently weak condition so impressed her that she went and fetched him a glass of port wine.

He, however, remained true to his principles. Though so kind in thought. and even more kind in her way of offering the wine, the Quartermaster's daughter could not make Bradlaugh forget his pledge. In spite of his undignified position, being perched on a board close up to the ceiling, and holding in one hand a pail of whitewash, while with the brush in the other hand he made various oratorical gesticulations, Bradlaugh at once delivered an emotional speech on the dangers of intemperance and the blessings of total abstinence. Perhaps the Quartermaster's daughter agreed with him at heart, though it was probably the first time she had heard such doctrines propounded in the barracks. In any case, she did not take offence at his rebuke, and Bradlaugh ultimately became on the best terms with the whole family. They always treated him kindly, and he still has towards them the most friendly feelings.

It now became necessary for Bradlaugh to commence seriously his duties as a soldier, and these he soon discovered were anything but agreeable. He was very clumsy in his movements; drill, with its strict, unreasoning discipline, and meaningless repetitions, grated against his nature. Above all it was the sense of compultion that destroyed his capacity for learning. He was a bad rider, a bad fencer, he was constantly thrown from his horse, and was the subject of general chaff among his companions. He regarded the riding master as the personification of the Demon; but looking back to this period, Bradlaugh now thinks that he only did his duty, and that it was the pupil rather than the teacher who was to blame.

There was also a particular horse, which became his constant dread. This animal had a profound knowledge of humanity and the laws of impetus. It knew by various symptoms, by the nervous twitch of the hand that rested on the croup, when a recruit was about to jump on his back. At that precise moment the horse would take two springs forward, and then stop abruptly; thus the recruit was certain to light on his neck or on its tail, according to the allowance he had made in calculating its probable movements. With the neck imprisoned in a stock with a heavy sword dangling at the side, with no stirrups, and perhaps with spurs, which often accidentally touched the horse, it was after all no easy matter to vault in the saddle; nor pleasant to be unmercifully chaffed in failing to accomplish what was really a difficult feat.

Under these circumstances, Bradlaugh felt that it was necessary to strike a blow to establish his prestige with the regiment; and one day, when he had been teased by one of the best boxers of the crops, he challenged him to fight. The result was a foregone conclusion. Even Bradlaugh's most ardent backers did not disguise the fact that they entertained no hope of his achieving a victory. This, however, was a matter of secondary importance. Bradlaugh's object was to show that he did not fear to fight, and that he was capable of enduring a reasonable amount at punishment.

It was under these dispiriting circumstances that the combat began, nnd he soon received a number of heavy and painful blows about the body. In delivering these hits his adversary somewhat uncovered himself, and, at the timely suggestion of one of his backers, Bradlaugh struck out and knocked him down. He thus found that if he was not a skilful fighter, he had, at least, the power of delivering a fearful blow. Yet this temporary success did not suffice to inspire any hope of victory. The fighting continued with varying chances. Bradlaugh was frequently hit and badly punished, but now and then he succeeded in knocking his man down with one of his cledge-hammer blows. The fight wes painfully prolonged.

Bradlaugh would have been only too pleased to confess himself beaten, but he was not yet quite certain whether he had suffered sufficiently to firmly establish his character for conrage While wondering to himself whether the time would not soon arrive when he would have earned the right of surrendering with honors of war, to his intense surprise and delight his adversary suddenly threw up the sponge!

This unlooked-for victory revealed the fact that Bradlaugh in spite of his pallor, had the making of a most powerful man. He stood six feet high, and if he seemed weak, it was in consequence of his rapid growth, and of the hardships he had endured. There was now an end of the chaffing to which he had been subjected, and the men soon became very fond of him. He was a ready councellor in all matters of difficulty, and wrote love letters for the soldiers, who were, on their side, only too glad, in exchange, to clean his accoutrements. They called him "Leaves," because he was always readings books and would never partake of any other stimulant than that derived from tea leaves. He was looked upon as an acquisition to the regiment, and respected alike for his sobriety, the knowledge he possessed, and the courage he was ever ready to display.

This latter quality he had another opportunity of showing on the day before the departure of the regiment from the Newbridge Barracks. It is customary not to supply coals at the old quarters during the last day or two previous to a regiment's departure. The soldiers are, on these occasions allowed to pick up whatever wood they can find, and are somewhat unscrupulous in their choice. Each man is supposed to contribute his quota, but Bradlaugh knew nothing of this custom, and to the dismay of his companions, made his appearance without even a faggot under his arm.

When the enormity of his omission had been made patent to him, Bradlaugh felt that nothing but a deed of exceptional daring would re-establish his reputation. He therefore went out into the yard, crossed over the quarters of the 17th Lancers,

walked up to a dog that had the reputation of extreme ferocity, unfastened its chain, placed its kennel on his head, and marched quietly back to his own companions with the prize, which was broken up and burnt, amid the cheers and laughter of the company. So audacious was this deed, that when an inquiry was instituted as to the whereabouts of the kennel, no one revealed Bradlaugh's name, not even the Lancers, who must have seen him take the lost kennel away, for it was broad daylight at the time.

From Kildare, the 7th Dragoons went to Dublin, and remained for nearly a year at the Portobello Barracks. Here Bradlaugh once more began to devote himself to public agitation, so far, at least, as his military duties would permit. He was a fervent teetotaller, and often lectured to the men in the barrack rooms at night. He used also to appear on the platform in the small temperance hall of French Street. In spite of his red jacket he was invited to sit between James Houghton, who was so well known in Ireland at the time, and the Rev. Dr. Spratt, a Roman Catholic priest, for whom Bradlaugh had the greatest respect. When refused leave to attend these meetings the soldiers used to form ropes with their blankets, and let him out of the barrack windows, and on his return he patiently submitted to being placed under arrest rather than allow an opportunity to pass of denouncing the evils of intemperance.

On Sundays, when it was fine, the regiment was marched to Ruthmines Church, and here, on one occasion—it was Whitsunday—the Rev. Mr. Halpin preached a sermon which he described as being beyond the understanding of the military portion of his congregation. This somewhat irritated the dragoon guards, and Bradlaugh, to their great delight, wrote a letter to the preacher, not only showing that he fully understood his sermon, but calling him to account for the inaccuracy of his facts and the illogical nature of his opinions.

It was anticipated that an unpleasant answer might be made to this letter, and on the following Sunday the dragoons

determined to be fully prepared for the emergency. Accordingly, they listened carefully to the sermon. The Rev. Mr. Halpin did not fail to allude to the letter he had received, but at the first sentence that was impertinent and contemptuous in its tone three hundred dragoons unhooked their swords as one man, and let the heavy weapons crash on the ground. Never had there been such a noise in a church, or a preacher so effectively silenced.

An enquiry was immediately ordered to be held, Bradlaugh was summoned to appear, serious consequences would have ensued; but fortunately the Duke of Cambridge came to Dublin on the very day; the grand review held to welcome his arrival diverted the attention of the authorities from the church scandal, and the matter dropped.

From Dublin the regiment went to Ballincollig, where Bradlaugh was made orderly-room clerk. This put an end to his troubles as a soldier. He was no longer compelled to ride or to fence, and therefore took naturally to this form of exercise Just as he had been reluctant to obey orders, so now was he anxious to equal the skill of his companions, and he soon became an excellent rider, a skilful swordsman, and a good shot. Nor was this all: he was even able to return to his old sport of fishing. He had an opportunity of assisting Major Arthur Cavendish Bentinck, the father of the present Duke of Portland, in making up his regimental returns, and this rough but really good-hearted officer lent Bradlaugh his fishing tackle in exchange for this service.

About his time the owners of the land round Tobin's powder manufactory determined to stop all right of way between the barracks and a place called Inniscarra. They built a gate, and shut it against the soldiers and the peasants, but still allowed the gentry to pass. This naturally caused great irritation, and Bradlaugh at once investigated the legal side of of the question. Finding that the right of way was fully established, he assembled some of the soldiers and villagers, proceeded to the gate, which, with their assistance, he destroyed

and then wrote on the remains:—"Pulled up by Charles Bradlaugh, C. 52. VII. D.G."

Thus giving his name, his number, and his regiment, he defied the owners to proceed against him, knowing full well that the law was against them. The peasants ever after kept the gate open, ascribing this to Bradlaugh, and on the other hand never failing to keep him constantly supplied with pats of fresh butter, new-laid eggs, and pigs' feet, in recognition of the service he had rendered them. The rich landowner, it is only necessary to add, never ventured to proceed against Private "Leaves," of the 7th Dragoon Guards!

But Bradlaugh's carrer as a soldier was now drawing to a close. In the summer of 1853, he inherited a small sum after the death of an aunt, and with this he was able to purchase his discharge. He left the regiment, where he became very popular, armed with a "very good character" from Colonel Ainslie, for whose "gentlemanly and considerate treatment," to use Bradlaugh's own words, he will ever cherish the most grateful recollection. Nor will Bradlaugh forget the kindness he experienced at the hands of Major Arthur Cavendish Bentinck, of the Regimental Sergeant Major, David Scotland, and of his old foe, the Riding-master, Blinkhorne. To this list of friends the Captain, it is true, proved an exception, for he did his best to send Bradlaugh to goal, and his lack of generosity has never been quite forgiven; and yet Bradlaugh refuses to give his name, a delicacy which shows that after all he can afford to look back to this period of life *sans rancune*.

CHAPTER IV.

In Search of Work—Errand Boy once more—Obtains a Position and is Married—Religious Persecution—Devotion to Public Work—The Secularists—Workmen's Organiations—A Dishonest Freeholder—Bradlaugh to the Rescue.

WHILE Bradlaugh was stil serving in the army his father died; and his first thought on leaving was to assist, as far as possible, in the maintenance of his mother. His views on religion had made his parents adopt a course of action which might have thoroughly alienated other and less

conscientious children; but no such consideration could influence Bradlaugh's strong sense of duty. He therefore determined not only to earn his own living, but now that his father was dead, to contribute towards his mother's household expenses. This praiseworthy resolution was, however, easier to adopt than to execute. At first he imagined that the very good character he had obtained from the colonel of his regiment would assist him, but he soon discovered that a good military recommendation was of little value in business. In vain he scanned the advertisement columns of the newspaper, or called at various houses of business were he imagined his services might be welcome. Time slipped by, the little store of money he had inherited was melting away, and, far from assisting his family, it seemed as if he would himself soon require assistance.

At last he happened to call on a Mr. Thomas Rogers, solicitor in Fenchurch Street, and begged for employment as a clerk. Mr. Rogers had, however, no vacancy; and, his heart heavy with disappointment, Bradlaugh was turning to leave the office, when Mr. Rogers casually remarked that he wanted an errand boy. "Perhaps," he added, "you may know of one, and could recommend him."

"What salary would you give the errand boy?" Bradlaugh promptly replied, and when Mr. Rogers mentioned the sum of ten shillings a week he at once exclaimed: "Then I'll take it!"

These three brief sentences, remembered almost textually after so many years, decided the whole matter and opened the door to employment, which not only provided the means of existence, but afforded opportunities of acquiring the legal knowledge that has enabled Bradlaugh to overcome so many difficulties, and to beat down the barriers of endless opposition. Beginning his new career modestly as an errand boy, though above twenty years of age and six foot in height, Bradlaugh soon found the means of displaying the natural legal acumen with which he is gifted. Nine months only had elapsed after his engagement as errand boy, when Mr. Rogers entrusted him

with the management of the common law department of his business, and built a special office for him. In the evening Bradlaugh added to his still small income by working as secretary or clerk to a building society. It seems, however, as if it was impossible for Bradlaugh to do too many things at once. Having now secured enough to live upon, he once more began to write and speak, and further took upon himself the cares, responsibilities and joys of a family.

In 1854 Bradlaugh married the daughter of Mr. Hooper, a working plasterer, who had attended the meetings at Bonner's Fields, where he was among the foremost to applaud his future son-in-law, the boy orator, whose eloquence delighted so many Chartists and Freethinkers. The profound admiration which Mr. Hooper then conceived for the young agitator has survived all these years, and reached the zenith of satisfaction when Bradlaugh was returned to Parliament. Mr. Hooper is still alive, and maintains the most friendly and affectionate relations with his son-in-law.

As in the case of his best customer, the baker's wife, who encouraged Bradlaugh's first efforts when he gave himself out as coal merchant, so now his religious antagonists sought his ruin by denouncing his views to Mr. Rogers. Fortunately, the acute solicitor was not so easily impressed at the ignorant, but kind hearted, baker woman. Anonymous letters, calling his attention to his clerk's infidel opinions, came to him in great numbers, but he treated them all with the greatest contempt. He, at least. seemed to appreciate the cowardice of such attacks. He felt that if Bradlaugh's opinions were erroneous, it was not by persecution that he would be converted that Christianity would not be vindicated by talking mean advantage of a poor man, who depended on his work for his living. Mr. Rogers simply asked Bradlaugh not to allow his propaganda to become an injury to his business; and it was to meet this very reasonable request that Bradlaugh adopted the pseudonym of "Iconoclast." Under this expressive *nom de plume* Bradlaugh did all his anti-

theological work till the year 1868; but now that Mr. Rogers is dead, and far removed from the reach of the malice of evil tongues, there is no reason any longer for concealing these simple facts.

Feeling himself safe through the just tolerance of his employer, Bradlaugh devoted every spare moment to the work of propaganda. He lectured two or three times every week, sometimes in the small Hall in Pailpot Street, sometimes at the old John Street Institution, and on other occasions at the Hall of Science, City Road. This latter Hall was then situated in a little passage beyond the Bunhill Fields Burial Grounds, but when the long lease ran out it could not be renewed, and the more extensive premises forming the present Hall of Science were engaged. The old John Street Institution had been founded in the days of Robert Owen, and was indissolubly connected with his name; but here also the term of tenure ultimately expired, and the landlord, finding that the Hall was used for purposes opposed to his conception of true religion, refused to renew the lease.

In those days the secularist party barely existed as an organisation. The Freethinkers of England were scattered; and though far more numerous than generally imagined, it was impossible to fully estimate their strength. It was only when some effort was made to group them together in distance organisation that the force of the party became a little more apparent. To achieve this end no one has contributed more than Bradlaugh, though his work was for so many years a work of love. Indeed, far from reaping reward, his bold advocacy of Freethought often endangered and reduced his means of earning a livelihood.

What money he was able to save on his slender earnings he devoted to the propaganda of his principles. This spent either in the delivering of lectures, the bill-posting and travelling expenses attending thereto, or else in the publication of pamphlets. These latter, it is scarcely necessary to remark, were as a

rule a dead failure. It was not to be expected that Bradlaugh could sell his manuscript, or find a publisher who would incur any risk. Bradlaugh himself had to defray all the costs of printing and publishing; nor did he possess any good means for distributing and pushing the sale of his pamphlets. The best known and most powerful firms of publishers would not associate their names with any such efforts. Thus the first steps were difficult in the extreme, and but for the courageous support of Mr. Edward Truelove, who undertook the publication of a great many among Bradlaugh's earliest writings, the organisation of what is now known as the Secularist party would have been probably delayed for several years. The character and nature of this party is admirably described by the Rev. W. M. Molesworth, the vicar of Rochdale, in his "History of England, from 1830 to 1874" The following are his words, and this passage, taken from the writings of a distinguished clergyman, may help to disabuse those who have looked upon a Secularist as being of necessity a most wicked and dangerous person :—

"Secularism is the study of promoting human welfare by material means, measuring human welfare by the utilitarian rules, making the service of others a duty of life. Secularism relates to the present existence of man and to action, the issues of which can be tested by the experience of this life; having for its object the development of the physical, moral, and intellectual nature of man to the highest perceivable point, as the immediate duty of society; inculcating the practical sufficiency of natural morality apart from Atheism, Theism, or Christianity; engaging its adherents in the promotion of human improvement by material means, and making these agreements the ground of common unity for all who would regulate life by reason, and ennoble it by service. The Secular is sacred in its influence of life; for by purity of material conditions the loftiest natures are best sustained, and the lower the most surely elevated. Secularism is a series of principles, intended for the guidance of those who find theology indefinite, or inadequate, or deem it unreliable. It replaces theology, which mainly regards life as a sinful necessity, as a scene of tribulation through which we pass to a better world. Secularism is, in fact, the religion of doubt. It does not necessarily clash with other religions; it does not deny the existence of God, or even the truth of Christianity; but it does not profess to believe in either one or the other.

At Mr. Roger's office Bradlaugh was also rapidly acquiring a profound knowledge of common law and the statutory enactments which bear upon the right of public meetings, printing writing, petition, and other points affecting the position of a

public speaker and a political propagandist. This enabled him on many occasions successfully to evade the law, and at other times to enforce the law to the advantage of the people. An incident occurred very soon after his entrance in this employ which powerfully illustrated the utility of a little legal knowledge. The difficulty of finding a place for the holding of a public meeting has always been a great impediment in the earlier stage of any popular movement. The funds necessary for the hiring of a convenient hall are generally wanting ; but when they are forthcoming it often happens that the use of the hall is refused. New movements are so often considered dangerous, improper, not conventional nor respectable, that the proprietors of halls refused to let their premises. A few years later, when these early difficulties have been overcome, and the agitation assumes serious proportions, then halls, funds, support, etc., are all easily obtained. The first steps are always the most difficult and painful.

With a hope of removing to some extent these obstacles, a number of poor men, after much trouble, and at no little sacrifice to themselves, had subscribed a fund for the erection of a Working Man's Hall in Goldsmith's Row, Hackney Road. As a rule, when workmen meet so as to organise a trade union, a social or benefit society, or for purpose of political agitation, they are obliged to assemble in the parlor of some public house, where, in consideration of the drink they consume, the publican allows them the sole use of a room on a certain appointed day. But a meeting held in this manner, and resolutions passed between cups and tobacco smoke, though often the expression of earnest conviction, generally fail to impress the public at large. It is so easy to caricature the whole business, to insinuate that the political discussion was but a pretext for the inordinate consumption of beer, to qualify the speeches as mere "pot-house oratory," and the company as "a rag-tag-and-bobtail assembly of noisy malcontents." Persons who have seriously attended a sufficient number of these meetings of needy reformers have been able to judge how false any such description

would be; but these conscientious, inquiring minds are not numerous, and the general public is too often governed by ignorant report and external appearances.

The necessity of independent halls, where, at little or no cost, societies in the earlier stages of organisation can meet free from the surrounding and more or less degrading influence of a public-house, has long been felt by the working classes. This has led to the creation of a number, though as yet an insufficient number, of workmen's clubs, with lecture halls attached; of institutions and halls in various parts of the country, where political and religious meetings can be held with perfect freedom from the interference of lessee, police, or publican. But a quarter of a century ago such institutions were rare indeed, and the venture in Goldsmith's Row might have proved of great utility. Unfortunately the workmen, unaccustomed to such matters, and having never before been the owners of household property, were entrapped. They built their hall on freehold ground without having first secured a lease or conveyance from the freeholder. The latter consequently asserted his legal right to the entire building; and thus, after much economy and many efforts, the workmen found that they had built a hall, not for themselves, but for an unscrupulous landowner. The latter, the more completely to deceive them, had actually contributed a few pounds towards the building, and then, when it was about completed, claimed it all as his own.

In sore distress, the workmen sought Bradlaugh's advice, who found that under the Statute of Frauds there was no remedy. He therefore advised them to offer a penalty rent of £20 a year. This, however, was refused, so that evidently nothing but great measures would meet the case. Bradlaugh determined to take the law in his own hands. After giving careful instructions that above all the utmost order must be maintained, and anything verging or riot or breach of the peace must be at once suppressed, he placed himself at the head of a hundred stout men, for the most part shareholders or subscribers to the hall. Each man was armed with either a

shovel, an axe, a crowbar, or some other useful and form dable implement. With cool deliberation, these men, most of whom were brawny fellows, simply took the entire hall away. Every brick, every plank, every rafter was removed, and divided as nearly as possible among the men with whose money the hall had been built. It was a great disappointment to all concerned; but there was some consolation derived in witnessing the dismay of the freeholder when he found that his bare soil alone had been restored to him. Whatever sacrifice the workmen had been compelled to endure, he had not in any way derived any benefit from his unscrupulous attempt to entrap these poor and honest toilers. The lesson was a severe one on both sides, and workmen have now acquired a very shrewd knowledge of their rights as part proprietors of clubs and halls. A book of legal reference is often one of the first books which workmen procure when founding a club library, and they have learned the advisability of fighting their battles in a strictly legal manner. There is no body of workmen in the world more adverse to breaking the law than the English artisans, and much of the sound sense they have acquired in this respect is due to the steadfast manner in which Bradlaugh and his supporters have ever resisted any suggestions in favor of violence or illegal action.

CHAPTER V.

The Snnday Trading Bill—Popular Agitatin—Hyde Park Riots—Bradlaugh and the Truncheons of the Police—Bradlaugh before the Royal Commissioners—The Right of Meeting in the Park—Lecturing Difficulies—Travelling without Money.

IN June, 1855, the poorer sections of the metropolitan population were greatly aggrieved by a measure introduced in the House of Commons affecting Sunday trading. Lord Robert Grosvenor, the author of this Bill, was accused of attempting to revive the Act by which the Government in Charles II.'s reign sought to atone for the profligacy of the ruling classes by enforcing strict Sabbatarianism on the poorer sec-

tions of the community. The injustice of ehecking Sunday trading was manifest, for the rich need not buy or sell on the Sunday; but with the extreme poor the case is very different. To the costermonger Sunday is often the day on which the largest receipts are made. Many of the extreme poor do not obtain or do not make their money till late on Saturday, and therefore cannot purchase their provisions till Sunday morning. Sunday is also the day for a little indulgence, oranges or nuts for the children, etc., and these it would be difficult to purchase on the Saturday evening, when probably the head of the family is away, and his wife does not yet know whether their means will allow the enjoyment of such extras. In any case, it was felt that Sunday trading should not be checked merely in so far as it affected the poor. If rest was to be enforced on the costermonger and his donkey, the coachman, groom, and horses of the rich should be treated with equal severity. If it were wrong to serve periwinkles to the poor in their courts and alleys, it was wrong to serve whitebait to the rich in their clubs. Why should those who cater for the wealthy be allowed to work on Sundays, while trading on the part of the purveyors of the poor was to be condemned as illegal?

The anomaly went home to every breast in the densely-populated by-ways and alleys of the great town. It was a piece of class legislature, which was to be met by class opposition of no ordinary energy. John Bedford Leno, the working-man poet, and author of the well-known "Drury Lane Lyrics," was among the first to start the agitation. He suggested that if the costermongers were not to trade on Sundays they should follow the example of their betters, and drive their donkeys through the Row. He convoked an oper-air meeting in Hyde Park to see how religiously the aristocracy observe the Sundry. Accordingly, on Sunday, the 24th of June, a large multitude assembled on the north bank of the Serpentine, and shouted, hooted, chaffed, and yelled at the carriages and horses. The demonstration on this occasion was not of a very formidable character, but still it sufficed to create considerable alarm,

During the ensuing week a large number of handbills and posters were issued, some of them couched in sarcastic terms, which did not fail to elicit great enthusiasm. The following is a good example :

"Hyde Park.—On Sunday the open air fete and monstre concert, under the patronage of the 'Leave-ns-Alene' Club, will be repeated on Sunday next. The 'private property' (*vide* Inspector Blig's speech) will be open to the public on the occasion. Hot water for partics supplied by Lord Robert Grosvenor, whois in plenty of it. Dinners, pale ale, wines, and spirits of the choicest quality will be provided at the West End Clubs during the hours when the Licensed Viectuallers' houses are closed by law. Admission gratis to members of the le gislature, the clergy, bishops, etc."

Again, and still in answer to Lord Robert Grosvenor's effort to drive all the people to church by stopping all trading—including shaving and the sale of newspapers—on Sunday the following verses were placarded :

"Sublime decree ! by which, our souls to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave ;
And chains unmown, and throats unslaked, display
His Lordship's reverence for the Sabbath Day !"

In the face of this rising agitation, Sir Richard Mayne, then the Chief Commissioner of Police, had the impudence to issue an official proclamation, giving notice that no such meeting or assemblage of persons as that announced would be allowed to take place, aud invoking all well disposed persons to stop at home, for "all necessary measures would be adopted to prevent any such meeting or assemblage, and effectually to preserve the public peace, and to suppress any attempt at the disturbance thereof."

This claim on the part of the Commissioner of Police to prevent a meeting seemed altogether new ; and when Bradlaugh read this announcement he at once investigated the law, and convinced himself that Sir Richard Mayne possessed no such authority. Bradlaugh maintained that the people or a polit ical society were just as free to hold meetings and demonstrations in Hyde Park as, for instance, the Four-in-Hand Club. He therefore resolved to attend on the occasion and resist, or at least refuse to obey, the police in the execution of what he

deemed an unjustifiable interference with the right of meeting.

The events that ensued have probably not been forgotton. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon of the Sunday, July 1st, dense masses of people collected on the north side of the Serpentine. There were all classes mingled in this assemblage, and on the whole they at first behaved with remarkable order. But the sight of elegant carriages and riders passing leisurely backwords and forwards irritated the multitude. The cries, groans, and hisses of the previous Sunday were renewed. The noise soon frightened the horses, and some serious accidents might have occurred, but the police interfered on behalf of the wealthier frequenters of the Park. A series of charges was organised. This naturally led to considerable rioting, in which the police were accused of perpeterating many acts of cruelty. A number of persons were hurt, and so many arrests made that there was not room for the prisoners at the Vine Street Police-station. The cells were so crowded that the horrors of the black hole of Calcutta were to some extent re-enacted.

In one of the charges, Bradlaugh saw five policemen striking a short man. The hat of this unfortunate individual was beaten in with a truncheon, and he held up his hands, crying out piteously:

"For God's sake, do not hit me—take me!"

This was rather more than Bradlaugh could patiently witness. Springing forward, he put one of the truncheous back with his gloved hand, and shouted, in a voice that seemed accustomed to command.

"The next man that strikes, I will knock him down."

Taken by surprise, the policeman paused, and finding that Bradlaugh seemed at once very strong and very determined, they contented themselves with conveying their prisioner quite-y away.

A short time after this incident, Bradlaugh was standing on the grass, when the police, who had gathered together on the

readway, made another charge, after ordering the people to disperse. This injunction was very generally obeyed; but Bradlaugh considering that the police were not justified in their conduct, stood his ground. One of the policemen consequently rushed to him, and began pushing him along with his truncheon. Calmly and quietly Bradlaugh turned round upon him and said:

"Do not do that, friend; you have no right to do it, and I am stronger than you are."

Amazed at Bradlaugh's calmness and deliberation, probably puzzled to know how to act, the policeman beckoned to two of his comrades, who immediately came up to his assistance. But they no sooner approached him than, by a skilful, quick movement, Bradlaugh caught hold of their truncheons, one in each hand. Having thus neutralised two of the policemen, he shouted out to the third:

"If you attempt to touch me, I will take one of those truncheons and knock you down with it."

Finding that his threat did not seem to carry conviction, he gave a wrench in which skill and Herculean force were combined, and had in a moment disarmed both policemen, while the third s tood paralysed at the spectacle of so much audacity and strength.

Nor had this episode failed to imprress the mob. With yells of triumph a number of men rushed forward, and before he could prevent the demonstration, Bradlaugh was hoisted on their shoulders, and carried off, amid cheers and the waving of hats, for a distance of a hnndred yards, when at last he persuaded his admirers to set him down. Shortly after this he left the Park, so as to avoid the attempt that were being made to constitute him a leader. But when, a few weeks later, a Royal Commission was appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into these disturbances, and the cruelties which the police were alleged to have committed, Bradlaugh again made his appearance and gave ome important evidence.

After relating the above events to the Commissioners, he was asked whether he had been treated roughly by a mounted policeman, and replied he certainly had not, or otherwise he would have dismounted his aggressor. This remark elicited an expression of contempt from the policeman in question, which Bradlaugh did not fail to notice. He quietly explained that he had noticed, on entering, the policeman's horse waiting outside; and, as he did not like to be suspected of boasting or of exaggeration, perhaps the policeman would not object to stepping down and mounting his horse. He would then, and before the Royal Commissioner, undertake to at once unhorse him. A cheer naturally greeted this challenge, which of course was not accepted.

When asked whether he saw any women ill-treated, Bradaugh's answer was characteristic, and is thus given in the evidence recorded in the Blue Book:—

"I saw in the rush, in one of them, a man and two women thrown down, and I saw the police run over them. They did not strike them, but they ran right over them. I made a remark to my father-in-law: 'It is lucky they are no sisters of mine, or else they would stop to pick them up.'"

The following passages in Bradlaugh's evidence also produced a great sensation:—

"You did not go in to the Parkin to resist the police?"

"Decidedly not. I went in cosequence of seeing the notice of Sir Richard Mayne forbidding it, and to see what took place there."

"Out of curiosity?"

"Not exactly. I had heard it said that they were rabble, and I did not believe it, and I went to see for myself."

"Your indignation was not excited till you got there?"

"Not till some time after I had been there. At first I should have come away. The police were doing nothing, and at first everything seemed to be very quiet. There was no kind

of meeting, except that there was a large concourse of people. I should have come away but for those rushes of the police amongst the people."

"There was not a disorderly crowd?"

"No."

"You spoke of Sir Richard Mayne's proclamation as forbidding this meeting. Did you read it?"

"Yes."

"Does it forbid it?"

"The tenor of it seemed to me to be forbidding the assemblage, and I had not heard then, and have not heard now, that Sir Richard Mayne has any power to forbid my going into the Park; therefore I went!"

This last reply gives the key-note of Bradlaugh's conduct, and was greeted with great cheering. At the conclusion of his evidence, the Commissioner, the Right Hon. Stuart Wortley, publicly thanked him, and it was a proud day for Bradlaugh when the audience, who crowded the Court of Exchequer, applauded to their utmost the bold manner in which he denied the right of the Commissioner of Police to issue notices forbidding the people to meet in the Park.

This was the first step in a struggle that lasted for many years. The question is one of fundamental importance. When a political grievance arises in which the upper or middle classes are deeply interested, it is easy enough to hold a grand demonstration in some central assembly room, even though the bill posting and hire of hall cost several hundred pounds. But there are many questions that affect the poorer classes only, and the freedom of public meetings would be of little value if the cost of such meetings rendered them impossible in such cases.

A monster demonstration in Hyde Park, on the other hand, only entails, at most, the wear and tear of banners, the hire of bands, and the cost of a limited amount of a bill posting and advertising, and is, therefore, more within the means of the poorer sections of the population. If the poor wish to make

their voices heard, they must preserve the right of meeting in the Parks; and to render these meetings more impressive, Bradlaugh has frequently urged that neither bands nor banners should be employed. The display of bunting, and the blare of brass instruments, he argued, only collected together a rabble not really interested in the cause, who might very possibly discredit by their conduct the sober and earnest organisers of the demonstration.

The year following the Hyde Park disturbances, Bradlaugh commenced the publication of a series of papers entitled. "Half-Hours with Freethinkers," and in this he was considerably assisted by the late John Watts. Another and more difficult task was commenced at that time. This was a "Commentary on the Pentateuch,' and it has since been entirely revised, and is now a part of Bradlaugh's work, The Bible. What is It?"

While thus engaged writing these anti-theological works, Bradlaugh not only lectured in London, but also in the country, and it was in 1857 that he first appeared in the town of Northampton. This lecturing proved to be a most arduous business. On Saturdays, after office hours, Bradlaugh would start for some country town. On Sunday he probably delivered three lectures, and then would be compelled to rush off, perhaps before the conclusion of the last meeting, in order to catch the latest train back to town. On other occasions he had to rise at the earliest hour on Monday morning, to be in time for the first train that would carry him back to London, and enable him to reach his office and resume his daily duties.

This work was further complicated by the want of funds, which necessitated the travelling in third class carriages, and taking of slow trians. Bradlaugh relates a curious anecdote in illustration of the trails and misfortunes to which he was exposed. It was in midwinter, and the intemperance of the season was added to the hardships of a long journey. Bradlaugh, however, contrived to reach Edinburgh, and there he was received by only a very small audience. His profits were

consequently minute, and fell far below his anticipations. After paying his bill at the Temperance Hotel, where he had occupied a modest room, the balance of ready cash was reduced to a *minimum*. He had just enough money to take a Parliamentery ticket to Bolton, where he had agreed to lecture on his way home.

To catch this economical train it was necessary to start at five in the morning, when no one was up to prepare breakfast. In the streets it was freezing hard, but Bradlaugh warmed himself by carrying his own luggage, consisting of a big tin box containing books and a few clothes, and a black bag. The necessity of economising the few shillings that remained caused him to dispense with the services of a porter. A little out of breath, still more sleeply and hungry, Bradlaugh finally secured a seat in the third-class compartment, and the train steamed out of Edinburgh station with provoking slowness. The snow presently began to fall, accumulated on the rails, and delayed the train so long that it only arrived at Carlisle long after the departure of the corresponding parliamentary train. It was now impossible to reach Bolton in time for the lecture, unless he booked for Preston by a quick train, which was to start in about three quarters of an hour, but the extra fare took all Bradlaugh's money with the exception of fourpence-half penny. With this sum anything like a meal at the railway station was out of the question; he discovered a little shop in a street outside, however, where he obtained a mug of hot tea and a very small hot meat pie in exchange for his few pence.

This was the only meal possible during the journey; and then to make matters worse, he found at Preston that the corresponding train for Bolton had started. Now Bradlaugh had no right to travel by this corresponding train, for he had only been able to book for Preston, and as he did not posses a ticket he could not hope to persuade the station-master to put on an extra train; but, fortunately, he had made acquaintance with an old gentleman who had the proper ticket. This Brad-

laugh borrowed, sought an interview with the railway authorities, exposed to them in strictly legal terms all the awful consequences that might accrue to the company and to them if they failed to carry on the travellers, as promised in the time-tables, to all destinations for which they had booked.

After considerable disputing and many loud protestations, arrangements were made by which they were able to proceed at once to Bolton. So far Bradlaugh had won his point, but when he was installed in the railway carriage, he found himself under perplexing necessity of restoring the borrowed ticket with which he had been able to secure the conveyance. Then when, just as the train was starting, the guard looked into the compartment to verify the tickets, it was discovered that the gentleman who caused all the disturbance had no ticket, was not entitled to proceed to Bolton, and worse still, possessed no money.

Following so closely on so many menaces and so much "talk talk," this was a somewhat ignominious collapse; but Bradlaugh protested that he had been pleading the cause of the old gentleman, and as for himself, offered his black bag as security for the fare. This fortunately was accepted, and Bradlaugh reached Bolton at a quarter to eight. His lecture was annouced for eight o'clock, he had been travelling since five in the morning with nothing more to nourish him than what he had been able to procure from the odd 4½d. that remained after booking for Preston. Yet he had only just time to wash and change clothes, and then appeared on the platform cold and hungry.

The lecture was to be delivered in an old Unitarian Chapel. There was no gas, the building was filled with a foggy mist, through which the feeble glimmer of an insufficient number of candles shed an uncertain light on the cheerless, cold, gloomy surroundings. This depressing experience terminated, however, with an amusing episode. When Bradlaugh concluded, an opponent rose, and thought he would create a great sensation by speaking of paid agitators, and attacking the lecturer for the mony-making, easy life he was leading. In one sense this

gentleman certainly succeeded. A great sensation was undoubtedly created, for Bradlaugh at once rose and faithfully related in all its details the hardships which poverty had forced him to endure that day. Strange to say, Bradlaugh has never again met this adversary.

CHAPTER VI.

A Busy Year—The Orsini Attempt—Simon Bernard—Watching over the Prison—Bradlaugh and the French Embassy—Active Propaganda—Personalities—A Hot Discussion—A Grotesque Poster.

BOTH in politics and in theological debates the year 1858 was an important epoch for Bradlaugh. It was on the 15th of February that Simon Bernard was arrested. In June, Bradlaugh held his first formal and public theological debate with the Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A., who was at that time Dissenting minister at Sheffield. In November, Bradlaugh commenced to edit the *Investigator*, which had been formerly conducted by the late Mr. Robert Cooper, and he was also, during the same year, elected president of the London Secular Society, in the place of Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, who retired so as to devote more time to purely journalistic work.

The various debates were considered great successes, but the *Investigator* proved a great failure. Its circulation was small, its financial resources daily dwindled, till—in August, 1859—the paper had to be given up.

Early in the year the whole country was thrown into a state of exitement by the Orsini attempt, and the subsequent prosecution of Dr. Simon Bernard at the instigation of the French Government. Simultaneously, proceedings were taken against Mr. Edward Truelove for publishing a pamphlet entitled. "Is Tyrannicide Justifiable?" Bradlaugh became the honorary secretary to the defence of his old friend and publisher, and was also a member of the committee for the defence of Dr. Bernard. The incidents of this latter *cause celebre* form part of the history of this country, and were well calculated to increase Bradlaugh's faith in the power of popular agitation. Lord Palmerston's administration had been

defeated, in spite of his hold on the country, by the force of the indignation which his Bill to Amend the Law of Conspiracy had occasioned.

The prosecution commenced by this defunct ministry had now to be completed by another Government, representing the majority which had turned out the former administration for its conduct in this very matter. Nevertheless, the friends of Dr. Bernard were not over-confident as to the result. Bradlaugh believes that the celebrated Orsini bombs, which constituted so important a part of the evidence, were not those which Mr. Taylor, of Birmingham, had manufactured. These were, he thinks, intended for the revolutionary movement in Italy, and the Orsini bombs were probably made in Italy after the same model. In any case, the greatest anxiety was felt as to the verdict; but some hopes were derived from the fact that one of the jurymen was known to be a friend; and at Bradlaugh's instigation he was sent into the jury-box with his pockets loaded with an extraordinary amount of stand-wiches. The party were determined that he should not yield for want of food; but their precautions were needless. The jury retired at twenty minutes to three, and at four o'clock they returned with the ever memorable verdict of *Not guilty*.

Before the trial, and while Bernard lay in prison awaiting his fate, considerable fear was entertained lest he should be surreptitiously given up to the French authorities. A watch was therefore instituted over the prison; communications, in spite of all regulations to the contrary, were established with the prisoner, and the Defence Committee kept informed as to everything that happened within the walls. Had Bernard been removed, there were friends ever close at hand, both night and day, ready to give the alarm. A riot would very probably have ensued, and an attempt made to rescue Bernard in the confusion.

The organisation of all these precautionary measures involved a great deal of labor, and required much tact. The presence of French police spies was supplemented by the inter-

ference of English spies; and against these it was necessary for Barnard's friends to be on the alert. On one occasion some mounted police followed Bradlaugh to his home in Cassland Road, Hackney. At another time he entered a resturant near Leicester Square with Dr. Bernard and Mr. Sparkhall, an old and trusty friend, who subsequently joined and helped to organise the English legion that fought so well for Garibaldi. While they were discussing a French spy came in, and sitting down in the compartment soon pretended to be asleep.

Badlaugh, recognising the individual, leaned over the compartment, took a long spill, as if to light a cigar, and held the burning paper under the spy's nose. As the man was only pretending to asleep, this treatment did not fail to awake him most promptly, Further, this manner of dealing with him left no room for doubt as to his having been recognised, and he therefore simply rose and quietly left the restaurant, without even protesting againist the burn inflicted on his most prominent feature. So numerous were the foreign spies in London at that time, that popular irritation was excited, and once Bernard himself was mistaken by a mob in the Park, and attacked as a French spy. His friends had great difficulty in shielding him and in persuading his aggressors that they were mistaken.

During the time of all this agitation Bradlaugh had the advantage of laying the foundation of a long friendship with the late Thomas Allsop, who was so deeply compromised in the Orsini business. As the author of the "Recollections of Coleridge," Mr. Allsop was well known to the English public, and his works, and the personal popularity he enjoyed, won for him the compliment of a handsome present from the Emperor of Brazil. Bradlaugh also met at this time Mr. W. J. Linton, the engraver, and gained the respect and friendship of a number of leading French politicians. The following year he was in constant communication with Joseph Mazzini, then living as Signor Ernesti, at Onslow Terrace, and all these associations inspired Bradlaugh with great animosity towards the Emperor

Napoleon. Alluding to this feeling, in a brief autobiographical sketch, which Bradlaugh wrote previous to his departure for America, at the time when the Republic in France existed but in name, he says:

"Whilst the late Emperor Napoleon was in power I hated him, and never lost an opportunity of working against him until the *decheance* came. I am not sure now that I always judged him fairly; but nothing. I think could have tempted me to either write or speak of him with friendliness or kindness during his life. *Le sang de mes amis etait sur son ame.* Now that the tomb covers his remains my hatred has ceased; but no other feeling has arisen in its place. Should any of his family seek to resume the Imperial purple, I should remain true to my political declarations of sixteen years since, and should exert myself to the uttermost to prevent France falling under another Empire. I write this with much sadness, as 1870 to 1873 have dispelled some of my illusions held firmly during the fifteen years which preceded. I had believed in such men as Louis Blanc, Ledru Rolling, Victor Hugo, as possible statemen for France. I was mistaken. They were writers, talkers, and poets; good men to ride on the stream or to drown in honest protest, but lacking force to swim against or turn back the tide by the might of their will. I had believed, too, in a Republican France, which is yet only in the womb of time, to be born after many pangs and sore travailings."

Entertaining these opinions, it is not surprising that Bradlaugh's lecture on "Louis Napoleon" was couched in such terms as to excite the susceptibilities of the French Government; and when, in March, 1859, it was announced that this lecture was about to be delivered in Saint Martin's Hall, Count Walewski proceeded to remonstrate with the English Government, The result was that when Bradlaugh came to lecture he found the hall filled with policemen. It was impossible to resist this display of force; but Bradlaugh instituted proceedings at once against the proprietor of the hall for breach of contract, As the proprietor had, however, been indemnified by the authorities, he avoided the suit by promptly paying damages.

By this time Bradlaugh had become so notorious that he found himself engaged in a number of debates in all parts of the country. He revisited Northampton to discuss with Mr. John Bowes, who seems to have been utterly unfitted for platform controversy. Then at Sheffield, he debated with a Reverend Dr. Monsor, who professed to be a Jewish Rabbi, and was then going through the various phases necessary to his conversion to Christianity and admittance into the Church of

England. This gentleman would, it was thought, convince the audience of Bradlaugh's ignorance, and immediately plunged into Hebrew. Duriug the four nights the discussion lasted they both drew Hebrew characters on a black board, a process which amused and mystified the audience, and by which Bradlaugh gained great credit; for, whatever his knowledge of Hebrew might have been, he certainly contrived to write the square Hebrew characters with great clearness and rapidity. The audience could not understand the points at issue; but they gave the palm to the disputant who wrote the best hand.

At Glasgow, Bradlaugh held a public discussion with Mr. Court, representing the Glasgow Protestant Association; at Paisley with Mr. Smart, who proved to be a very gentlemanly antagonist; and at Halifax with the Rev. T. D. Mathias, a Welsh Baptist minister, with whose sincerity Bradlaugh was much impressed. Then, in June, 1860, he again debated every Monday night for four weeks with the Rev. Berwin Grant, at Bradford. This discussion, unfortunately degenerated into personalities. As a rule Bradlaugh attacks arguments rather than individuals; but if his opponents have the misfortune to make any personal allusion to him, then he retorts in a manner peculiarly his own, which, if not always gentle, is invariably effective.

When writing about the Rev. Brewin Grant, Mr. John Watts statesthat he first met Mr. Holyoake for the purpose of discussing Secular principles; but these he could not understand, and therefore never discussed. Bounce and slander, misrepresentation and impudence are represented to have constituted the chief force of this reverend gentleman's method of debate. Mr. Watts states that when Robert Cooper and C. South well challenged the Rev. Brewin Grant to open debate, he contented himself with "perambulating the country, proclaiming Cooper's ignoranee and Southwell's confessions." Then Mr. Grant started the theory that Freethought was dead, almost immediately after Bradlaugh gathered large and enthusiastic audiences round him at Sheffield. This fact was in such

evident contradiction with Mr. Grant's sssertions that he was obliged again to enter the lists with Bradlaugh. Following upon the above circumstances the debate was naturally embittered; but when Mr. Grant, leaving aside the subject of debate, proceeded to slander the memory of Thomas Paine and Richard Carltle, Bradlaugh, by the ferver of his reply, elicited a storm of indignation. This demonstration caused Mr. Grant to make a grimace; and quick to seize the advantage that this ridiculous conduct gave, Bradlaugh, without for a moment interrupting the thread of his discourse, exclaimed:—

"See, friends, this man, with low vulgarity, protrudes his tongue—the only answer this reverend defender of the Bible can give. How low the cause conduct champions? I entered on this debate intending to avoid all personal recrimination, and carefully abstained from any attack except on the book we met here to examine, and with pain I have heard you calumniate and vilify great men, whose virtues you cannot imitate, but for whom, in your malice and weakness, you invent vices nearer akin to your own mean nature, which can look down and grovel in the mire, but dare not gaze upward to meet the glorious light of truth."

On the following Monday's discussion, Mr. Grant repeated his allegations against Richard Carlile and Thomas Paine, and then challenged Bradlaugh to meet him in a debate on personalities, and added that he knew Bradlaugh would not accept his challenge He further charged Bradlaugh with falsehood, and for one instance reminded the audience that Bradlaugh had accused him of protruding his tongue. Thereupon a number of persons sprang to their feet in the body of the hall, and cried out: "So you did; you did it at Halifax, too." After this interruption Mr. Grant said that in any case the chairman did not see him, and that if he did his tongue was clean, while if the infidels showed their tongues they were dirty.

This the but one of the many similar low-class personalities which disgraced this debate. In vain did Bradlaugh attempt to pass this by with the contempt it deserved, and in replying dwelt at length on the Scriptural subject under discussion. Mr. Grant again returned to the charge, twitted Bradlaugh for calling him "my friend," and once more challenged him to a discussion on personalities, or to have the letter L brand-

ed on his face. At last Bradlaugh was roused, and a brief quotation from his reply may give some conception of the violence of these discussions :—

"The alternative Mr. Grant offers me is not a pleasant one. I should not like to be branded as he describes; his own appearance under such an infliction is sufficient for me. I will accept the challenge, but I will not degrade the platform with such a debate. If it takes place, let it be on the moors of Sheffield, or in Shipley Glen, or some large field. Mr. Grant says I whimper and whine at his personalities. This is not true. At first I should have preferred a discussion of the question, but now I almost prefer that it be continued until the end, that men may see how infamous a man may be in his speech, and yet a champion of the Bible."

With reference to Carlile, Bradlaugh said:

"We propose a monument to Richard Carlile, not for his follies, nor for any crime of which he may have been guilty, but that he, with a courage which you cannot imitate, fought for the people against a powerful Government for freedom, both of tongue and press, and for ten long years was an imprisoned martyr to the people's cause." (Loud and prolonged cheering and waving of hats followed this.) "As to Paine, you are so base that, not content with mis-stating and distorting facts, you revive, by aid of your native meanness, a killed calumny, a scotched snake, which, discovered by another reptile crawling on the earth, is brought here to try its rotten sting. Paine was a man so self-denying, that he gave up a profitable copyright to the good of his country, and did not, like you, insist on being paid a night in advance ere he would defend that which he believed to be the truth." (Mr. Grant during this speech was very uneasy, and asked Mr. Bradlaugh to look at the audience, and not at him.) Bradlaugh thereupon retorted: "I will take it that you are, as indeed you ought to be, ashamed to look an earnest man in the face, and I will look at you no more. Mr. Grant complains that I have called him 'My friend.' It is true. In debate I have accustomed myself to wish all men my friends, and to greet them as friends if possible. The habit, like a garment, fits me, and I have in this discussion used the phrase 'My friend;' but believe me I did not mean it. Friendship with you would be a sore disgrace, and little honor."

In reading over discussions of this description many persons will consider the tone adopted very repulsive; but one of the most striking points in Bradlaugh's experience is the gross and personal abuse he has had to endure. Persons who are undoubtedly gentlemen in birth, in education, and, as a rule, in conduct, have altogether forgotten every principle of fair play and of good behavior when brought face to face with the outspoken and frank defence of Freethought Bradlaugh has so ably conducted. The most absurd and virulent forms of attack have been employed by his adversaries. For instance, when he was about to lecture at the Dewsbury Public Hall, the following absurd announcement was posted all over the towns by persons

who thought that by such means they could defend their religion.

"Grand discovery! To be seen to-morrow, Sunday, not one hundred miles from the Public Hall, a fine specimen of the gorilla tribe, standing seven feet six inches in height, imported into England from Sheffield, the capital of the Hollybock settlement, in the interior of Africa, and brought to this town for public exhibition by Mr. Greenfield. This gorilla is said to be one of the finest of its tribe. It presents a bold front, is impudent in its demeanor, and growls fearfully at the approach of a debt-collector, magistrate, or any Government officer. Having been some time in England under an assumed name, it has acquired a smattering of the language, and will address visitors on the origin, progress, and future prospects of the gorilla tribe. As the animal will be properly secured, parties need be in no apprehension of danger."

Needless to say that this ridiculous attack did not prevent a large audience gathering together, and many came from a distance, from Huddersfield, Lees, and other towns. But when treated in this manner, it was not surprising if occasionally Bradlaugh hit back, and when he did condescend to retaliate he was fully able to do this with interest.

CHAPTER VII.

Railway Accident—The *National Reformer*—Dual Editorship—Breaking New Ground—Wigan Riots—Obstreperous Clergymen—Facing the Mob—Progress among Brickbats.

ON returning to London from debating with the Rev. Brewin Grant at Bradford, Bradlaugh nearly lost his life in a railway accident. The engine-driver had been accustomed to a goods train, and failed altogether to calculate the impetus of a passenger train. The result was, that on arriving at King's Cross the train dashed past the platform, right through the station, and only stopped when it reached the street and open pace outside. Had Bradlaugh been killed, the Rev. Brewin Grant would not have failed to attribute the circumstance to a fortunate and just intervention of providence; but as he escaped with a good shaking, there was nothing to be said. In another case, when lightining struck a public-house where Bradlaugh was to have procured a bed for the night, this accident was publicly and solemnly attributed to a direct intervention on the part of the Divinity; though no one sought to explain what good purpose could have been served by striking

a public-house as a warning against the advocate of teetotalism, particularly as Bradlaugh was not on the spot at the time.

The work of propaganda was now greatly facilitated by the foundation of the *National Reformer*. A number of friends from Halifax, Sheffield and other towns took shares, in order to create the necessary capital for this enterprise. But just as the necessary prospectus had been issued, Mr. Joseph Barker, a well-known public speaker, returned from America, and was associated in the editorship of the paper. This they divided equally in two each writing as he thought fit in his half. But this did not prove a happy union. At first the readers were requested to believe that, should different opinions on any subject appear in the two divisions of the paper, it was not to be taken as a sign that the editors were falling out, but only as a proof of the glorious independence they both enjoyed, and that they were both writing exactly what they thought. Unfortunately, it is not so easy to "agree to differ." The divergence of opinion soon changed into open hostility, and in August, 1861, Mr. Barker attempted to get sole possession of the paper, but the shareholders preferred Bradlaugh.

For months previously he had been practically divorced from his co-editor, and the one half of the paper generally contained abuse and attacks on those who wrote the other half. In explanation of this conduct, Bradlaugh states that when he first met Joseph Barker he professed to be an Atheist and a Republican; but soon after he pretended to be a Christian, and finally spoke in favor of slavery. Bradlaugh has often wondered whether, in his various theological and political opinions, Mr. Barker was himself deluded, or only thought to delude others. He undoubtedly possesed great ability, and had he been more steadfast and thorough in his character, he had the making of a great man. Also it must be admitted that in the days of the dual editorship the *National Reformer* was an interesting and instructive paper, containing a vast store of miscellaneous information and the proof of varied and extensive reading. Nor were the disputes between the joint

editors devoid of a certain piquancy and originality. In fact, the paper was a phænomenon among papers.

In October 1860, Bradlaugh attempted to break new ground by visiting Wigan, and here he had to contend against no ordinary opposition. Some twenty years had elapsed since the inhabitants of Wigan had any opportunity of hearing a Freethought lecture. The local clergy were, therefore, not a little shocked and concerned when they heard that Bradlaugh had secured the Commercial Hall, and was about to lecture for two nights on "What has the Bible done for England's sons and daughters?" They at once engaged the largest place of meeting in the town, and advertised opposition lectures under the same title, adding the extra inducement of "admission free." As Bradlaugh was only known at Wigan by reputation, and had never been there before, he anticipated only a small audience. The hall, however, was full, but the friends and sympathisers were few and far between. Nor was there any one of sufficient influence to take the chair, and Bradlaugh invited the audience to select their own chairman, which was ultimatly done. Order was also fairly well maintained, considering that Bradlaugh was speaking in direct opposition to the feelings of the majority present.

When, however, on the following evening, Bradlaugh again appeared to give his second lecture, matters assumed a very different aspect. The hall was crowded to excess, outside there were several hundred people unable to gain admittance, and all were engaged in discussing and abusing Bradlaugh. Choice Billingsgate was used by fanatics determined to give the Infidel a sound lesson. On his entrance Bradlaugh was greeted with an amount of hooting and yelling that would have disconcerted most men. But in epite of the din, he commenced with stentorian voice to deliver his lecture. As he spoke, the windows were attacked, the panes of glass wantonly destroyed, while a constant hammering was kept up against the door.

At last, finding that the noise would not cease, Bradlaugh went down himself to the door, and was not a little disgusted

to find that the leader and encourager of the disturbance was a clergyman of the Church of England, who wanted to gain admittance. Bradlaugh explained to him that fatal accidents might ensue if any attempt was made to enter the room in its present over-crowded condition. He answered, however, that he knew there was plenty of room, and would come in. Deeming it more prudent to avoid the danger of an increased uproar, Bradlaugh admitted him, and then had to fight hard to shut the door again. But for his great strength this would have been impossible, and as it was he received a severe blow in the side. The pain this occasioned rendered his task more severe. Every now and then a loud crash showed that a door or window had been broken in; some among the audience, alarmed, sprang to their feet, and it was only by dint of hard shouting that Bradlaugh could make himself heard so as to pacify the people. Towards the conclusion of the lecture the secretary of the rector forced his way bodily through a window, and Bradlaugh felt sorely tempted to pitch him back through the same aperture. If he had intended to create a riot, the secretary could not have begun operations in a more suitable manner. Inspired, probably, by this disorderly example, some persons now began to throw lime in through the windows, while others who had managed to climb on the roof poured water down the ventilators!

This last exploit was viewed only in the light of a joke, but the audience became more seriously alarmed when a hand and arm, waving a dirty rag, appeared through a little hole in the centre of the ceiling. One man jumping up on his seat, shouted excitedly at Bradlaugh that the devil had come to fetch him.

When at last the lecture was over, Bradlaugh was struck by several persons in the confusion that ensued. On leaving the hall, a well-dressed man ruthed up to him and menanced him, saying: "Do you not expect God to strike you dead, dont you deserve that the people should serve you out for your blasphemy?" Thereupon two other persons deliberately spat in Bradlaugh's face. Alone against this surging mob of gentlemanly ruffians, Bradlaugh could not offer much resistance.

With but a few of his Yorkshire friends to help, he would soon have taught the people of Wigan better manners.

Mobbed, dogged, assaulted and insulted, with two or three hundred people yelling around him, Bradlaugh made his way to the railway station, thinking it would not be prudent to return to his hotel, where a worse riot might have occurred. He purported taking a ticket for Liverpool, and it was only when after much difficulty he succeeded in reaching the station, that he discovered that he had left all his money at the hotel. Fortunately, after some manœuvring and the risk of breaking his neck, Bradlaugh succeeded in escaping from the crowd, and got safely back to the hotel accompanied by only one person; but his troubles were not yet over. Although there was not the slightest disturbance and no crowd, the landlady ordered him at once to leave the house. In vain he appealed to her sense of hospitality. It was of no avail, she would not have him remain another minute in the place. Finding that persuasion was of no use, Bradlaugh altered his tone He stood on his legal rights, walked up stairs, locked the door retired to bed, and defied any one to disturb him at their peril.

In the next issue of the *National Reformer* Bradlaugh wrote the following characteristic leader:—

"If all lectures are attended with the same risk and hazard as those delivered by me at Wigan this week, I shall require my friends who are favorable to an extended propaganda to pay the premium for a policy in the office for insurance against accidents to limb and life. I have no taste for martyrdom, and I protest most vigorously against the right of any body of religious fanatics to canonise me as St. Stephen the Second I may be wrong, but I shall never be convinced of my error by a mob of true believers yelling at my heels like mad dogs, under the leadership of a pions rector's trusty subordinate, or hammering at the door of my lecture-room under the direction of an infuriate church parson. I object that in the nineteenth century it is hardly to be tolerated that a bigot priest shall use his influence with the proprietor of the hotel where I am staying in order to 'get that devil kicked out into the street' after half-past ten at night. I do not admit the right of a rich church dignitary's secretary to avoid the payment of his three-pence at the door by jumping through the window, especially when I or my friends have to pay for the broken glass and sash frame. True, all these things and worse happened at Wigan, but I should prefer that they did not happen again. They will not prevent my lecturing if they do, but they will make my talk louder and stronger, which will be inconvenient to all parties. I have also a word of advice to the Mayor of Wigan, who appears to be a respectable, red-faced, dumpty sort of shop-

keeping person, and who, as I am credibly informed, used threats about stopping my lectures by force of law. My advice to you, Mr. Mayor, is contained in one word —try."

This protest seems to have produced due effect, for Bradlaugh visited Wigan again and again, and the threats against him were only partially carried into execution. The clergy found that after all he had as much right to lecture as they had to preach, and it was not long before he became a welcome visitor, with a large party of Secularists ready to hail his coming, and to ensure him a good and attentive audience. During the winter of the same year he held two formal debates a Wigan —one with Mr. Hutchings, a Nonconformist laymen, and the other with the Rev. Woodville Woodman, a Swedenborgian divine. Again, in this same and busy year, Bradlaugh also debated for four nights with Dr. Brindley, at Oldham; for two nights with the Rev. Dr. Baylee, the President of St. Alban's College, at Birkenhead; and for two nights with the Rev. Dr. Rutherford, of Newcastle,

When Bradlaugh returned to Wigan for the first time after the riot just described he was accompanied by Mr. John Watts, and so as not to be exposed to the indignity of ejection from the hotel, he accepted the hospitality offered by a friend When it became known, however, that this gentleman had offered to take Bradlaugh into his house, he was threatend and annoyed in a variety of ways. Nevertheless, Bradlaugh's lectures were a great success. The Mayor had threatened to stop the meeting and arrest Bradlaugh, but on second thoughts he allowed events to take their own course. Bradlaugh had caused the front row of the hall to be reserved for the clergy of the district, but this time none of them attended, and the meeting, in their absence, behaved in a comparatively orderly manner.

It was only when everything was over and Bradlaugh turned homewards that anything like a riot occurred. He was yelled at in true collier fashion; but Bradlaugh produced a temporary lull by turning round, facing the crowd, and inviting them to select their two best men, whom he would

settle the matter in the most approved pugilistic form. Low as this form of argument may seem, it was perhaps the best suited to a mob which could not itself offer other resistance to Bradlaugh's doctrines than that of violence.

On the second evening the mob outside were even more violent. Bradlaugh's host and hostess were yelled and hooted at; then when Mr. Bradlaugh and M.r Watts appeared on the scene, several stones were thrown, one hitting the head of a respectible Wigan tradesman. Inside, however all was quiet and orderly: but towards the end the Rev. J. Davis made his appearance, and spoke with such energy that in stamping the platform he fractured one of the boards. A local paper, the *Wigan Examiner*, in decribing the scene, was very wrath with Bradlaugh becauee he held up the splinters, and requested the reverend gentleman to be more gentle in his demonstrations.

When the meeting was over, Bradlaugh was informed that the mob outside were waiting to initiate him into the mysteries of "purring," and to honor him with a presentation, which, if not of plate, Bradlaugh imagined might still be sufficiently striking in its character to have evoked painful reminiscences. He therefore elected to make his exit by a back door, where, however, he found some thirty or forty roughs who had foreseen this manœuvre, and who at once commenced aloud concert of yells and hisses. Bradlaugh walked slowly home, with the mob at his heels. At last, in a narrow alley, some one contrived to give him a kick in the leg. As quick as lightening, Bradlaugh turned round on the mob and dared them to repeat the offence, and again they shrank back in the presence of so much determination. As Bradlaugh's name was shouted from street to street the women and children, some of them only half-dressed, crowded to the windows to his as he passed. Two bricks were thrown at him; one crushed to pieces on a wall, and the other destroyed the shape and glass of Bradlaugh' hat. After this he reached the hospitable house of his friends; and every time Bradlaugh returned to

Wigan he found the opposition more and more feeble, thus by sheer determination founding a party where once he had but enemies.

At Norwich Bradlaugh overcame similar, though not such violent, opposition ; his first visit was greeted with yells, hisses, abuse, and a little mud and a few stones. Nevertheless, a few earnest Secularlsts gathered round Bradlaugh, and there were some Christians, generally Nonconformists, who had the fairness to allow him even justice with themselves. The result was, that the Secular party grew, and in a few months they had funds enough to hire a chapel, which they converted into the Eclectic Institute, and where they organised Sunday evening lectures aud debates for entire winter seasons. At Yarmouth similar results were achieved ; and thus in all parts of the country Bradlaugh was laying the foundation of the power he now possesses.

CHAPTER VIII.

Leaves Business—Lectures for Garibaldi—Secret Despatches—Walls with Eyes—The Papal Police and Bradlaugh's Revolver —A Yankee to the Rescue—Religious Persecution at Guernsey—A Challenge to the Authorities— Bradlaugh his own Bill-poster—Gentlemen Ricters—Mobs and Menaces.

SUCH active propaganda work as that described in the last chapter would not have been possible if Bradlangh had been compelled to attend regularly at an office. In 1857, after remaing some three years in the service of Mr. Rogers, be left this employ, in order to be "articled" to Mr. Harvey, a solicitor. This change turned out most unfortunately. Mr. Harvey was plunged in money difficulties, his arrangement with Bradlaugh was not only brought by force of circumstances to premature end, but Bradlaugh foun himself also involved in considerable pecuniary liabilities. As misfortunes never come singly, ill-health was now the next adversary that beset Bradlaugh's path. He was laid up with rheumatic fever, and when once he recovered he left the city altogether. From 1858 to 1861 Bradlaugh worked in the provinces, visiting town after town, establishing Secular

Societies wherever he went, and preparing the ground for the delivery of lectures.

All this time he was burdened with the debts that accrued from his unfortunate connexion with Mr. Harvey, and these were soon to be increased by heavy lawsuits. In the meanwhile, his comparative freedom from business occupations enabled him to devote a great portion of his time, not merely to the propaganda of Secularist opinions, but to delivering lectures in support of Garibaldi. At each of these meetings Bradlaugh invited his audience to subscribe funds on behalf of the Italian patriots, and was able to send in all a hundred guineas which he had thus collected. This gift elicited a special letter of thanks from Garibaldi, who did not fail to recognise the good work Bradlaugh had done for his cause. Nor was Bradlaugh's acquaintance with Italian affairs limited to the books and letters he had read on the subject. He found means of visiting the country on several occasions.

There was a combination of business and political interest that caused him to undertake these journeys, and thus they proved doubly attractive. He did not, however, always escape from those dangers which, abroad more than at home, beset politicians. The police were soon put on the alret when Bradlaugh arrived in Italy, and they evidently kept a keen watch over his every movement. Thus it was ascertained that Bradlaugh, who was at Naples, had received a packet of political letters a few days after Bomba's fall. It has been said that walls have ears. In this case they evidently possessed eyes.

Bradlaugh was in the room of his hotel, alone, and, as he thought, safe from all observation. A friend then entered, and without any conversation of a nature that could be overheard, gave him the packet which he had volunteered to take over to England with him. Though as a rule not devoid of prudence, he so little suspected any danger on this occasion that he took no special precaution. He left Naples in a steamboat sailing under the flag of the two Sicilies, and all went

smoothly, excepting the ship, till they reached Civita Vecchia. Here, to the surprise if not to the alarm of the passengers, a boat-load of Papal gendarmes came on board. Even at this moment Bradlaugh was not yet on his guard, and had the gendarmes at once made for his portmanteau they might have seized the despatches.

The sub-officer preferred, however, resorting to what he doubtless considered a very clever stratagem. He politely inquired for Mr. Bradlaugh, whom he discoverd with so little a difficulty that it is probable he knew perfectly well the principal characteristics of his general appearance. With much politeness, this officer informed him that the British Consul wished to see him on shore. This at once put Bradlaugh on his guard. If he went on shore he would be on Roman soil, subject to the Papal laws, and there was no guarantee for his safety. On the other hand, he did not know the English consal had no business with him. Evidently this was but a mere trap, so Bradlaugh with equal politeness, refused to land, and hastened down to the cabin, where he had left the portmanteau that contained the despatches.

It was not long before he was joined by the full force of the Papal gendarmes who proceeded this time with less ceremony. They ordered him to show his luggage, and evidently knew that it contained the secret despatches. Bradlaugh now understood that he had been betrayed. Yet no one at Naples could have seen him when he received the letters, and the wall salone could have seen the transactions, unless a hole had been made through them and a watch kept on all his actions. This, fact, is the only explanation that can be given of the circumstance.

In answer to the demand for his luggage, Bradlaugh at once produced his English passport and assumed that this would suffice to shield him from further annoyance. Tho document was, however treated with the profoundest contempt, and the Papal police now prepared to break open the portmauteau. In vain Bradlaugh protested that he was uuder the flag of the

two Sicilies, that he was not under nor subject to the Papal laws; the Papal gendarmes were undeterred by any such arguments. The position was becoming desperate, and Bradlaugh found himself terribly out-numbered; but he had learnt the value of coolness, determination, and audacity.

Without any more argument he set himself against his portmanteau, drew a heavy, six-chambered naval revolver from the volnminous recesses of his coat; cocked, and aimed at the nearest Papal gendarme. He then simply and quietly promised to blow out the brains of the first individual who attempted to touch his luggage. In spite of this threat a rush might have been made. Bradlaugh was surrounded by foes, and might, in any case, have been attacked behind. But at this juncture an American, who had been watching the whole incident with considerable interest, was so delighted at the "Britisher's pluck" that he suddenly snatched up a chair, and springing forward, took up a firm stand back to back with Bradlaugh, crying, while waving the chair about with fearful energy; "I guess I'll stand by Britisher!"

This turn of events somewhat startled the Papal gendarmes. They did not like the look of Bradlaugh's formidable weapon, and the American had destroyed all chance of seizing him by surprise from behind. They were numerous enongh to overcome this resistance, but not without a serious risk of loss of life, and they hesitated for some time how to proceed. At last they resolved to shirk the responsibility on others, and go on shore for further instructions. The moment they had left the ship Bradlaugh employed this reprieve in bringing all the pressure possible to bear upon the captain, who was, after some trouble, persuaded to put on steam, and sail out to sea before the gendarmes had time to retnrn. A few days later Bradlaugh reached London, and had the satisfaction of delivering the letters, and of receiving the thanks and the praise which were the just but only reward for his firm conduct.

While alluding to Italy, it should perhaps be noted that during the voyage Bradlaugh began drinking light clarets.

This he did only under the urgent advice of his doctor, and after his severe attack of rheumatic fever. Thus, though still an ardent advocate of temperance, Bradlaugh ceased to be a teetotaller.

During the year 1861, as during the previous years, Bradlaugh travelled all over England, and not only combated virulent opposition, raising the voice of Freethought where its echo had never been heard, but by his zealous advocacy he came into conflict with the law, and was, therefore, involved in several suits which obsorbed much of his time and cost large sums. Bradlaugh had shown at Wigan, at Norwich, and at many other places that mere mobbing, yells, and brickbats would not prevent his steady work. Where the audienees were disorderly he appeared again and again, till he had taught them better manners. But now new methods were to be employed against him. He was to be threatened with legal proceedings, in the hope that the man who scornd a brick might fear a writ ?

The first incident of this sort occurred at Guernsey, Here a partisan (Mr. Bendall) had been prosecuted for distributing some of Bradlaugh's pamphlets, on the ground that they were opposed to religion, and condemned to a fine of £20. This sentence Bradlaugh conceived to be altogether unjustifiable, and he at once determined to test the question by renewing, in the most accentuated manner possible, the offence, which could only be punished under the old Blasphemy Laws. On the 10th of January Mr. Bendall had been fined, and a few weeks latter Bradlaugh sailed for Guernsey ; and after a capital passage reached the little island, where he found Mr. Bendall anxiously waiting him on the pier. A royal salute of rotten eggs, he hurriedly warned Bradlaugh, had been prepaired to welcome him, and a most Christian lady had subscribed, he was authoritatively informed, a large sum for the purchase of these traditional emblems of a peoples, wrath.

When Cardinal Wiseman visited Guernsey he had to run the gauntlet in an open boat under a heavy fire of wrotten eggs, and even worse missiles were used to express the islanders' detestation of Popery. In spite, however, of the prepara-

tions Bradlaugh was fortunate enough to escape for the moment. Yet there could be no mistake as to the course he intended to persue, for he caused the following handbill be freely circulated the day before his arrival :—

"To M. le Procureur, to the Clergy (especially of the Methodist New Connexion), and to the public of Guernsey :—

"Gentlemen,—I shall lecture in the Assembly Rooms, on February 27th and 28th, when I shall endeavor to prove that the Bible is not a revelation from an all-perfect Deity * * *

"I am especially induced to visit you, because I have heard, with feelings of deep regret, that you, M. le Procureur, and you, gentlemen of the clergy, have permitted to day the revival of an institution belonging to an ignorent past, and have evoked the law to defend a religion which, if from God, should need no such paltry aid, but should stand impregnable, because true.

"You who were parties, active or acquiescing, in the late prosecution of Mr. Stephen Bendall' I challenge you to defend your faith in free and fair discussion. You have no resource ; you have entered the lists with the weak weapons of persecution, and I invite you to retrieve your honor, if you dare, by selecting your means of defence from a more potent armory—that of honest, manly thought."

Bradlaugh's first visit on landing was to the Assembly Rooms, which had been previously hired for him! he found, however, that the proprietor now refused him admittance, and would give no sort of explanation for thus breaking the contract. It was therefore necessary to engage another room, and this was done satisfactorily ; but there now arose other difficulties. The printer refused to print any bills, and the town crier could not be induced to make any announcement. Having foreseen these impediments, Bradlaugh had taken the precaution of having bills already printed in London, and these he had brought with him ; but there was still another obstacle, no bill-poster would undertake to put them up.

This petty warfare was not calculated to overcome such a man as Bradlaugh. It only amused him. His mission was not to be baffled by a bill-poster : and therefore Mr. Bendall and Bradlaugh both sallied forth, armed with paste-pot, brush, and ladder, and guided by the bright moonbeams, had soon advertised the forthcoming lecture on all the prominent hoardings of the town. Bradlaugh's next action was to address a letter to all the persons who had taken part in the prosecution

of Mr. Bendall, inviting them either to prosecute him for the forthcoming repetition of the offence, or if not, to tender an apology to Mr. Bendall.

All this was done on a Tuesday: on the Wednesday intense excitement reigned throughout the town. Some one. evidently more orthodox in religion than in spelling, had chalked on the walls: "Down with the Infidles"—"Away with the Infidles!" Two boards, on which the lecture was announced, were torn away from the hotel door, and were with difficulty recovered. At last the hour of the lecture approached and Bradlaugh found the street near the hall crowded with people but nobody hardly dared enter. Throughout the whole island Bradlaugh had but one friend, one person to help him. If the mob, infuriated by drink and fanaticism, should attempt, as it had been urged, to throw him into the sea, there was but one friend on whom he could rely It was impossible, under those circumstances, to establisb a door-keeper, money-taker, and a system of control. Free admission to the hall became a necessity.

No sooner had Bradlaugh begun to address the empty benches than the crowed outside, unable, or probably unwilling to control their curiosity, precipitated themselves into the building, which they soon filled to excess; even the staircases were crowded, and many persons outside were unable to gain admittance. When once Bradlaugh was fairly launched in his subject he was interrupted by a terrific uproar in the streets; then followed a battering of the shutters, groans and hoots, cries and menaces resounded on all sides. For twenty minutes Bradlaugh sought to weather the storm by mere force of lungs, trusting that his voice might be heard above the din; but at last he determined to go out, and seek to appear the people. Begging those who were in the hall to keep their seats, he left the platform. Some persons endeavored to persuade him that it would not be safe for him to go outside alone, but as there was no one to accompany him, he went and found a huge mob, composed of a number of well-dressed persons, who were encouraging a number of lads to break the shutters with some stones. As Bradlaugh walked up to them they ran away; then a stone was thrown, and passed wonderfully near his head. Thereupon all the men, women and children set up a tremendous shout, in which cries of alarm and yells of execration were duly mingled. Bradlaugh, unable to make himself heard in such a din, bowed respectfully and walked towards the crowd, and the mob actually fell back step by step as he approached. One man, however, a stranger, stepped forward and begged Bradlaugh to return to the hall if he valued his life, advice which he ultimately followed.

His appearance outside seems to have produced good effect, for on his returning to the lecture the noise was not so great, and it finally subsided altogether. The bulk of the audience were evidently favourably impressed by the address, and at its conclusion Bradlaugh publicly repeated the offence for which Mr. Bendall had been punished, by distributing about one hundred tracts on "What does the Bible Teach?" Though the people inside frequently applauded the lecture, the crowd outside accompanied Bradlaugh home with cries of "Kill the Infidel," "Murder the Infidel."

The second day the excitement had greatly increased. Bradlaugh was warned that the quay porters had been persuaded to attack him; a threatening mob was stationed for the better part of the day outside his hotel, and among these the porters were more especially noisy, but their fury was due not so much to the spirit of religious favour as to the spirits in the libations with which they had been plied. Through this sea of indignation Bradlaugh had to push his way to the hall, where, however, he found a very respectable audience waiting for him, and during the first twenty minutes they listened with marked attention to his lecture, which was this time on the New Testament.

Outside, some respectably-dressed individuals had been exciting the mob, and suddenly the latter made a rush at a plat-glass door, burst it open, and came tumbling and screaming into the room. Many of these interrupters were quite drunk, and Bradlaugh, descending from the platform, found it no easy matter to turn them out of the hall again. Nevertheless, he went up alone to the most obnoxious among them, and conducted them to the door. It must be said, also, that the sympathies of the bulk of the audience were now with Bradlaugh, in so far as they resented this unmannerly interruption of the right of meeting.

When this weeding was partially accomplished, Bradlaugh once more resumed his lecture, to be again interrupted by an attempt to turn the gas out, and by the breaking up of several forms and chairs. At last he concluded a more or less imperfect address, and then walked home amid new cries of "Kill the Infidel," "Pitch the Infidel into the sea." But no one, somehow, seemed inclined to commence the attack. His size and evident strength intimidated the people. Strange to say, the authorities had permitted drink and leave of absence to a large number of soldiers, who were more especially noisy and rioteous; and there is no knowing how matters would have ended but for the adroitness displayed by Madame Laval, the landlady of the Hotel de l' Europe, where Bradlaugh had taken rooms. With great coolness she pretended to show Bradlaugh

a better way out of the hotel, but in reality led him into a dark room, where she locked him up for a couple of hours, till the excitement had subsided.

On the ensuing Friday Bradlaugh left Guernsey, with the mob still hissing at his heels. No prosecution was attempted against him; but his expenses were heavy (they included the damage done to the hall), and his receipts were *nil*, Mr. Bendall and a gentleman of French extraction were the only persons who helped to defray these costs.

In July of the same year, Mr. Barker, Bradlaugh's co-editor visited Guernsey, and was well received, no one attempting any violence. No proceedings were taken against Bradlaugh, and the authorities recognised tacitly that they had been in the wrong. The battle was therefore most successful, so far as Bradlaugh was concerned, and there is now a regular Free-thought party in the island.

CHAPTER IX.

A Lecture Prohibited—Bradlaugh Arrested—The Police Court—The Police Entrapped—Proceedings against the Police—A Prejudiced Verdict—A New Inquisition—Appeal—Debt and Work—Increasing Popularity—Riots at Dumfries—Riots at Burnley.

BRADLAUGH had barely escaped from the dangers and annoyances incident on his visit to Guernsey, when he found himself involved in a new series of troubles. He had been invited, while at Plymouth, to extend his lecturing to Devonport. The park of the town was open to preachers of all denominations; the people were in the habit of meeting there, and it was urged that Bradlaugh ought also to make himself heard on this spot: The Devonport Young Men's Christian Association took, however, an altogether different view of the subject. Pressure was brought to bear on the authorities, and when Bradlaugh made his appearance he was met by the Superintendent of Police, who informed him that for the moment all preaching had been prohibited. As Bradlaugh knew that he was at a military station, under military, and not under common law, he at once submitted, but determined to do better next time.

Mr. Steer, acting as the representative of the Plymouth and Devonport Secular Society, rented a field near to the park for the purpose of delivering two lectures, and obtained a regular reecipt, in which all the details were entered. Bills announced the event, and Bradlaugh found a good attendance. The Superintendent of Police had called on Mr. Steer, and endeavored to make him cancel the contract, and, failing in this, was also present at the meeting. The proceedings

had barely begun, and Bradlaugh had not had time to say more than these words, "Friends, I am about to address you on the Bible," when the Superintendent came forward to arrest him.

Bradlaugh naturally objected to such interference, and urged that he had a receipt for the renting of the field, and therefore possessed property rights. This protest was met by six policemen, who for all answer attempted to make him secure Two held each arm, and the remaining two devoted themselves to the close supervision of his coat collar. One of them (D 19 were his letter and number), ran his knuckles into Bradlaugh's neck in a most objectionable manner. Bradlaugh found himself altogether in a trying position. His first anxiety was that of restraining the anger of his followers, whom he feared would compromise the whole affair by committing a breach of the peace. Then he had to quell his own temper, which certainly the police tried their best to excite; and finally he had to display sufficient strength to show that after all he would not endure to much violent. Thus when he had appealed to D 19 several times to desist from hurting his neck, Bradlaugh was compelled at last to send his elbow into the policeman's ribs with just that amount of force necessary to inculcate a sense of prudence. In fact it was not till the police were made aware, by physical demonstrations, that Bradlaugh was strong enough to break loose and knock one or two of them down, that they treated him with comparative gentleness.

When once they had expelled him by force from the field, Bradlaugh attempted to return and continue his lecture, and he was consequently re-arrested and conducted to the police-station. Bail was of course soon forthcoming, but was most, unfairly refused, and Bradlaugh consigned to a cold stone cell with no fire or light, chair or stool. For about three hours he remained in this cheerless imprisonment, when, by the intercession of influential friends, he was allowed to come out into the carridor or lobby, where he found at least a stove and a light. Here he met Mr. Steer, who had endured a similar fate, and had been locked up in a separate cell, for interfering on Mr. Bradlaugh's behalf.

The next morning they were taken into Court, passing through a trap-door into the prisoners' dock, and following on the footsteps of an unfortunate felon who had been locked up in a neighbouring cell during the same night. But a hearty burst of cheering greeted Bradlaugh and his friend when they first appeared, making them feel that it was an honor rather

than a disgrace to be thus persecuted for seeking to propagate what they considered to be the truth.

It was soon discovered that a legal blunder had been committed; Bradlaugh could not be prosecuted for his opinions, for no time had been allowed him to express any opinions. A charge of "exciting a breach of the peace, and assaulting the constable in the execution of his duty" was then manufactnred. Two lawyers appeared against Bradlaugh. Seven magistrates sat on the bench, who were certainly not predisposed in his favor. The charge was false, but still it was at first well maintained, and might have been successful, for all the evidence of the witnesses in Bradlaugh's defence was refused on the ground that they were unbelievers. Fortunately several Nonconformists, who were indignant at the pious perjury of Bradlaugh's persecutors, came forward, and their evidence turned the case. Bradlaugh had defended himself and his companion in misfortune, Mr. Steer, and wrung a verdict of acquittal from the reluctant bench of magistrates. After this success, Bradlaugh announced in full Court, that he would deliver the lecture that had been interrupted to an audience assembled in the borough, and sue the superintendent of police for unjustly arresting him.

In the conduct of his case, Bradlaugh elicited the warmest praise even from his adversaries. The *Western Morning News* stated that "his examination of the witnesses was conducted with a facility and with a regularity explained only by the fact of his having been educated for the legal profession. He sustained his equanimity of temper in an admirable manner." round the doors of the Court, the difficulty of gaining admittance, the comforable seat given to Mr. Bradlaugh and two lady friends on the Town Council benches near the dock, the enthusiastic cheers that greeted Bradlaugh's appearance, the stern intervention of his worship the Mayor in favor of order. "There was," adds this paper, "a large number of gentlemen, including many dissenting ministers of various denominations; but while they declared against the principles that Mr. Bradlaugh, professed, they could not help admiring his remarkable precision, his calm and collected demeanor, and the ability with which he conducted his own case as well as his friend's."..... "The only matter of regret by the majority of those present was that he was pursuing a career which they regarded as a decided perversion of a powerful intellect."

The first of Bradlaugh's threats was soon and cleverly carried out. He had declared that he would address a Devonport audience in spite of all that the authorities might do to prevent him. After a consultation of war an expedient was

discovered, and the following announcement circulated all over the town:—

The *Devonport Independent* described the large crowds collected

"In consequence of advice received, 'Inconaclast' will deliver an open-air address on Sunday afternoon, and will be present near the Devonport Park Lodge, about half-past ten, in order to vindicate the right of free speech."

This notice gave rise to the impression that Bradlaugh intended to lecture in the park, or that he had hired a three-cornered field, from the owner of which the police had probably failed to obtain any information. In any case, when Bradlaugh reached Devonport Park Lodge, at the appointed time, he found a large and eager crowd assembled to hear him, and to see what would be the upshot of this defiance of the authorities. Everything had been prepared to again arrest Bradlaugh. Mr. Superintendent Edwards, followed by twenty-eight policemen, was known to be on his road to the meeting-place. Some soldiers, even, were held in readiness to quell whatever riot might result from Bradlaugh's arrest.

But, instead of stopping in the park, Bradlaugh followed by immense crowd of people, who were in no wise deterred by a fierce downpour of rain, made his way to Stone-house Creek, a small tributary of the River Tamer. Here, amid expression of surprise, he embarked on a little boat, rowed out to a larger boat, moored within nine feet of the shore, on which a sort of platform had been contrived, and then at once began his address. A few moments later, Superintendent Edwards and his twenty-eight policemen burst through the crowd, but when they saw the position that Bradlaugh had taken up, the bitterness of their disappointment was altogether beyond the power of description. They knew full well Bradlaugh had found out that though Devonport, Stone-house, and Plymouth form together a garrisoned and fortified town, divided by the River Tamer, yet all the water to the sea comes under the separate jurisdiction of Saltash, which is some miles further on! Roars of laughter, jeers and cheers further added to the disconsolate look of the Superintendent and the Mayor, who was also on the spot, armed with the Riot Act, which, doubtless, he would have been glad to read.

To add to their discomfort, Bradlaugh bowed with profound reverence to the Superintendent, told him that he was there, in spite of the police, to assert the Englishman's proud right of free speech, and offered him a free ticket to his lectures at the Free Institute, where he would be more comfortable than out of doors in the storm and rain. He also declared that whenever he returned to this neighborhood it was his intention

not to go away without addressing a Devonport audience; and if he was excluded from the green fields or a comfortable building, which he was always ready to hire, he would lecture, as on this occasion, to an audience assembled in the borough of Devonport from a vessel placed out of their jurisdiction.

Infuriated at his defeat, Superintendent Edwards now sought to revenge himself on the boatman; but here also precautions had been taken. The boat had been hired on the previous Friday, and the owner had no knowledge whatsoever for what purpose. In the meanwhile the publicans of Devonport, profiting by the absence of the public, did a large business in the sale of spirits and beer during the hours of divine service.

After his acquittal by the Devonport magistrates, Bradlaugh had written to Mr. Edwards, but the Superintendent informed the messenger who brought him the letter that he would take no notice of it, and that it should simply be thrown in the vaste-paper basket, Bradlaugh, therefore, put the case in the hands of Mr. Leverson, the well-known solicitor, who had so ably conducted the defences of Simon Bernard, Mr. Truelove, and Tchorzewski. Initiatory steps were taken to bring the matter to trial in the Superior Court, by an action for assault and false imprisonment against Mr. Superintendent Edwards.

This announcement caused a great sensation at Devonport. The Watch Committee and the Young Men's Christian Society took up the cause of the police; but in the meanwhile the only result of their efforts to suppose Bradlaugh was to increase the public curiosity, and his lectures were consequently attended by specially large, attentive, and respectable audiences. In fact he could never have produced so great an impression so soon, or won so many partisans, but for the injudicious interference with his right of speech.

The trial relating to this affair came off at the Extra Assizes, Nisi Prius Court, and certainly the case at issue was an important one, not merely on account of its bearings on Bradlaugh, but as an abstract question which touched upon the liberties of every English-man Indeed, how could it be maintained that because a town happened to be a garrison town the police should be able, even in times of profound peace, to institute a sort of censorship over the speeches delivered in a park where it was customary to hold public meetings, and even to arrest individual speakers whose views they did not approve. Unfortunately, Bradlaugh, in disputing this matter, was persuaded to have counsel, and Sir Robert Collier, who was entrusted with the brief, commenced his speech by expressing sorrow or his client's opinions. This introduced the religious element into the matter, and as Bradlaugh had to deal with a

special jury, composed of Devonshire landowners, they only gave him a farthing damages. It is somewhat difficult to explain their verdict. After a long trial, Bradlaugh won his case easily. It was proved that apart from the deprivation of liberty, Bradlaugh had incurred a direct loss of £7 15s., and yet the jury would only award nominal damages. Probably the jury thought the plaintiff was legally right in bringing the action, but, being an Atheist, must be morally wrong They therefore attempt to strike the balance between what they considered legal right and moral wrong, by giving a favorable verdict, but only allowing a farthing damages.

This decision naturally occasioned the greatest indignation. It was qualified by the *Morning Star* as "a flagrant denial and mockery of justice."

"Why," asked the same paper, "should not Sir Richard Mayne drag a London editor from his desk, if Mr. Superintendent Edwards may, at the cost of a farthing, take Devonport lecturers to prison? It appears that the plaintiff in this action puts forth his opinions, from week to week, in a newspaper or magazine; and as he has been fourteen years a lecturer, he must in many places find a platform and an audience. In Devonport, it seems, had been refused the use of public building, and it was then resolved to pull him out of his own hired field. We could not have supposed it possible that such a thing would have been done within the borders of this island; and we do not believe that, if the case be taken to a second trial, another jury will be found to give a verdict in favor of such rampant persecution."

According to *Punch*, by the fact of

"Magistrates becoming judges of controversy, and the policeman enforcing their decrees, the office of justice of the peace will become a holy office indeed, and the constabulary will rise into familiars of a British Inquisition."

Encouraged by these and many other newspapers, Bradlaugh determined to take the matter before a superior Court, and to leave no stone unturned till he had thoroughly vindicated his rights to enjoy freedom of speech, whatever the character of his views. He, therefore, ultimately carried the case to the Court *in Banco*, and, unaided, pleaded there for two days before Lord Chief Justice Erle and a full bench of judges. This did not very materially improve Bradlaugh's position, but it produced a great effect on the public, and raised an outcry in favor of free speech. Further, the Borough authorities were now compelled to face weighty legal expenses; and all this trouble, these repeated trials, the enormous amount of bublic criticism brought to bear on the action of the Borough authorities, served as a warning to all Local Boards and administrations throughout the country. It was felt that henceforth it would be dangerous to trifle with Freethought lecturers, end especially with Bradlaugh. A less stubborn resistance might have made the position of the party far more

difficult As it is, whenBradlaugh visits Devonport, Plymouth, or Stone-house, he can now obtain the largest halls, and these are always crowded with attentive audiences.

This lawsuit added,, however, to the extent of several hundred pounds, to the debts which had resulted from Bradlaugh's unfortunate connexion with Mr. Harvey. In the contest he had not received any general suppost. Mr. Joseph Barker, his co-editor, set his face against the collection of subscriptions ,so as to fight the matter out in the law courts. Bradlaugh received, however, considerable sums from a fervent though any one of his friend, who made it his or her duty to help him in his arduous struggle.

These various lawsuits brought Bradlaugh into constant relation with Mr. M. R. Leverson, who had been solicitor for Bernard, and this ended in his return to business. Mr. Leverson offered Bradlaugh "articles," and again, this time for two years, he worked in a solicitor's office. During that period he continued, nevertheless, to edit the *National Reformer*, and on Sundays only used to lecture in the provinces.

The *National Reformer* was in itself, however, growing to be a matter of some importance. The first year's income amounted roughly, in donations, to £19 ; in shares, to £211 ; in advertisements, to £16 : and in the sale of the first forty-six numbers to £1,274. All expenses paid, there remained close upon £300 cash in hand. It is not often that papers depending upon such slender means, and depending almost exclusively on their sale for their income, can show so favorable a balance sheet after so short an existence. But the sensation Bradlaugh was creating throughout the country is sufficient to account for this. In the early part of 1861he had his adventures at Guernsey and Devonport, which have been described at some length, and which served to make his paper and work known ; but there were many other smaller disturbances that all contributed to win supporters.

Thus, immediately after his triumphant contest with the authorities at Devonport, Bradlaugh became the cause of riots at Dumfries and at Burnley. Fanaticism is a very contagious complaint. If it happens to attack ever so small a knot of people, it soon spreads, and sets a town aflame, and there is no knowing when this complaint may break out. Sometimes Bradlaugh, on reaching a town where he was announced to lecture, found that all was perfectly quiet. Those persons who were interested in the subject which he had selected to discuss came, others came out of curiosity—they were pleased or not, according to their tastes and opinions ; and the meeting was more or less enthusiastic, and there the matter ended. On

other occasions it happened that some persons, indignant at the promise of a visit from Bradlagh, would busy themselves in exciting the passions of the mob or of certain classes, and hence hostile demonstrations arose, which often concluded in riot.

The idea of opposing Bradlaugh with his own weapons, those of plain, straightforward argument, did not so often suggest itself; and it is to this spirit of intolerance, of wild, riotous fanaticism, that Bradlaugh owes much of his popularity and the sympathy he has elicited. Many persons of broad and tolerent views would not have been so ready to listen to him but that they felt it incumbent on them to show that they, at least did not belong to an unjust and noisy mob.

Thus when Bradlaugh, after leaving Devonport, arrived at Dumfrieshe at once perceived, when riding from the station to the hotel, that the town was in a state of great excitement. Later in the day he started for the hall where he was to lecture a full half hour before the time, and yet the steets were already througed with multitueds of agitated people. He had not gone far when some one rang a bell, which was evidently meant for a signal, as at that very moment there arose a chorus of yells groans and other expressions of displeasure. At the door of the hall an individual who was distributing tracts pushed Bradlaugh rudely back, just as if he, and not the lecturer, had rented the place. When Bradlaugh finally managed to gain admittance, he found the handsome hall already half full of people. Near the platform there was a little door, which the mob were attempting to force open, and Bradlaugh had to devote the time remaining before the lecture to the careful barricading of this aperture. When he began to speak, however, the siege continued and the noise drowned his voice. He had to content hinself with speaking at intervals, and only delivered the substance of his lecture.

After a while the gas lamps outside the hall were smashed, and then stones came crashing through the skylights. Fortunately the glass was for the most part so thick that it resisted the greater number of the stones. The hall was not lit by side windows, but from the roof, otherwise serious injury would have been done. When Bradlaugh's friends left the mob kicked and struck them as they made their way through the crowd outside hall, but they reserved their best energies for Bradlaugh, whom they threatened to kill. Bradlaugh had been further informed that the police did not intend to afford him any protection, and as he was unarmed he thought it better to wait till the excitement had appeased. But it seemed as if this

effervescence was not likely to subside, and Bradlaugh was losing patience when a little. before mid-night a person came and conducted him out through a cellar which communicated with the hall and gave into a back street.

Once in the street, Bradlaugh found himself entirely alone in a strange town, not knowing his way, and fearing that if he went to any well-frequented street he might be recognized and attacked. The position was not agreeable. Walking on a little way he reached the river side, and there discovered a spot which was not illuminated by gas, and where he might watch the passers-by without being himself seen. After waiting sometime Bradlaugh determined to push forward to the hall, thinking that the people must now have dispersed, and that if once he reached the hall he should be able to find his ways to the hotel. When however, he arrived in the street leading to the hall, he met two men and two women, who at once recoguized him, and ran at full speed to warn the crowd of persons still standing waiting for him. There was not a moment to lose Turning down a steep dark street Bradlaugh hastened back towards the river before the alarm was given. On his road he met a policeman, and determined to walk by his side, in the hope that he would afford him some assistance, or might, at least, be a witness in case of assault.

While he was proceeding thus two men passessed, looked at Bradlaugh, exclaimed "That's him," and stopped short. Yielding to a strange impulse or instinct, Bradlaugh suddenly left the policeman and walked up to them, and before he had time to settle in his own minde what he should say. they shouted: "We are friends!" Overjoyed at this unhoped rencontre, Brad laugh related all his adventures, and was then informed that his friends were, on their side, in a great state of anxiety about him. They had divided into parties of two, and were ransacking the whole town in the hope of finding him. Eventually they met one of these couples a short distance farther on, and dividing this small force, two of the party walked a little ahead to see that the road was clear; Bradlaugh was thus finally conducted to his hotel in safety.

Ten days later, Bradlaugh was expected to lecture at Burnley, and a few days before the arrival, his opponents posted an announcement on all the walls of the town relating that he had been mobbed at Dumfries, and indirectly exciting the people of Burnley to treat him in the same manner. Bradlaugh's friends at once issued a reply, admitting the mobbing, but appealing to the Burnley people not to be led into following this bad example. The mob, however, had already been orga-

mised, and very serious consequences would have ensued but that Bradlaugh's friends showed they were also strong, and above all, well disciplined and united in purpose.

Inside and outside the hall there was a great concourse of people, and during Bradlaugh's lecture it was evident that the people could scarcely contain their excitement. When Bradlaugh concluded, Mr. Riley, a Methodist, came on the platform, though he refused to be bound by the rule that allowed each speaker ten minutes. He persisted, when the ten minutes were over, in talking in an irrelevant and offensive manner is spite o' the Chairman's calls to order. In answering these appeals, he said he would talk as long as he liked; and say what he pleased. At last, after twenty minntes had been thus expended, Bradlaugh determined that the time of the meeting should no longer be washed. He therefore took hold of the speaker, and the exercise of a little gentle pressure forced him back to his seat

This served as the signal for the riot. All the Burnley Methodists who were in the hall rose to their feet, and with one spring cleared the entire platform. Bradlaugh was thrown off backward, and found himself sprawiing on the floor of the hall, with a mass of human beings struggling over him. His first thought was to secure some position where he might breath, and avoid being crushed to death. But he had not reckoned on the strsugth of his friends. They were as prompt to rescue as the others were to attack. Bradlaugh soon found himself safe again, and was accompanied back to the hotel by a body-guard strong enough to defy his enemies. Also, it must be said, that the authorities at Burnley did their best to maintain order, while at Dumfries they had, if anything, encouraged the mob. But at both towns Bradlaugh met with the most touching marks of devotion and personal attachment. Hundreds of friends were ready to risk their lives to protect him against the fury of his fanatical adversaries. They thrust themselves forward to receive the blows aimed at him; the risked their ribs in the most fearful crushes: they remained unmoved under a fire of stones; and they were ready with words of good cheer and hearty encouragement.

After the above outburst, the fury of the mob at Burnley soon spent itself. Many persons were, in fact ashamed of their own conduct; and Bradlaugh's second lecture, delivered a few days later, did not occasion any further disturbance.

CHAPTER X.

The Oath Question—Mrs. Maden's Case—Godwin on Oath—Bradlaugh in the County Court—Bradlaugh's Evidence Refused—The Northampton Church Rates.

DURING this time a certain amount of agitation was spreading concerning the right of Freethinkers to give evidence in law courts without taking the oath. Sir John Trelawny, after working hard for the abolition of Church rates, though not himself a Dissenter, now began to move in the matter of oaths. Having objected to tyranny of enforced payment, he now raised his voice against compulsory oaths. The more reverent and earnest among Christians were also beginning to feel that oaths were so commonly administered, and to persons holding such a variety of opinions, that the solemnity of the oath was degraded, and they therefore concluded, in accepting the imperative prohibition of Scripture, "Swear not at all." At Edinburgh, a respectable youth named John Armour, taking these words in their literal sense, refused to swear, and was therefore sent to prison for a month because he would not give evidence, or rather because he objected to take the oath necessary on giving evidence, Quakers and Separatists—men, that is to say, who belonged to an organised sect, were allowed to affirm; but the conscientious Christian, who maintained his right to an individual opinion, was, in this free country, sent to prision because he refused to disobey the order given in Scripture, " Swear not at all."

To take an oath and kiss the Bible it was necessary, not so much to believe in the Bible as to believe in an avenging deity. "What will become of you when you die?" said one of our police magistrates to a youth of fourteen, who was witness in a prosecution for robbing a shop. "I don't know," replied the boy; "I am not old enough to be certain about it," "Where will you go to if you tell a lie?" said another police magistrate to a little girl five years old. "I shall go to 'ell," was the prompt reply; and the magistrate at once took her evidence. At Brecon a man was tried for murder, and the principal evidence against him was at first rejected, though afterwards admitted' because the witness was vague as to the attributes of the deity, and thought that "perhaps he might" punish her if she would not tell the truth.

A strong feeling was arising in favor of the old Judicial form of adjuration. If the judge or priest solemnly adjured the witness in the Most Holy Name to tell the truth, the whole truth. and nothing but the truth, the effect would be far more impressive. This would put a stop to the drone of the crier, ending in: "S'elp you God." The adjuration could not fail

o impress those who do not object to the oath, and would seem more solemn than the ordinary one ; while, on the other hand, it would be a powerful appeal to the conscience and better feelings of those who do object. Thus would be abolished what should never be tolerated in a free country—the questioning as to the nature of a man's belief. This should be a matter between each individual and his conscience. To allow such a subject to be investigated by judge or jury is to allow a species of intolerance; it is a mild form of inquisition. Then, again, so long as strong religious prejudices continue to exist, the jury will be apt to regard the evidence of persons before them in a more or less partial manner, according to what their views may be. This tendency was clearly demonstrated in the case of Bradlaugh, v. Edwards.

At the close of the year 1860, a trial arose at Rochdale concerning the wrongful detention of a piano. The case was one of unfortunate family difference, aggravated by the fact that Mrs. Maden, the plaintiff, formerly a consistent and respectable Wesleyan, and for some time a pupil teacher, had now become a consistent Atheist. When in the box, the defendant asked Mrs. Maden whether she believed in a future state of rewards and punishments, and when she answered in the negative, the following dialogue took place :

The Judge : You don't believe in any human responsibility for telling a lie ?

Witness : Yes.

His Honor : Except to society ?

Witness : No.

His Honor : Do you believe in a God who can punish you for telling a lie ?

Witness : No.

His Honor : Then I cannot hear you. I nonsuit the plaintiff's with costs of defendant's advocate. If people will insult public opinion in a court of justice they must take the consequences.

This sharp, rude language elicited the warmest sympathy for the lady who had been thus treated. Subscriptions were collected, the matter was brought before a superior court the papers published a number of articles on the subject, and the case of Mrs Madan became a power in the hands of the Freethought party. The unfavorable decision of the superior court still further demonstrated the necessity of legislation on the subject; and though the Bill introduced by Sir J. Trelawny was rejected, still there were but few instances in which any measure of a similar kind had been so well received on its first presentation to the Parliament.

On this question Godwin had long before very clearly expressed an emphatic opinion, and his declaration is still important by reason of the source from whence it was derived; it was couched in the following terms:

"Can there be a practice more pregnant with false morality than that of administering oaths in a court of justice? The language it expressly holds is, 'You are not to be believed upon your mere word;' and there are few men resolute enough to preserve themselves from contamination, when they are accustomed, upon the most solemn occasions, to be treated with contempt. To the unthinking it becomes a plenary indulgence to the occasional tampering with veracity in affairs of daily occurrence, that they are not upon their oaths; and we may affirm, without risk of error, that there is no cause of insincerity, prevarication, and falsehood more powerful than this practice. It treats veracity in the scenes of ordinary life a unworthy to be regarded. It takes for granted that no man—at least no man of plebeian rank—is to be credited upon his bare affirmation; and what it takes for granted it has an irresistible tendency to produce.

"Wherever men of uncommon energy and dignity of mind have existed, they have felt the degradation of binding their assertions with an oath. The English Constitution recognises in a partial and imperfect manner the force of this principle, and therefore provides that, while the common herd of mankind shall be obliged to swear to the truth, nothing more shall be required from the order of the nobles than a declaration upon honor. Will reason justify this distinction? Men will never act with that liberal justice and conscious integrity which is their highest ornament, till they come to understand what men are. He that contaminates his lips with an oath must have been thoroughly fortified with previous moral instruction, if he be able afterwards to understand the beauty of an easy and simple integrity."

This high conception is not likely to be accepted in the Courts till enforced by the law. Bradlaugh himself was also soon involved in a case in which the oath difficulty afforded his adversaries an easy means of defeating him. A shorthand writer at Wigan claimed a sum of money from Bradlaugh in; payment for writing a report of one of his discussion; but Bradlaugh refused to pay the entire sum because the reporter had sent a similar account of the proceedings to a local paper, thongh it had been stipulated he should not let anyone else have the same material. The matter was of little importance but whatever its merits or demerits, it was never settled, for the oath question brought the dispute to an untimely conclusion Bradlaugh fought hard against this disqualification, which debarred him from obtaining justice; and as the question has so recently been revived, though in a very different arena, it may not be out of place to produce the account of this, Bradlaugh's first public struggle respecting his right to enjoy, in spite of his view, the same privileges as his follow-countrymen:—

Mr. Mayhew, who represented the plaintiff, said : Before Mr. Bradlaugh is sworn, I must take leave to ask him a question, Sir Mr. Bradlaugh, you must not consider that what I am going to ask is intended to be offensive to you ; but as a person taking part in the administration of the law in Courts of Justice, I feel it incumbent upon me to put to you a question which I am sure you will answer truly and honorably. With regret I ask you if you believe in the religious obligations of an oath ?

Mr. Bradlaugh : I object that before I am sworn—

The Judge said that no objection could be made to the question. After the oath was taken there could be no objection made.

Mr Bradlaugh : Then I think there is a proper form laid down in the case Jacobs *v.* Laybourne, in which questions affecting my competency must be put. I will show one necessity for it. Supposing I make an untrue answer the Court has no power to punish, but under the mode there laid down there is a power to punish.

The Judge : That cannot be, for no person can be indicted unless he take an oath in some judicial proceeding, which is relevant to the question at issue.

Mr. Bradlaugh, on being again asked for a reply to the question, said : I have another objection, and that is, that under an Act of Parliament now in force it is a penal offence to admit I do hold certain opinions ; and I do object to answer any question which will render me liable to a criminal prosecution.

The Judge still held that the question must be put. He did not wish to put it strongly, but he must do it. It was a disagreeable thing to him.

Mr. Bradlaugh : I state, in the words of one of the decisions, that I consider the oath binding upon me.

The Judge : Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments ?

Mr. Bradlaugh : I state, in the words of a case decided——

The Judge: Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments.

Mr. Bradlaugh: According to the reported opinion of the law of the case——

The Judge : This is not arguable.

Mr. Bradlaugh : Permit me to refer you to the case in which it was decided It was sufficient if there was a belief in a future state of rewards and punishments in this life.

The Judge : It is absurd to talk of a future state in this life. Do you believe in a future state of rewards and punishments ?

Mr. Bradlaugh : I still object ; I am not bound to answer the question.

The Judge : You won't answer the question ?

Mr. Bradlaugh : I am ready to be sworn.

The Judge : That is not the objection.

Mr. Mayhew read the following extract from "Taylor on Evidence :" "Persons insensible to the obligations of an oath from defect of religious sentiment and belief, are also incompetent to testify as witness, because the very nature of an oath presupposes the belief in the existence of an omnipotent, supreme being, who is the rewarder of truth and punisher of falsehood ; without this belief the person cannot be subject to that sanction which the law deems an indispensable test of truth."

The Judge : I have so much reverence for the name of what I consider the Supreme Deity, that I do not like to put the question : Do you believe in the existence of a God," because to me, whether by education or whatever it may be, I always think that to use that name at any time, except there is an extreme necessity, is to use it in vain, and there is a command which accordingly to my belief, tells me not to do it. I did not wish to put it so strongly in the first instance.

Mr. Bradlaugh: I will then ask you, under the Common Law Procedure Act of 1854, which admits affirmation, to permit me to affirm.

The Judge: It is given to Separatist and some persons who have a religion, but do not like to take the oath as administered in courts of justice, to affirm.

Mr. Bradlaugh: I think you will find it extends to those persons who have conscientious scruples.

The Judge: Conscientious scruples to taking the oath? There are Quakers who say "yea" and "nay" are quite sufficient They have conscientious scruples. In the same way, the Jew has a conscientious scruple to taking the oath as administered in a Christian court of justice. He is permitted to take his oath in a peculiar manner, but that is because he acknowledges the existence of a Supreme Deity. If the Jew was allowed to do so after having acknowledged whether he was a Sadducee or Pharisee, it would be different. You are not a Separatist, Jew, or a foreigner, taking the oath in a peculiar manner, as the Chinese, Persian, or Japanese; and I am obliged by the law to do it.

Mr. Bradlaugh: Then I understand you cannot permit me—

The Judge: Only give me a direct answer.

Mr. Bradlaugh: I am not answering your questiou at all. I have objected on two grounds, both of which your Honor has over-ruled, and I am not bound to answer the question.

The Judge: If you put it in that way, I should be sorry to exercise any power that I believe I possess according to law. Youwon't answer the question?

Mr. Bradlaugh: I object that I am not bound to answer any question that will criminate myself.

The Judge: You will not answer my question: Do you believe in the existence of a Supreme God?

Mr. Bradlaugh: I object that the answer, if in the negative, would subject me to a criminal prosecution.

The Judge: Do you believe in a state of future rewards and punisments?

Mr. Bradlaugh: I object that—

The Judge I Then I shall not permit you to give any evidence at all; and I think you escape very well in not being sent to gaol.

Mr. Bradlaugh said His Honor would, he was sure, from the very kind and feeling manner in which he had treated him during this last unpleasant episode, give to him, in the unfortunate position in which he was placed, the fairest consideration which it was possible to give in a case of this kind.

Mr. Bradlaugh then explained his case, but as his evidence could not be taken, the verdict went against him.

In the month of November another curious trial took place on Bradlaugh's account, though he was not directly involved in the dispute. Bradlaugh, it has been seen, orginally visited Northampton in 1859, and since that date he was in constant relation with that town. At first the local papers had described him as a "boy" a "young men;" they dilated at length on his "juvenile appearance." His want of education was especially denounced by those who had never heard him lecture nor read his works. But soon he became very popular in the town, and gained some notoriety for his attacks on a local

clergyman, the Rev. Sydney Gedge. According to an old Act of Parliament. this clergyman had the right to collect tithes or church rates, but his predecessor finding that such a tax gave great offence to the parishioners, he judiciously abandoned the practice.

With less wisdom and moderation, Mr. Gedge had resolved to revive his rights in this respect. He seized on the property of even his poorest parishioners, he sent bailiff's about and distrained even the most trifling articles, notably warming-pans, pieces of bacon, notepapers, etc. This naturally supplied Bradlaugh with the material for a fierce, scathing denunciation. Bradlaugh addressed various letters to the Rev. Sydney Gedge, and published them in the *National Reformer*. One of them commenced in this strain :

"REV. Sir,—I congratulate you on your adherence to the Jewish and Christian principles, as especially advanced in your new attempt to spoil the Egyptians resident in your parish. I have read with satisfaction your notice threatening to enforce payment of your vicar rate. It is fair evidence of the love you entertain for your flock. The more cash you can collect from them the less attractions will they find in the world and its vanities." . . . "You are a good and faithful shepherd, doubtless, but you have more regard for the wool than for the sheep, and have an open eye for the shearing.

It was by banter of this descrption that Bradlaugh so added to the Vicar's unpopularity and irritation, that he at last took proceedings against Mr. Bates, the news agent who sold the *National Reformer* at Northampton. While, however, the case was pending, Mr. Gedge published an attack against the defendant in the *English Churchmen.* Thus, while he claimed the protection of the law, he took the law into his own hands by abusing the defendant. The verdict was therefore given in favor of the defendant, and the Reverend plaintiff had to pay all the costs, amounting to about £100. This was probably the first time that anyone suffered any serious legal penality for attacking Freethinkers and the decision inspired they Secularists with great hopes that their claims for equal justice would, perhaps, prove successful in the long run.

CHAPTER XI.

A Declaration of Principles—Business Enterprises—The American War—A Message from the Lower Regions—Clerical Courtesies—The Reform League—The Hyde Park Railings—Death of a Secularist—Arrested at Huddersfield—A Tory Solicitor Defeated.

THE years 1862 and 1863 passed without any remarkable incident. Bradlaugh was then in business with Mr. Leverson, and this and his failing health compelled him to abstain, in a great measure, from public action. Indeed, at the

end of 1863, he found himself obliged to give up the editorship of the *National Reformer*, and to entrust its management to Mr. John Watts. this severance, though but temporary, from a paper which he had managed with success for three years, became the occasion of a few striking parting addresses. One in particular is worthy of reproduction, as specimen of Bradlaugh's style and as a declaration of his views, It was published in February, 1863, and a following is a portion of the article in question :

"In Manchester, on Sunday week, friends gathered from all parts. From Liverpool, Birkenhead, Ashton, Oldham, Altrincham, Shaw, Staleybridge, Rochdale, and their neighborhoods ; morning, afternoon, and evening, familiar faces flocked into the Assembly Rooms of the Free Trade Hall, and many a hearty hand-shaking greeted the lecturer on the way to and from the platform. In looking at the thousand eyes which sparkled with approving recognition from all parts of the hall, one forgot illness, anxiety, toil, and trouble, only remembering that the effort of the moment was appreciated, and only desiring that it might be permanently useful to the cause. It is now not less than thirteen years since my first Free thought address in Bonner's Fields, but during my lecture in the Free Trade Hall Assembly Rooms, my memory went back to those outdoor gatherings in BethnalGreen and now my penhesitates while I ask myself who shall write the report of my final lecture, and where and when shall that be spoken? I am an Infidel, a rough, self-taught Infidel. What honors shall I win if I grow grey in this career ? Critics who break a lance against, me in my absence, will tell you now that I am from the lower classes, without university education, and that I lack clasical lore. Clergymen who see God's mercy reflected in an eternal hell, will tell you even that I am wanting in a conception of common humanity. Skilled penmen will demonstrate that I have not the merest rudiments of bibical knowledge. I thank these assailants for the past; when they pricked and stung me with their very waspish piety, they did me good service, gave me the clue to my weakneses, laid bare to me my ignorance, and drove me to acquire knowledge which might overwise never have been mine. I pray the opposing forces to continue their attacks, that by teaching me my weakness they may make me strong. Some (who have no taste for the excavating, tunnelling, and levelling work, but are vain of having shaken hands or taken wine with the chairman of a completed line of railway) say: 'Oh! a mere puller down!' Is this so? I have preached 'equality,' not by aiming to reduce men's intellect to the level of my own, but rather by inciting each of my hearers to develop his mind to the fullest extent, obtaining thus the hope, not of an equality of ingorance, but of a more equal diffusion of knowledge. I have attacked the Bible, but never the latter alone ; the Church, but never have I confined myself to a mere assault on its practices. I have deemed that I attacked theology best in asserting most the fulness of humanity. I have regarded inconoclasticism as a means not as an end. The work is weary, but the end is well. The political prisoner in the Austrian dungeon day by day files at the massive chain and sturdy bar. The labor is serious, but the reward is great. Tell him it is poor drudging work, and he tells you, 'But I toil for freedom.' Watch another captive, how with an old nail, rusted and rotten, he picks, atom by atom, the mortar from between the stones of his prison wall. Tell him that other men have used more perfect tools, he will answer: 'This old, red rustly nail is to me bright silver lever, powerful instrument, for it is the only tool I have wherewith to toil for liberty." Tell the

back woodsman, who, with axe in hand, hews at the trunks of sturdy trees, that his is destructive work, and he will answer: 'I clear the ground, that plough and reaping-hook may be used by and by.' And I answer that in many men—and women too, alas!—thought is prison-bound, with massive chains of old church welding; that human capacity for progress is hindered, grated in by prison bars, priest-wrought and law-protected; that the good wide field of common humanity is over-covered with the trunks last creed frauds, the outgrowth of ancient mythologies. I affirm that file, old nail, and axe are useful, and their use honorable—not as an end, but as some means towards the end—for which all true men should strike—that is, the enduring happiness of mankind.

"What honor do I get, what reward do I hope for? Not a red ribbon of of some Legion of Honor, given by a crowned knave to repay the faint imitation of his own rascality; but an enrolment, even as the poorest soldier, amongst the rank and file of that Legion of Honor who have been hooted at as heretics in one age and honored as men in the age succeeding. I hope for no peerage such as is won by the right of heirdom to the lady whose painted face and easy virtue have marked her the mother of a line of dukes; but for the ennoblement won by the right of endeavor to upraise myself—won in the endeavor, even if unsuccessful, to be useful to my fellows. My reward—I have it now in the sympathy of Lancashire and Yarkshire factory hands, and in the co-operative approval of the workers of the Midland Counties and North British districts. My honors—I have them in each kind word and wish and welcome. These are flowers which, strewn across the path of life, make it cheerful to the traveller. Atheist, without God, I look to humankind for sympathy, for love, for hope, for effort, for aid. I see that, if the Christian religion be true, and special providence a verity, then, even in the nineteenth century, the Christian God piles snow-flakes on the roof of his own house until the steeple-crowned summit falls in, and crushes beneath its weight the worshippers who unsuspectingly pray to him to protect them from all evil. The unfortunates worship on their knees, and die so. I at least will try to stand upright, and will seek to defy the wrong, and more noble worship in working to assert the right. If struck down, it shall be while fighting my best in the battle of life.....In this journal, the conduct of which I am now surrendering, I have, to the best of my ability, given free utterance to all who chose to speak. On the platform I have ever done the same; and, whether myself right or wrong, I at least can boast that I haver ever sought to submit each opinion to the test of free criticism.

"For the future, who can speak? I trust not to degenerate as I grow older, and I do not think that I shall live to read my reasons for a 'conversion to Christianity.' I do not hope, nor do I desire, to see the various Freethought advocates pursuing the same policy in their teachings; on the contrary, it is from the very diversities exhibited in our advocacies, while our knowledge is as yet limited and imperfect, that I am led to hope most earnestly for a real and effective unity in the future. Such unity should be based on knowledge reached by different paths, on truth tested by various methods, on fact attained in most diverse fashion. Diversities, what are they? The sower scatters his seed; each grain falls to the soil in its own zigzag way; but it is not the manner in which the grain descends to the earth that we look at, but at the ripened corn ears fit for harvesting."

With these words Bradlaugh withdrew in part from the active works to which he had been accustomed, and devoted himself more to business matters. In the course of the year 1863 he left Mr. Leverson, and opened an office in Great St. Holen's, where he sought to organise several companies. During the Marsala expedition a quantity of black sand had been discovered, which contained steel and platinum, and this

led to the formation of a company, of which Bradlaugh was the nominal chief. The Italian Government gave a concession, of which he was the mortgagee, and his principal object in opening an office in Great St. Helen's was to collect the funds required for carrying out this enterprise. In this he was at first successful. Without appealing to the public a private company was formed, and a steel manufactory started at Castellamare, while at Santa Lucia the same company manufactured pigments. Both these places are close to Naples, and this business rendered it necessary for Bradlaugh to visit Italy several times. They produced steel of the best quality, and Bradlaugh still uses some razors coming from this source, but it seems that the compan excelled in chemistry rather than in business; and, after an existence of six years, the society was dissolve and the manufacture was abandoned.

This period coincides with the time of the great American War, and it is needless to remark that Bradlaugh warmly espoused the cause of the North. By his lectures, by his writings he helped to propagate among the masses a strong antagonism against the slave owners of the South. Nor did he fail to devote the proceeds of some of his lectures to the relief of the Lancashire cotton hands, during the famine, which was one of the consequences of the war. In the Irish Church and Irish Land Questions, which were now also before the public, Bradlaugh had much to say, and they formed the subjects of many lectures. For much of his information he was indebted to his late co-worker and contributor, Peter Fox Andre, an active, disinterested, and enthusiastic advocate of struggling nationalities.

In this year of comparative quiet, Bradlaugh lectured at Manchester, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Halifax, London, and neighborhood. At Huddersfield, Bradlaugh encountered a new and amusing form of oposition. A very voluble lady came to the platform and related that her son had once purchase half a pound of butter, and brought it home wrapped in a leaf of some unknown work by Voltaire. The leaf was at once thrown into the fire, and the effect was so striking that the lady's son dreamed he saw Voltaire, who appeared with a ball of fire for a head, and another ball of fire for his heart. Voltaire, while thus blazing, informed the lady's son that he was burning in hell, where all Voltairians were sure to join him and share his fate! In spite however, of these occasional outbursts Bradlaugh met with but little opposition. But he did not appear very often in public, and the same may be said of the ensuing year.

In the early part of 1865 he lectured at Leeds and Rochdale, and he had a slight passage of arms with a Church of England clergyman, Mr. Verity, who had spoken at Newchurch against infidelity. One of Bradlaugh's supporters living in the neighborhood, wrote to a Mr. Fielden, under whose auspices the reverend gentleman had appeared at Newchurch to oppose Mrs. Law in her able Freethought lectures, and suggested the holding of a public discussion. This is the reply that was received in answer to courteous letter, and is a good example of the unfair treatment to which Baadlaugh and his supporters have so often been subjected :

"Newchurch, May 1st, 1865.

"DEAR S,IR—I was in company with Mr. Verity yesterday and laidthe contents of your letter before him, and although I deem it low and contemptible to take any notice of individuals who are ever and anon crying out against Christianity, yet for the sake of iudulging you in your worse than beast-like propensities, I am instructed to inform you that Mr. Verity is waiting to hear from Mr. Bradlaugh, or any other fool who happens to be so mad as to the imbibe your empty notions.

Yours,

"Mr. Taylor. THOS. FIELDEN."

To this charming and gentlemanly letter, Bradlaugh only gave the few following words of reply, which, together with the letter, were inserted in his paper :—

"Mr. Verity must be a pleasantman to encounter if he instructed Mr. Fielden to wrote the above. in any case the prospect of meeting a teacher, whose disciple pens such an epistle, is an enticing one. My message to him is to accustom himself to a more gentlemanly and less scriptnral style of communication. Coarseness is not necessarily a virtue ; in a costermonger or a piously miseducated parson it is to be looked for, in a public speaker or a writer it is better avoided."

After this, Bradlaugh had another long discussion with the Rev. Woodman, the Swedenborgian divine at Northampton and engaged in various forms of paper warfare: but it was not till 1866 that Bradlaugh came once more prominently before the public. The illhealth of Mr. John Watts led to Bradlaugh's resuming the editorship of the *National Reformer*, which had then a circulation of about 2.500, and was not paying its expenses, Bradlaugh, however assumed full responsibility for the paper, commenced paying the contributors, and infused new life into this venture. He became also more active in the delivery of lectures ; and, indeed, the political condition of England and of Europe seemed to invite action. The Austrian war abroad and the reform agitation at home were occupying the minds of politicians : and while Bradlaugh was deeply interested in the reviving hopes of Italy, he had from the very first associated himself with the efforts of the Reform League. Yet when the preliminary meeting of this great social body was held in the lower room at St. Martin's Hall, very few persons were present, and the whole funds of the League did not amount to more than a few shillings.

Mr. Mason Jones mournfully declared that under such circumstances he saw no chance of success, and therefore abandoned the movement. But with Mr. George Howell for secretary, with Mr. Edmund Beales for president, this small commencement soon led to the achievement of great things. George Odger, "the little man with the great brain;" Mr. Cremer, now the able secretary of the Peace Society; Mr. Lucraft, now a member of the School Board; and Bradlaugh now a member of Parliament—were among the most active speakers who worked for the League. Before the summer of 1866 this society had held throughout the country more than six hundred meetings and demonstrations, and at many of these Bradlaugh was the principal speaker.

At the monster meeting, held in March, 1886, at St. Martin's Hall, Bradlaugh spoke in conjunction with Mr. Thomas Hughes, M. P., Alderman Lusk, M. P., Mr. Peter Taylor, M. P., and Professor Beesly. He was prominent at the great demonstrations held on Primrose Hill and at Trafalgar Square. At the latter gathering, which was convoked after the defeat of the Reform Bill, there were some 30,000 persons present, and Bradlaugh moved the first resolution. Sir Richard Mayne had declared that the meeting was not to take place; then, alarmed or impressed by the overwhelming expression of public opinion, he changed his mind, and did not, after all, stop the proceedings.

In the provinces Bradlaugh frequently organised meetings, and notably at Bristol; and all his services were given to the League without the slightest remuneration, but they entailed, on the contrary, considerable expense, which was gladly incurred for so good a cause. When, finally, Bradlaugh resigned his position on the executive committee of the League, he received from Mr. Beales and Mr. George Howell letters of the warmest thanks for his "loyal and "useful" services. These letters were all the more welcome, as on religious questions both these gentlemen were opposed to Bradlaugh.

At a later period—that is, in July, 1866—when Sir Richard Mayne issued the notice forbidding the Reform League meeting in Hyde Park, it was Bradlaugh who moved that the League should persist in holding the meetings, notwithstanding the police notice of prohibition. This bold counsel was opposed by Messrs. Brook, Merriman, Wynn, and Cremer, and it was supported by Messrs. Babbs, Lucraft, Osborn, Truelove and John Weston, and carried by an overwhelming majority of the League.

The result is well known—the fall of the Hyde Park railings, and the tears of Mr. Walpole. Yet on this celebrated occasion Bradlaugh assumed the part of a pacificator; that is to say, he obeyed, with a spirit of military discipline, the precise orders given by the president of the League. It had been decided that, after doing what was necessary to test the disposition of the police to use force, the demonstration was to separate in twelve divisions, and march back by different routs to Trafalgar Square. The meeting proved a wonderful success. and the proportion of roughs and idlers who gather on such occasions was fortunately small. There were delegates from Plymouth, Halifax, Manchester, Birmingham, and a number of other towns, surrounded by enormous mass of respectable working men and small tradespeople. The committee aproached the Marble Arch Gate in carriages, and then, descending at a short distance from this point, formed a ring round their president, and walked up to the line of police drawn up across the entrance to the parks.

The police, however, did not want to discuss the matter. V. 32," a mounted policeman, backed his horse right on to Mr. Edmund Beales and his friends of the committee—an example which was quickly followed by another policeman. Confusion ensued, turncheons were drawn, and mischief was impending.

The question of the employment of force by the authorities having been thus tested, Mr. Beales then withdrew, followed, more or less reluctantly, by the committee, and called on the people to go to Trafalgar Square. The principal demonstrators, forming an imposing column, turned down Park Lane; but a large number of hangers-on irritated at the aggressiveness of the police, aud probably not over pleased at the very prudent conduct of the leaders of the movement, took the matter into their own hands, and attacked the railings, which soon yielded to the pressure. Still obedient to superior orders, Bradlaugh sprang into one of the breaches thus created, harangued the people, and succeeded in drawing off a considerable number, who followed him to Trafalgar Square, where a great many speeches were peacefully, and perhaps uselessly, delivered.

The great fact of the day, in spite of the leaders of the League, was the pulling down of the railings, and the practical proof thus given that no amount of police can keep the people out of the Park, if the people are determined to go in.

After this celebrated disturbance, the Reform League continued to agitate the country, holding gigantic demonstrations, notably at the Agricultural Hall; but while busily engaged in

all this agitation, a great sorrow clouded over Bradlaugh's life. After a protracted illness, John Watts died. Night after night this leader among the Secularists was tenderly watched and nursed by his wife, by Dr. and Mrs. Sexton, by his brother and Mrs. Charles Watts, by Bradlaugh, and Mr. Austin Holyoake. The history of this sad ending is at least a vindication of the kindly feelings that exist among the leaders of the Secular party, and the funeral was one of the most imposing English Secular funerals that have ever taken place near London. Bradlaugh delivered the funeral oration, and displayed great and successful activity in obtaining material help for the widow and children.

A month after this loss to the secular party, Bradlaugh found himself again the object of a foolish and badly-conducted attack. He had hired the Hudders-field Philosphical Hall for the purpose of delivering three lectures. These were announced for some weeks beforehand, without any opposition being raised; but when, finally, Bradlaugh presented himself at the door of the hall, he found that occult influence had been brought to bear upon the proprietor. The doors were locked and the police on the alert. In vain Bradlaugh tried to force an opening; but the Yorkshire energy of the crowd was roused, and a dozen volunteers sprang upon the door. A huge crowbar was produced, and with this Bradlaugh worked with so much will that it was soon bent into curious shapes.

The police now made their appearance, and arrested Bradlaugh and lodged him at the station, where they prudently removed from his person his watch and chain, his keys, toothpick and other dangerous weapons. But with lively recollections of the dampness of the Devonport police cells, Bradlaugh energetically protested against being locked up, and after much discussion it was decided that he should be let out if a magistrate would consent to become bail. This was not a brilliant prospect for Bradlaugh, and he had already made up his mind to spend a couple of days in the lock-up, though, to his surprise, his friends did succeed in finding the much desired magistrate; but even before his arrival Bradlaugh had contrived to regain his liberty. The proprietor of the hall sent up a messenger stating that he would find bail if Bradlaugh promised not to lecture. This Bradlaugh indignantly refused to do. Nevertheless he was allowed to leave the police-station, having only given his word to appear the following Tuesday.

The trial was another victory, for Bradlaugh clearly proved that he had a right to the hall. He had paid, and possessed

a receiptfor a part of the rent, and had actual possession for on the previous day a harmonium had been taken in for his lecture. Mr. N. Learoyd, the Conservative solicitor, was specially retained to ensure Mr. Bradlaugh's committal to gaol; but he was badly beaten, his law proved all wrong, his authorities mis-quoted, and, finally, Bradlaugh demonstrated that the court where Mr. Learoyd had chosen to have the question tried possessed no jurisdiction in matters of this description. Such gross blundering has been rarely committed, and Bradlaugh was triumphatly acquitted.

CHAPTER XII.

Bradlaugh and the Rev. Charles Voysey—Revolvers in Italy—Bradlaugh and the Fenians—The Proclamation of the Irish Republic—The Clerkenwell Outrage—Watched by the Police—Agitation in favour of Ireland.

SUBJECTED for years to the inconsiderate, discourteous, and often insolent conduct of adversaries, who forgot all rules of gentlemanly breeding when dealing with Bradlaugh, he chanced to encounter, with no small pleasure, at the beginning of the year 1867, an opponent who at last treated him in the proper spirit. Bradlaugh had ventured to write the following words to the Rev. Charles Voysey :—

"I fear to address you at any great length, or to call on you for further reply, because the honest expression of your views must be attended with disadvantage to yourself in the church to which you belong; but, believe me, reverened sir, however widely we of the Infidel party may disagree with your theology, we admire your manhood, we thank you for breaking the conventional bondage which converts parsons into breathing mummies, and we trust that the frank teachings of good men like yourself and other honorable occupiers of the pulpit, may do something to redeem the mass of Church of England worshipers from the utter stagnation of intellect to which badly-read, lithographed sermons have reduced them. You can reach a class who scorn me; you have the advantage of educational polish, which your *confrers* have often reminded me I lack; you speak from a law-protected pulpit—I talk from a statute-prohibited platform. You say that 'Do unto others as you would be done by' is a part of your morality; without discussing whether the precept is more ancient than the Hebrew Pentateuch, and without declaring that by many centuries it preceded the Greek records of Jesus's sayings, I ask you, would you like to live in a free country as we, the infidels, are obliged to live; forced to obey the law, but by the letter of the law denied it protection, and by the practice of the law administrators, very often incurring its penalties, and suffering from the disabilities by legal precedent established, and this solely because of our anti-theological utterances? How can you hope to convert the many thousands in our ranks by declaring that love is the keynote of your doctrine, when too often the clergyman, having failed in moving the passions of the class from whom he seeks to obtain verdict of social outlawry against the Freethinker, appeals to the policeman's truncheon to protect him against the Infidel's reply?—Yours, with best wishes.

ICONOCLAST."

The characteristic, eloquent, and, above all, the considerate reply Bradlaugh received to this appeal merits to be reproduced, in contrast to specimens already given of the virulent

and unmannerly treatment he generally experienced, and which of course, only increased the energy and bitterness of his warfare against the Church:—

"Sir,—I am much indebted to you for your kind and courteous letters in the *National Reformer* of this date (January 13th, 1867). Though I have no objection to give an honest expression of my views, whatever disadvantage to myself might be involved in it, I fear that little good could be gained by a newspaper discussion of the great subjects now under dispute, even had I the time and ability to conduct my share of it properly. I will, however, readily admit that a great many Bible precepts and examples are utterly inconsistent with true morality; and this I have already illustrated in several published sermons. I am aware, also, that the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would be done by,' was known before the coming of Jesus Christ. But I leave these minor matters to express my heartfelt sympathy for what you call the 'Infidel party' under the civil disabilities which have hitherto oppressed them. I think with sorrow and shame of the stupid, as well as cruel, contempt with which some of my brother clergymen have treated you; and I cannot but deplore the want of respect towards you as shown in the attitude of society, and in the continuance of those nearly obsolete laws which our less enlightened forefathers passed in the vain hope of checking the movements of the human mind. I believe that the founder of Christianity—not of the spurious compound which goes by the name—would have been the first to condemn our hardness and our insolence, and to welcome all honest efforts to promote the welfare of mankind, however misguided or mixed up with wrong conclusions he might have deemed them to be. If you will pardon what may seem like giving advice, I would respectfully ask of you and your associates that you would recognise the dawn of that change which is coming over English hearts in Church and State. Be patient; be true to your own cause, which, as I understand it, is 'the good of mankind,' and you will find that, in spite of all its present faults, our Church will gradually become reformed, will become truly nationall and will yet stand as a great shield between you and those whose religious fanaticism is still untamed. There is a danger from which we all a like need to be warned, and I have felt it myself; it is the danger of taking for granted that our views are right, simply because we are persecuted for them. I can do but very little, but that little I will do with all my heart, to remove the stigma which attaches to my order through its blind and senseless bigotry. Hundreds of clergy feel entirely with me upon this point, even while opposing my theological views, but I think we should bear with them for making no sign until their own path of duty is made clear to them.

"Believe me, yours faithfully,

"CHARLES VOYSEY."

Bradlaugh's theological discussions, maintained on the platform or in the columns of his paper, were varied by occasional journeys to Italy, where business necessitated his presence. His experience with the Papal gendarmes had taught him the advantage of carrying his revolver on such occasions, though this, it appears, was strictly against the Italian law, and on one occasion nearly resulted in serious consequences. The diligence in which Bradlaugh was travelling from Nunziatella, to Civita Vecchia, had been entirely cleared out on the previous evening by a band of brigands. Bradlaugh consequently put his revolver in the pocket of the diligence door, where he thought it would be more readily accessible in the case of attack. When, however, they stopped at Montalbo for the examination of the luggage and passports, the police

discovered the revolver and were about to confiscate it. Bradlaugh at once tried to snatch the weapon back, and got hold of it by the barrel while the policeman held tight to the butt, by far the safest side. In this position a fierce discussion ensued, Bradlaugh expostulating that so long as the government were unable to protect travellers from brigands, they should not object to persons who sought to defend themselves.

This argument only drew reinforcements to the policeman's assistance, and Bradlaugh was seized and held tightly on all sides. Finally, Bradlaugh urged that it was his duty to the Life Aasurance Company where he had insured himself to carry weapons, and protect his life by every possible means. This novel argument produced an unexpected and profound impression, particularly when he informed them that he was connected with the Sovereign and Midland Assurance Company. The police respectfully and with minute care noted these names down. What they thought they meant Bradlaugh has never been able to explain; but they at once let him loose, and he triumphantly walked away, carrying with him his cherished revolver.

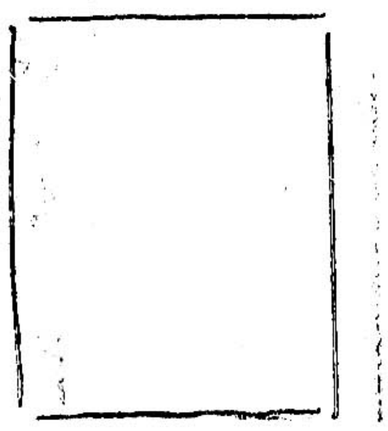
In England there were more serious difficulties besetting Bradlaugh's path, and these also were not unaccompanied with the danger of violence. Several persons connected with the Fenian movement had, relying on Bradlaugh's legal acumen, resorted to him for help and advice. Bradlaugh thoroughly sympathised with the Irish grievance, though both on principle and on the grounds of expediency, he was opposed to violence. Kelly and General Cluseret and others are said to have brought the proclamation which it was proposed to issue on the occasion of the Fenian rising, and consulted Bradlaugh as to its terms. It proclaimed the Irish Republic, and appealed to the religious and Catholic feelings and the sentiment of race that animate the Irish people. Bradlaugh was opposed to the invocation of religious fanaticism and national prejudice in such a matter, and this much, at least, of his advice was followed. But the proclamation of the Irish Republic was maintained.

The informers, Massey and Corydon, in their evidence, insist that Bradlaugh himself drew up the proclamation, and certainly it will be seen that the feelings of race and religion to which Bradlaugh took objection were expunged. But it is also very certain that Bradlaugh would have never introduced the first and last sentences professing to establish the Republic. The document, in any case, is a curious one, and, in

consequenoe of the evidence given by the Government spies will always be associated with Bradlaugh's name. It was printed by Kelly, who was a compositor. He contrived to, obtain possession of Mr. Tafery's printing works at Islington and there, in one night's work, set up this celebrated document:

"I. R—Proclamation!—The Irish People to the World.

"We have suffered centuries of outrage, enforced poverty, and bitter misery our rights and liberties have been trampled on by an alien aristocracy, who treating us as foes, usurped our lands, and drew away from our unfortunate country all material riches. The real owners of the soil were removed to make room for cattle, and driven across the ocean to seek the means of living, and the political rights denied to them at home; while our men of thought and action were condemned to loss of life and liberty. But we never lost the memory and hope of a national existence. We appealed in vain to the reason and sense of justice of the dominant powers. Our mildest remonstrances were met with sneers and contempt. Our appeals to arms were always unsuccessful. To day, having no honoraole alternative left, we again appeal to force as our last resource. We accept the conditions of appeal, manfully deeming it better to die in the struggle for freedom than to continue an existence of utter serfdom. All men are born with equal rights, and in associating together to protect one another and share public burdens, justice demands that such associations should rest upon a basis which maintains equality instead of destroying it. We therefore declare that, unable longer to endure the curse of monarchical government, we aim at founding a republic, based on universal suffrage, which shall secure to all the intrinsic value of their labor. The soil of Ireland, at present in the possession of an oligarcy, belongs to us, the Irish people, and to us it must be restored. We declare also in favor of absolute liberty of conscience, and the complete separation of Church and State. We appeal to the Highest Tribunal for evidence of the justice of our cause. History bears testimony to the intensity of our sufferings, and we declare, in the face of our brethren, that we intend no war against the people of England; our war is against the aristocratic locusts, whether English or Irish, who have eaten the vendure of our fields—again the aristocratic leeches who drain alike our blood and theirs. Republicans of the entire world, our cause is your cause. Our enemy is your enemy. Let your hearts be with us. As far you, workmen of England. It is not only your hearts we wish, but your arms. Remember the starvation and degradation brought to your firesides by the oppression of labor. Remember the past, look well to the future and avenge yourselves by giving liberty your children in the coming struggle for human freedom. *Herewith we proclaim to the Irish Republic.*



THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT."

This proclamation, excepting the sentences underlined, and for which, most certainly Bradlaugh was not responsible, undoubtedly reads more like the argumentative harangue of a thoughtful English Democrat than the wild rhapsodies of an Irish insurgent. It is quite conceivable that, while lamenting an appeal to force, Bradlaugh might have sought to modify

what he could not prevent, by moderating the tone of the proclamation, and introducing arguments in the stead of sentences that only incited the passions of race and religion; but his antipathy to useless violence is a strong feature of his character and in respect to the Irish troubles nothing can be more emphatic than the short leader he wrote and signed immediately after the Cleakenwell explosion. These are the words Bradlaugh employed on this occasion:

"No act could be possibly imagined more mischievous to Ireland than the outrage in Clerkeuwell The worst enemy of the Irish people could not have devised a scheme better calculated to destroy all sympathy, and to evoke the most bitter opposition of all classes. I write, feeling great sorrow, and with the consciousness that I may lose many of my friends for venturing to declare that I have been and even yet am, favorable to the Irish cause, which will be regarded by a large majority as most intimately connected with this fearfully mad crime. Hitherto the Irish disaffected have refrained from reckless life-taking; the killing of Brett, how deplorable, was the result of the intention to rescue the illegally held prisoners at all costs, and was not, if judged from the Fenian point of view, a wanton and useless sacrifice of human life. For the Clerkenwell havoc I can find no shadow of palliation. As an escape scheme, it was a piece of insane recklessness, coupled with a barbarous disregard of life and limb. Those who planned it are cowards, for they have struck at innocent and unoffending workmen, women, and children. I believe and know some men in the Irish movement to be brave and earnest, and I appeal to them, and especially I appeal to Cluseret and Kelly, who are publicly reputed as leaders, and who are both able, honest, and intelligent men, to join with me in denouncing and condemning all connected with the planning and perpetration of the infernal devastation at Clerkenwell. C. BRADLAUGH."

In spite of this, or perhaps in consequence of this, Bradlaugh was closely watched by the police. Before the Clerkenwell outrage, but immediately after the Manchester attempt, Bradlaugh's house at Northumberland Park was watched day and night, both in front and behind, by police in private clothes, while two extra policemen in full uniform were kept constantly on guard at the door of the neighboring railway station, where Bradlaugh passed each time he went to town. What could be the use of this strict surveillance it is difficult to explain. In time the authorities wearied of this useless display of force There was nothing to find out, and if there had been this was certainly not the way to discover the secret. If, however, Bradlaugh did not, as the police seemed to expect, establish a manufactory of bomb shells in his back garden, he was not idle with pen and speech.

One of his pamphlets on the Irish Question, published in 1866, elicited a letter of warm approval from Mr. Gladstone, the only friendly letter Bradlaugh has ever received from the Liberal leader. At meetings and demonstrations he was always ready to plead the cause of Ireland, and to petition for the pardon of those of her sons who fell within the clutches of the law. When Mr. Gladstone came into office, he applied

at the Treasury for the withdrawal of the warrant out against Cluseret for his arrest on the ground of treason felony. This was declined, in spite of Cluseret's character as a foreigner, At the commencement of 1878 Bradlaugh proceeded to Ireland, where, in spite of the pressure brought to bear against him by police, he held several most successful meetings on the Irish Question, and urged union between the Irish and the English Radicals. One of these lectures on Ireland he concluded with the following stiring appeal :

"To the Irish Republican party also I appeal—to their leaders chiefly—and to them I say : In your hands now rests the fate of many hundreds of the poor and ignorant who will be guided by you, and I plead to you to repress all violence—to check all physical vengeance. It is only the weak who dare be cruel. Teach your opponents that the sufferers are stronger than the oppressors. I do not ask you to present your cheek to be smitten; but I do entreat you not to be the first to raise your hand to strike. Do not let passsion and ambition hurry you into an armed conflict, in which you are overweighted and outnumbered, and in which the families of the poor peasantry who join you suffer more than you do. Be not too wide in your demands. Ask life and the right to live for yourselves and countrymen ; but do not yet challenge the old and crumbling dynasty to fight or die You cannot expect it to commit suicide, and your weapons are not enough to fight it successfully. Republicanism is to the hope of the future ; but we must deal with the reality of the present, and for the present we cannot do otherwise than ask for the enactment of such measures as shall give the land of Ireland on reasonable conditions to the tillers of the soil, and which shall release the nation from the burden of a State Church with which it has no sympathy. Ask this, and the people will support you. Ask this, and England will join you. Ask this, and class interest dare not refuse you ; or should it dare, and should it resort to force to trample on right, then you shall find our symathy no empty word, and our action no futile pretence. The subject is too grave for threatenings, too sad for bombast ; we are too near a fratricidal struggle. On behalf af Erin, wan, weary, and wretched, I plead to those who wield England's executive power to remember that exacting fierce legal vengeance for rebellion and sedition brings a halo of sanctity te the deeds of the punished, and shame to the memory of the executioner. And I write in hope that the plea of 'Justice for Ireland' will not be addressed in vain, and that the aristocracy, which boasts its high culture, will show its true humanity, and throw open the long-closed floodgates of life to the despairing children of Erin."

Gradually, however, the Fenian agiation died out, and Bradlaugh was ultimately released from the anxieties which resulted from his sympathy for the Irish and his acquaintance with many of the leaders compromised in the insurrectionary movemewent ; but, even at this late period, indiscretion in this description would not be altogether safe, as it might still compromise persons who are yet living, and life and liberty are more precious than the most interesting of anecdotes.

CHAPTER XII.

The Attorney-General *versus* Bradlaugh——Old Press Laws—Government Hesitation—The Attorney-General's Blunders—Debate on Bradlaugh—Government Abandon Prosecution—Renewed Prosecution by the Liberals—More Flaws and More Blunders—The Government Defeated—The Press Free at Last—The Contest for Northampton—Libels—Opposition from all Parties.

THE worst phases of the Fenian agitation had scarcely subsided when Bradlaugh found himself involved in a struggle with the Government. Though the paper was more than eight years old, the Government professed to have just discovered that the *National Reformer* was an illegal publication, and the Commissioners of the Inland Revenne called upon Bradlaugh to give sureties in the sum of £400 against the appearance of blasphemy or sedition in his paper, under 60 Geo. III., Cap. 69. The Inland Revenue, therefore, claimed a penalty of £20 for each issue that had appeared; but Bradlaugh replied that he would contest the matter to the last. Availing themselves of an Act of Parliament passed in 1819, avowedly for the snppression of cheap Democratic and Freethought literature, the Government might attempt to kill the *National Reformer*; but Bradlaugh would not allow the paper to commit suicide.

The battle, however, was not to be fought on equal terms. There was the national purse pitted against Bradlaugh's empty pocket. The trained talent of the law officers of the Crown would attack a self-taught and a poor man; but Bradlaugh was not likely to shrink from a contest which Richard Carlile had fought more than a quarter of a century before. Efforts were at once made to collect funds to carry on the defence, and Bradlaugh did not fail to print in large letters on his his paper that it was "prosecuted by Her Majesty's Attorney-General." If Bradlaugh's paper had been sold at sixpence it could not have been prosecuted, as it was only cheap paper that were to be suppressed. Bradlaugh contended that his paper was not a newspaper within the meaning of the Act; and, in any case, it was not more of a newspaper than *Cooper's Journal*, the *Pathfinder*, the *Oracle of Reason*, the *Movement*, the *Reasoner*, the *Secular World* the *English Leader*, or Charless South well's or Robert Cooper's *Investigators*, and none of these papers had given sureties against the publication of blasphemy.

This action was evidently a retrograde movement on the Tory Government, and an attempt to revive the old Act passed to restrain the issue at very small prices and in great numbers of "pamphlets and printed papers containing obsrvations upon public event and occurrences tending to excite hatred and contempt of the Government and Constitution of these realms as by law

established, and also vilifying our holy religion." This law had not been enforced for a period of more than twenty years, and its revival was attended with considerable danger. If the *National Reformer* was suppresed many other papers might share the same fate, and there would be an end to our free and cheap press.

In 1855, when Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Association for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge persuaded him to bring in a Bill repealing the statues under which Bradlaugh was now to be prosecuted. Two years later Mr Ayrton introduced a similar measure, but these proposals were each time thrown out by the House of Lords. It should also be noted that when Mr. Timms was Solicitor to the Board of Inland Revenue, he admitted that there was no general enforcement of the Statutes 60 Geo. III., Cap. 9: I William IV., Cap. 73; and 7 William IV., Cap. 76. The real fact was that the Government desired to hit Bradlaugh in an indirect manner; they did not dare to attack him face to face, for fear that they would only increase his power and popularity.

The late Lord Derby had declared that he would personally prosecute Bradlaugh for going into Hyde Park, but somehow or other he never carried out his promise. Mr. Disraeli's Government employed and paid, probably out of the secret service money, reporters to take down Bradlaugh's speches on Reform and on the Irish question, and these were submitted to the law officers of the Crown, but still no legal proceedings were ventured upon. The Tory papers, notably the *Saturday Review*, urged that the editor of the *National Reformer* should be indicted for blasphemy, but still the Government hesitated. The spies had reported that Bradlaugh was associated with the Irish Republicans and Fenians, and yet again the Government would not prosecute. But now, at last, they had resolved to revive an obsolete Act, and so, by means of a technical offence, to punish him for the open and frank warfare he had carried on against them.

At the very commencement of the proceedings the Government began a series of blunder, by serving on Bradlaugh a copy of information in which they had forgotton to fill in the date Quick to notice this flaw, Bradlaugh obtained the withdrawal of the information, and though this was but a slight victory on a trivial point, it was an encouraging beginning. This was probably the first time in the history of Government prosecutions that a Crown information had been set aside for irregularity; it further enabled Bradlaugh to gain time.

The next point was that the Attorney-General denied Bradlaugh's right to put in several pleas for his defence, and invoked an old statute of James I. Hastening to Somerset House, Bradlaugh found that the Government lawyers knew less about the law of pleading than he did himself, and that there was no record whatsoever of the Act of James I. He therefore petitioned to have his second, third, and fourth pleas reinstated; and his lordship, Mr. Justice Wills, endorsed the summons with a declaration that Bradlaugh was at liberty to raise on the trial all the questions in the four pleas. After this advantage. Bradlaugh succeeded in disinterring the Act of James I., and read in it that the informant in this was at fault, according to this Act, for not having taken a corporal oath in some court against him. This point was, however, over-ruled, on the ground that in such a case the Attorney General had special and excepitional privileges.

Whoever was responsible for thie miserable prosecution had signally miscalculated the power and popularity that Bradlangh enjoyed. Friends and sympathisers roae in all quarters, petitions flowed into the House of Commons, and an important debate was the result. Mr. Ayion lucidly explained the law; Mr. Milner Gibson showed that the law had never, for generations, been applied at all against two descriptions of publications, and that for newspapers its enforcement was eccentric and uncertain. He further pledged himself that the prosecution against the *National Reformer* was the first instance of a new and extended application of the Act of George a id William, and that this journal did not, in his opinion, come even within the scope of the statute of William. Jhon Stuart Mill begged the Government not to enforce a law which the House of Commons had twice voted should be replead.

Nevertheless, the whole power of the Crown was arrayed against a mere defendant in person. Her Majesty's Attorney-General, the highest law officer in England, aided and encouraged by the high ability of the Solicitor-General, would have been enough to terrify most men. The expense of preparing to meet such a force would be ruinous to a poor man, and the Government knew that Bradlaugh was not rich. Yet, after all, after making him incur this great expense, they had so little confidence in their cause that they did not bring it before a jury. The Court assembled, every corner was crammed with eager friends, the defence was ready, and then it turned out that there was not a sufficient number of special jurymen present. The Crown can always compel the attendance of a jury, though in this case not only were no fines

imposed on absentees, but the prosecution would not "pray tales," and they knew that Bradlaugh would not do so, as he objected to the validity of the whole of the proceedings, and by "praying tales" he would have waived this objection. The fact was, that the Government ungraciously retired from the conflict when they saw that success was no longer certain, and that public opinion was rising against them. The case, therefore, under the pretext that two men were wanting to complete the jury, was dismissed and this collapse of the Government attack happened on June 13th, 1868.

Bradlaugh's success was, however, short-lived, for in February of the ensuing year, and notwithstanding the advent of the Liberal Government to office in the interim, the prosecution was resumed. Again it nearly broke down for want of a jury; but the Government had the courage of its actions, it challenged an issue by "praying tales," and Sir Robert Collier opened the case for the Crown before Baron Bramwell. He was anxious not to impose fines, but to compel Bradlaugh to register; as the fines had been accumulating at the rate of £20 per copy issued, and now amounted to something like three to four millions sterling, it was quite clear that whether enforced or not Bradlaugh would never have paid them. This time, though Bradlaugh had against him not only the Attorney-General, but the Solicitor-General, Sir J. D. Coleridge and Mr. Compton Hutton, he found that they were blundering in their conduct of the case, and he therefore let them obtain a verdict at *Nisi Prius*, which he knew he could get reversed on purely technical grounds. The matter was now, therefore, brought before Lord Chief Baron Kelley and a full Court sitting *in Banco*.

The third stage of the prosecution took place in April, 1889. No previous press prosecution had ever brought credit to the Crown in this country, and the present case did not prove an exception to this most fortunate rule. Bradlaugh had written a letter admiting himself to be the proprietor of the *National Reformer* of the 10th of April, but the Government had foolishly prosecuted him as being the proprietor of the paper on the 1st of May, and, relying on his letter of the 10th of April, had never thought of providing themselves with sufficient proof of his being the proprietor of the first of May! He therefore obtained a rule on this purely technical point. Further proceedings, it is true, might have been taken against Bradlaugh, but in the meanwhile a bill had been brought into the House of Commons by the Government, repealing the enactments under which Bradlaugh was prosecuted, and he received a letter from the Solicitor of the Inland

Revenue, stating that the law officers of the Crown would agree to a *stet processus* being entered. Bradlaugh consented to this "absolute stay of all further proceedings," for, as he put it in his reply, "fighting the Crown is a luxury only to be indulged in by the rich as a voluntary occupation."

Thus, in consequence of the miserable failure of the prosecution, the last shackles that limited the freedom of the English Press have been removed. To Bradlaugh appertains the honor of having fought the most recent battle in defence of a liberty dear to the heart of every Englishman. The obnoxious statutes were repealed a few months later, and it is curious to note that Lord Lansdowne, in moving the second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords, spoke of the statute as having never been enforced in modern times, except to gratify a grudge against some particular journal. Had both the Whig and Tory Governments a grudge against the *National Reformer*? In any case, John Stuart Mill wrote to Bradlaugh: "You have gained a very honorable success in obtaining a repeal of the mischievous Act by your persevering resistance." The propriety of reimbursing Bradlaugh for some of his costs never, however, occurred to the Government, though they were beaten, and acknowledged thair defeat.

Between the two last great trials of this case, Bradlaugh fought his first electoral contest. He had been invited to stand for Northampton, where, by his fight for the abolition of Church rates, and his many lectures, he had acquired considerable popularity. So as not to divide, however, the Liberal ranks, a great public meeting of nearly 4,000 inhabitants was convoked in the Market Place; and there, on a vote being taken, only one hand was held up against him. Uuder these circumstances Mr. Gilpin and Bradlaugh alone should have gone to the poll in the Liberal interest. But soon Lord Henley was also on the field, and his candidature, together with that of Mr. Gilpin, obtained the powerful support of Mr. Gladstone.

Bradlaugh was thus left out in the cold by his own party, and, indeed, nearly all the Liberal organs, excepting the local press, only wrote about him to abuse him, and never to mention the enthusiastic meetings held in his favor. When an impudent individual tried to get a werrant to arrest Bradlaugh at Manchester, where he lectured to some 9,000 persons in the Free Trade Hall, on the ground that a similar warrrant had been granted against Murphy, the Protestant agitator, who had occasioned several riots, the news was honored with large

type in the London papers, The application was groundless and was refused, yet fully reported, while silence was maintained with respect to Bradlaugh's successes at Northampton It was felt, howevar, that a Radical had great chances in this borough and therefore the Liberals, apparently fearing a Radical more than a Tory, brought in a rival Radical, Dr. Lees, who united the advantages of being a teetotaller and an orthodox Christian. This last stratagem was the hardest cut of all ; but still Bradlaugh fought on, and his friends fought for him, notably Mr. Austin Holyoake and Mr. Charles Watts; and those who could not be present sent subscriptions according to the best of their means.

During the struggle libels rained in from all parts. Mr. Capper, M. P., notably, declared that Bradlaugh had taken out his watch at Northapmton, in the open square, and defied God to show his power by sriking him dead in five minutes. When questioned for his authority, Mr. Capper said he had heard the story from Mr. C. Gilpin, M. P., but the latter indignantly denied that he had ever related anything of the sort. The fact was that the story had been reported concerning Abner Kneeland, some thirty years previously. Bradlaugh therefore, demanded an apology, which was refused, and this led to an action. Mr. Capper, however, died soon after the writ was served. Another outrageous slander was published by a paper called the *Razor*, and Bradlaugh also proceeded against this journal, After two years' litigation a full apology was given ; but, when obliged to recant, the proprietor become insolvent, so that Bradlaugh's debts were further increased by the costs of this prosecution.

Still there was some consolation to be found in the result of the elections ; though, buoyed up by promises that were not fulfilled, they seemed disappointing at first. The result of the poll showed that Mr. Gilpin had headed the list with 2,691 votes. The other Liberal candidate (Lord Henley) had 2,154 votes. The Conservatives then followed on the list—Mr. Merewether with 1,634, and Mr. Lendrick 1326. Then came Bradlaugh with 1,086 votes. and the other Radical (Dr Lees), who had been put up to split his party, with only 492. This last announcement was received with well merited ironical laughter. Both the Mayor and Mr, Gilpin publicly declared that Mr. Bradlaugh fought the battle in a manner calculated to elicit the respect of his adversaries. This unsolicited public acknowledgement came as a grateful balm to smooth the sorenees of the fight; and Bradlaugh, at least, felt that he had won his footing at Northampton. In time he thought his party would grow, and recent events have proved that he was not mistaken.

CHAPTER XIV.

A New Temple of Freethought—Bradlaugh and Odger—The Evidence Act at Fault—Fighting Through the Law Courts—Debarred from Justice—The Oath Question Solved—The Cost of Victory—Poverty in Wealth—East End Lodgings—A Reverend Libeller.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY with the struggle in the Law Courts and the electoral contest at Northampton, Bradlaugh had obtained possession of premises at 142, Old Street, where, little by little, it is difficult to say how, the New Hall of Science was built. In the midst of scaffolding poles, plaster, ladders, etc., Bradlaugh's disciples met Snnday after Sunday, so that the chain of lectures should not be broken; but the new hall was not really ready till the beginning of October, 1869, when a grand inaugural fete was given. In a few felicitous words Mr. Austin Holyoake, who was in the chair, remarked that on examining the dimensions of the hall he felt indeed that theirs was a broad platform! He did not know whether the somewhat irregular way in which the crowning glory of that evening had been brought about was a precedent that ought to be followed, but it had been achieved by the fortuitous concurrence of numerous and harmonious atoms, who met together in the name of the Secular Party, and when they said, "Let there be a hall there was a hall;" and though what sprang from the chas was not exactly "A thing of beauty and a joy for ever," still it had the merit of being useful, and of leading up to the present more suitable building. The promoters of the hall, in fixing upon that spot, were at least logical, for the *premises* being correct, and the *superstructure* sound, the *conclusion* to be drawn must be satisfactory—and that was, that a really Secular Institute would be developed, with a free platform, class rooms, Sunday and day schools, library and refreshment department, enabling the full development of the social as well as the intellectual part of our natures.

Effectively the Hall of Science has become the head-quarters of the National Secular Society. Here lectures are delivered morning and evening every Sunday. To this large hall are attached a club and institute. In a minor hall a science school is conducted, under the direction of Edward B. Aveling, D.Sc., Fellow of University College, London. Here, and at a laboratory in connexion with the school, the classes are taught by Dr. Aveling, Mrs. Besant, and the two Misses Bradlaugh. There is a fine lending library for the use of members, and a debating society. Nor should omission be made of the Freethinkers' Benevolent Fund, founded to render assistance to Freethinkers in distress.

Bradlaugh was invited, soon after the opening of the new Hall of Science, to contest the borough of Southwark, where

a vacancy had occurred. The Radicals of this district held many exciting meetings, at which the rival claims of Bradlaugh and George Odger were warmly discussed. The matter became all the more awkward, as Bradlaugh was most anxious to see Odger in Parliament, and Odger was none the less convinced that it would be a great benefit to the country if Bradlaugh were elected. The difficulty ended, however, in Bradlaugh declining to stand against Odger.

In August, 1869, a Bill for the further amendment of the Law of Evidence was passed, and it was at first believed that it would remove the legal incompetency which weighed on Atheists, had rendered their position little better than that of outlaws—so far, at least, as their civil rights were concerned. The Act in question relates principally to evidence given in cases of divorce and breach of promise, and as such it was discussed. The clause admitting the right of Atheists to give evidence was introduced by a side-wind, and passed almost unperceived. It was merely tagged on to the end of the Bill. It is to the effect that: "If any person called to give evidence in any court of justice, whether in a civil or criminal proceeding, shall object to take an oath, or *shall be objected to as incompetent to take an oath*, such person shall, if the presiding judge is satisfied that the taking of an oath would have no binding effect on his conscience, make the following promise or declaration," etc. In all Sir John Trelawny's measures the point of incompetency was not touched, and, on that ground, Atheist might still have been debarred from giving evidence. When, therefore, the above clause was introduced and carried without discussion, the easy victory was hailed with joy by the Secularists, and more especially by those who, being Atheists, were the most affected. Had the full significance of the clause been generally understood, it is probable that it would not have passed without opposition.

Bradlaugh was soon destined, however, to find that even this new Act did not protect him in all cases. A person named De Rin owed Bradlaugh a considerable sum, and sought, apparently, to profit by the fact that his creditor was a Freethinker, to avoid paying the debt. The claim was based on some bills of exchange, and there is no doubt as to money having been paid for the said bills. At first, De Rin attempted to escape under the pretext of an alleged informality in the endorsement on these bills. The action was tried in 1867, before Mr. Justice Smith. The verdict was given for the plaintiff, subject to a point reserved as to the endorsement of the bills of exchange. They had circulated in France, and objection was taken that the endorsements were not sufficient according to French law. This latter point, when argued,

resulted in a decision for the defendant, and a consequent appeal to the Court of Exchequer Chamber. This court desired to know, as a matter of fact, in which country the bills came into the hands of the plaintiff, and the matter was therefore sent before Mr. Prentice, at chambers, to find how that fact was.

It was at this stage that the flaw in the Further Amendment of the Law of Evidence Act was discovered. When the plaintiff was called to give evidence that the bills came into his hands in London, Mr. Wood, the counsel for the defendant, objected to Bradlaugh's evidence being taken. The same objection was made at the trial, but the matter was not then discussed, because the plaintiff's evidence was not then absolutely required. In Chambers, on the other hand, before Mr. Prentice, it was indispensable that Bradlaugh should give evidence. In vain Bradlaugh invoked the new Act of Parliament. He was shown that it only applied to persons called to give evidence in any Court of Justice where the "Presiding Judge might allow them to affirm; but, in this instance, Bradlaugh was in Chambers and not in a Court; before an arbitrator, and not before a judge; therefore Mr. Prentice refused to take his evidence. Thus Bradlaugh found himself once more unable to claim the protection of the law in consequence of his views on the religious questions.

This happened in December 1869. In January of the following year Bradlaugh brought the matter before the Judges sitting *in Banco* in the Court of Common Pleas, but they purposely avoided giving any real decision as to whether or not Mr. Prentice was right in refusing to take Bradlaugh's evidence. Twice in the course of a week Bradlaugh appeared in this Court to fight the matter. Alone and unaided he withstood the constant fire of four judges, who threw every conceivable legal quibble in his way. These discussions, extending over many newspapers columns will, if studied, show how the whole question was burked, was never really met, but was some how shuffled out of Court. It was no easy matter, however, to shake Bradlaugh off, as the table gscaning under the pile of heavy law books, which the judges found it necessary to consult, seemed to indicate.

On the first day, after trying several expedients to break down the case, the judges finally decided that the plaintiff could not be heard excepting upon *affidavit*. Consequently, though Bradlaugh had been objected to as incompetent to take an oath, he was sent back to swear that he had been prevented from swearing !The second day Bradlaugh was asked for precedents for the Court interfering in the actions of arbitrators, just as if precedents could be found in January relating to the application of a law only enacted the preceding August. Bradlangh's

was, in fact, the first case of this description. The Court maintained, however, that they could not interfere with the decisions of arbitrators, who were for the time being judges both of the law and of fact, as it would be creating a precedent which might become troublesome. For this paltry reason Bradlaugh was invited to forego his claim, to lose his money, and to pay the heavy law costs in to the bargain. It is difficult to understand what judges are for if not to see that justice is done; and is it justice that one man, professing to be a Christian, should exempted from the payment of his debts because there had been no precedent of an Atheist desiring to give evidence before an arbitrator in Chambers? A decision given to this effect is probably without parallel.

In no way disconcerted by this deplorable result, Bradlaugh determined to carry the matter a stage further; but in the meanwhile he realised that the law itself must be altered, and he was encouraged in his hard struggle by the thought that his case would serve to illlustrate the absolute necessity of such amendment. For this purpose he prepared and sent out at his own cost, more than two hundred petitions to Parliament. This led to the matter being taken up by Mr. Justice Denman and the late Lord Chancellor Hatherley.

One day, during the month of February, Bradlaugh was again involved in similar discussion—this time with Mr. Russell Gurney, Recorder of the City of London. Bradlaugh had been summoned as juror, and claimed the right to affirm. The Recorder was of opinion that the Act of the previous session did not give him that right. While this question was under consideration, the whole business of the Court stopped, and law books were being examined on all sides, when a messenger arrived to announce that the Court of Exchequer Chamber had determined to hear that very morning the case of Bradlaugh *versus* De Rin. The Recorder, under these circumstances, graciously released Bradlaugh from further attendance at Guild-hall; but on arriving at Westminter. and though seven judges were sitting in the Exchequer Chamber, Bradlaugh found they thought that in the absence of the Lord Chief Justice of England, they had better not hear the case at present, on the ground that the points to be argued "were of great national importance."

At last and not before the ensuing May, the trial was brought to a final issue in the Court of Exchequer Chamber, before Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Lord Chief Baron Kelly, and five other judges. Judgment was given promptly and unanimously in favor of Bradlaugh. The Lord Chief Justice prefaced a very elaborate judgment by stating that "the defendant had no merits at all in the case," but relied

only on this somewhat unrighteous defence," and concluded his judgment for Bradlaugh by saying that it was in accordance with the good sense and justice and equity of the case

Shortly after this success the whole matter was set at rest for ever by the enactment of the Evidence Further Amendment Act, 1870, which gave Freethinkers the right to bear witness by affirmation on all occasions. But the cost of the victory was even more oppressive than the great law suit with the Attorney-General respecting Bradlaugh's right to publish the *National Reformer*. The defendant, finding that he was now hopelessly beaten, became bankrupt, and his debt, including interest, amounted to nearly £400. If to this sum we add the enormous accumulation of law costs, it will be readily understood that Bradlaugh's position, financially speaking, was seriously involved.

To Bradlaugh the results of these law suits were indeed most glorious. The one had obliterated from our statute book the last barrier remaining to the perfect freedom of the press the other ended by banishing from our law courts the last religious disability that could impede the action of justice; but, like many other glories, these actions left Bradlaugh a poor man, crippled with debts and liabilities. Under the stress of these circumstances, he adopted a resolution which demonstrated the determination of his character and the integrity of his intentions. For some time Mrs. Bradlaugh had been in such an uncertain condition of health that it became necessary for her to reside with her parents. She accordingly took up her abode with them at Midhurst. To carry out this resolve, it was almost indispensable that he should break up his home. His children were sent to school, and Bradlaugh courageously made up his mind to live alone with his work, in a small and extremely modest apartment, or rather in a couple of rooms, which he rented at No. 29, Turner Street, Commercial Road.

To give some conception of what this East End lodging must have been, it suffices to mention that the rent only amounted to three shillings and sixpence per week. Here Bradlaugh worked without ceasing, only laying down his pen to visit his wife or his children. At the same time he lectured in every part of the country. The list of the lectures he delivered at this time is perfectly appalling and so much labor did not fail to bring in good fruits. Bradlaugh was earning not far short of £1,000 a year, and yet he contented himself with three-and-sixpenny East End lodgings rather than spend more than was absolutely necessary on himself, while still encumbered with debt. In his clothes, at his table, and in his pleasures he was equally abstemious. His whole life was given up to his

labor, and to the gradual liquidation of the debts incurred while fighting for what he conceived to be the cause of progress.

For several years Bradlaugh remained in Turner Street. His furniture consisted of a bed, a table, and a few very simple chairs ; but there were books on all sides, and even his bedroom was shelved all round and the wall hidden from view by his numerous and ponderous volumes, At the end of two years he was, for want of space to store these treasures of learning, compelled to hire two more rooms in the same house. This, it is true, doubled his rent, but still his yearly rental was under £20, and this is not extravgant for a person earning £1,000 a year !

The proceedings arising from the efforts of the Devonport authorities to prohibit Bradlaugh's lectures had cost £900, and of course the great trials at Westminster were infinitely more expensive, and altogether beyond the scope of the public subscriptions organised by the Secular party to enable Bradlaugh to fight these different points. Then there were various cases of libel, to which allusion has already been made.

On one occasion, however, damages were not only awarded, but actually paid. A Church of England clergyman had indulged in a foul libel affecting Bradlaugh's wife and children. Bradlaugh proceeded against this individual, and he was not only compelled to retract every word he had said, but was also sentenced to pay £100 damages. This sum did not help, however to enrich Bradlaugh for after deducting the costs, he divded what remained among various charitable institutions.

After the trial, the reverend libeller wrote an abject letter to Bradlaugh, begging him not to ruin his prospects of advancement in the Church hy publishing his name. To this request Bradlaugh consented, and gave the requisite promise, and it is curious to note what confidence the clergyman placed in the Atheist's word, for it seems that he has never lost an opportunity of rendering himself obnoxious to Bradlaugh. The clergyman in question is a prominent contributor to that very ultra-Protestant organ, the *Rock*, and if he did not possess the very greatest confidence in Bradlaugh's word of honor he would have observed greater reticence, and at least professed more gratitude.

CHAPTER XV.

A Mysterious Visit—Agitation for France—Gratitude of the French Government—Bradlaugh and Prince Napoleon—Arrested at Calais—Bradlaugh and the Commune—Bradlaugh and Father Ignatius—Defying the Government—"Impeachment of the House of Brunswick."

BRADLAUGH was at work in his East End lodgings which have just been described, when, at the beginning of September,

1870, he received a mysterious visit. On this point, Bradlaugh, with that general prudent reserved which distinguishes him when other persons are concerned, refuses to give any information; but from the other side of the Channel, the ensuing details have been obtained.

Surrounded with books, plunged in a maze of papers, sitting in his shirt sleeves, the better to resist the heat and accomplish his work, Bradlaugh's silent labor was interrupted by an unexpected tap at the door.

"Who's there?" he exclaimsd in a tone of surprise.

„A woman, and a Frenchwoman," was the somewhat dramatic and unusual reply.

Bradlaugh hastily donned a coat and invited his visitor to take a chair, if, indeed, she could find one amid the litter and confusion of the room. Madame la Comtesse, having thus obtained admission, explained the object of her mission with all the graceful eloquence which distinguishes a French lady; and fixing her gaze steadily on Bradlaugh, she rose, and concluded by saying:—

"You state that you love France, and I know that this is true. You are, it is said, a powerful speaker, and yet you hesitate to save a drowning people."

This mysterious visitor produced a wonderful effect on the course of Bradlaugh's action. The war between the French and the German Empires had left him neutral. He could not sympathise with either party, but when Napoleon fell his thoughts began to turn towards France; and, stimulated by the entreaties of the patriotic Comtesse, he determined to act. It was the 17th of September when he began to agitate on this question. He at once organised a series of meetings in London and throughout the country, and in these the Positivists, especially Dr. Congreve and Professor Beesly, took an active part.

These demonstrations—notably, the great meetings in St. Jame's and St. George's Halls—did not fail to influence the Government. Mr. Gladstone became thus aware of a great change in public opinion: and on one occasion he even called on the lady who, by appealing to Bradlaugh, had originated the agitation. Madame la Comtesse was not, however, entrusted with any official mission, and had, therefore, no authority to answer Mr. Gladstone's questions. All she could do was to write to France. Thereupon the Government of the National Defence hastened to send two or three diplomatists over to England, who, however, committed so many egregious blunders that they soon destroyed all the good effect produced on the English Government by the popular demonstrations that Bradlaugh had, in a great measure, organised.

In October, the Republican Government at Tours spontaneously sent Bradlaugh a long and flattering letter, signed by Leon Gambetta, Adolphe Cremieux, Glais Bizoin, and Admiral Fourichon, declaring that they, as members of the "Gouvernement de la Defense Nationale, reunis en delegation a Tours," "tiennent a honneur de vous remercier chaleureusement du noble concours que vous apportez a la cause de la France."

On the 2nd of February, 1871, M. Tissot, the Charge d' Affaires of France in England wrote to Bradlaugh:

"Quant a moi, mon cher ami, je ne puis que constatater ici comme je l'ai deja fait, comme je le ferai en toute oceasicn, la dette que nous avons contracter envers vous. Vous nous avez donne votre temps, votre active, votre eloquence, votre ame, la meilleure partie de vous meme, en un mot; la France que vous avez ete seul a defendre ne l'oubliera jamais."

Finally, in September, 1871, Monsieur Emmanuel Arago, member of the Provisional Government of the 4th of September, wrote on the back of the letter just mentioned the following words:

"En lisant cette lettre. j'eprouve tres vivement le regret de n'avoir pu, enferme dans Pairs, joindre ma signature a celles de mes collegues de la delegation de Tours. M. Bradlaugh est et sera tougours dans la Republique notre concitoyen.

During the agitation in favor of France Bradlaugh on several occasions visited the Comtesse, who was then staying at the Grosvenor Hotel, but whose name it would be indiscreet to mention. On one of these occasions a gentleman with beard and whiskers, and therefore not easily recognisable, happened to be in the room when Bradlaugh was announced. At his request no introduction took place, and an hour's conversation ensued, during which time Bradlaugh expressed freely all his opinions, and was delighted with the clever replies and conversational powers of the stranger. A little later M. Chevreau entered, and, bowing very low, addressed the stranger as "Monseigneur." This put Bradlaugh on the alert, and in spite of the beard he now recognised that he had been speaking with Prince Jerome Napoleon. The ice was, was, however, broken, and ever since that day Bradlaugh has always felt sincere friendship and admiration for Prince Napoleon, in spite of his being a Bonaparte.

Bradlaugh imagines, however that Prince Napoleon has been generally aud very widely misunderstood. As a Freethinker, as a man of great talent and independent spirit, he uaturally excited Bradlaugh's interest; a feeling which was reciprocated, for Prince Napoleon not only went to hear Bradlaugh lecture at the Dialectial Society, but he visited the

Hall of Science on several occasions. On the other hand, when Bradlaugh was able to spend a few days in Paris, he generally visited Prince Jerome, sometimes M. Emile de Giradin, and also the amiable Comtesse, who decided him to take up the cause of France. His intimacy with M. de Giradin exposed him, in 1871, to many attacks from the French Republican party: but Bradlaugh now points to the fact that M. de Giradin sits in the Republicau Senate in consequence of the support given him by M Gambetta and M. Louis Blanc.

With respect to Prince Jerome, who has recently become the head of the Bonaporte family, Bradlaugh is convinced that he has no ambition to reign over France. He has had many opportunities of witnessing what was passing behind the scenes, and has no belief in Prince Jerome's designs to re-establish the Empire. If, however, he is in this respect mistaken, no consideration of personal friendship would hinder his doing all in his power to prevent the downfall of the French Republican Government. Bradlaugh would oppose tooth and nail any pretender, even though such action were to bring him in conflict with his old friend Prince Jerome.

Active intervention in favor of France did not save Bradlaugh from molestation during the "White terror" established by the Versailles Government. Towards the end of April, Bradlaugh had reason to believe that he might, parhaps, help in stopping the effusion of blood in Paris, by interceding between the Government of M. Thiers and the Commune. Some of the French leaders had suggested the following terms as the basis of negotiation, which it was thought Bradlaugh, as a disinterested foreigner, would more easily be able to propose. The terms were, firstly and foremost, the acceptance of the principle of Republican Government. This was absolutely necessary, for it was well-known that the large majority of the Chambers, acting either with the Legitimist or Orleanist leaders, had agreed that the Comte de Chambord was to be placed on the throne with the Comte de Paris as successor. Secondly, absolute and unconditional amnesty for all political offences, Thirdly, the executive power of the Republic to be elected at once by the people. A truce was to be proclaimed during the period of the election, and a disaarmament to follow immediately the result was known.

Armed with this project, Bradlaugh landed at Calais, but was at once stopped by the Chief of the Police, who asked him where he was going, and the following dialogue ensued:—

Chief of the Police: What is your business?
Bradlaugh: Editor of the *National Reformers*, to report for my journal.
But you are something else besides editor?
A little.
You are one of the members of the International?
I have not that honor.
You make great speeches?
I try.
You presided at a meeting in Hyde Park the other day?
I did not.
I cannot permit you to go to Paris; your presence there would be too dangerous.
You do me too much honor to attribute to me so much influence.

The Chief of the Police then took down a book in which Charles Bradlaugh appeared in good bold characters, with a number of details in small hand. Bradlaugh was then entrusted to another officer and two subordinates, and sent on in their custody by train to Boulogne, where he reached the Sub-Prefecture at three in the morning. Here he was locked up with his three guardians in a room, and had to sleep as best he could on some chairs, while M. le Sous-Prefet telegraphed to Versailles for instructions. These arrived the next day, and consisted of an urgent and imperative order to leave France by the next packet. M. Thiers' Government showed its gratitude to Bradlaugh by sending him out of the country by the very first steamer.

Some months later, after the suppression of the Commune, Bradlaugh again attempted to visit Paris, and was again arrested—this time at Calais—where he was kept *au secret* for fifty-four hours. Finally he was released and allowed to proceed to Paris, the Commissionaire showing him an order dating back to April, signed by Jules Favre, saying: "Empechez Mr. Bradlaugh d'entrer a Paris a tour prix." Possibly the authorities had only forgotten to cancel this order, for since then Bradlaugh has never been hindered in his visits to France.

As a matter of fact, Bradlaugh maintained a very reserved attitude during the whole of the agitation consequent on the Communal rising in Paris. He never advocated the cause of the Commune; the most he did was to urge that the Parisians should be allowed fair play; and when the Commune fell, he sought to collect funds to relieve the distressed exiles. This conduct excited the suspicions of nearly all the French proscripts, and displeased not a few English republicans. So strong, indeed, was this feeling that when he had collected some money for the refugees, the most violent discussions ensued, and it was proposed to refuse what was qualified as the "gift of an English reactionist." The most insulting speeches were delivered by the irate French refugees, and articles published in the *Que Vive*, their London newspaper, against Bradlaugh,

whom they considered at best a Republican of the doctrinaire school, and therefore as antagonistic to their revolutionary ideas as any monarchist.

A somewhat similar impression was produced among extreme politicians when Bradlaugh visited Spain in 1873; but before describing this adventurous journey, a few minor events, that occurred during the two previous years, should not be omitted. To give any conception of the numerous debates, the theological and other books and pamphlets, Bradlaugh held and wrote during this period, would be altogether beyond the scope of this brief volume. With one clergyman, the Rev. A. J. Harrison, formerly of Huddersfield, he debated first at the Town Hall, Newcastle, before an audience of 5000 people then at Bristol, where Professor Newman presided over the meeting, again at Birmingham, and finally—but this time according to the Socratic method of debate—at his own New Hall of Science, These discussions so far favorably impressed the Rev. Mr. Harrison that, when it was rumored Bradlaugh's life was in danger, he was the first person to write a kind and spmpathetic letter to Mrs. Bradlaugh.

With Father Ignatius Bradlaugh also had some correspondence and a public debate. Alluding to this, Father Ignatius, when preaching in the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, paid Bradlaugh the following tribute;—

"I do not condemn Atheists or unbelievers. I admire them because they have more pluck, more real energy to spread their views than we paltry, trumpery Christians have to spread ours. Oh, if men for Christ would take a lesson from Mr. Bradlaugh; if Christian women would take a lesson from Mrs. Law! If you men were as zealous for Christ as Mr. Bradlaugh is for Atheism; if you women were as zealous for Christ as Mrs. Law is to dethrone Him, Christianity would be a different thing in our land."

The list of Bradlaugh's various works on the books of the Bible, on the lives and doctrines of celebrated Freethinkers, the reports of his great debates, his essays on the early Fathers of the Church, and his political pamphlets, would fill a large catalogue. Since 1876 he had entirely given up business, and left his office in Great St. Helens. The whole of his time, therefore, was devoted to propaganda work, and his achievements were prodigious.

In political matters Bradlaugh protested, by convoking an imposing meeting, against the exaggerated display of loyalty at the recovery of the Prince of Wales from illness. Again when a meeting had been held in Hyde Park by Odger and his friends, to protest against a grant to Prince Arthur, the Government forbade a second meeting which was announced on the same subject. On hearing of this, Bradlaugh immediately

joined the movement, and affixed his name to the notice convoking the second meeting. The Home office, in reply, not only served Bradlaugh and other with a written notice of prohibition, but threatened and actually prepared to use force. Bradlaugh at once wrote to Mr. Bruce, then the Home Secretary, reminding him that the use of force would be illegal, and would, therefore, be resisted. The Government were not a little perplexed by this challenge, and it was only about half an hour before the meeting actually took place that the idea of interference was abandoned. In consequence of this moderation, the enormous meeting held in defiance of the authorities, passed off very quietly. The people were delighted at having their own way, and lost sight of the fact that Prince Arthur, on his side, obtained the grant. But if force had been employed to dissolve the meeting, a serious disturbance would have ensued, followed by a national agitation and commotion, which might have seriously compromised the interests and popularity, not merely of Prince Arthur, but of the whole reigning family.

In December, 1872, after Odger, the late Mr. Bailey, a well known Westminister democrat, and the members of the Universal Republican League had held several meetings in the Park against Mr. Aryton's ridiculous regulations, and were prosecuted for so doing, Bradlaugh also convoked a meeting on his own responsibility, and invited the Government to prosecute him. The authorities were by that time, however, tired of the whole business, and Parliament annulled Mr. Ayrton's obnoxious regulations.

It was about this epoch also that Bradlaugh brought out his celebrated "Impeachment of the House of Burnswick," and lectured on this subject in the finest halls of England and Scotland, notably the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, the Town Hall, Birmingham, the Town Hall, Northampton, and the City Hall, Glasgowi Bradlaugh is perhaps the first Englishman who has, without tumult or disorder, and in buildings belonging to the various Municipalities, emphatically challenged the hereditary right of the reigning family. Bradlaugh maintained, however, that he had as much right to discuss a possible repeal of the Acts of Settlement and Union by which the electors of Hanover became monarchs of England, as any other Act of Parliament. To use his own words: "*It* is of course assumed, as a point upon which all supporters of the present Royal Family will agree, that the right to deal with the throne is inalienably vested in the English people, to be exercised by them through their representatives in Parliament.' The right to succeed to the throne is a right accruing onl'

from the Acts alluded to, and Bradlaugh is as much at liberty to discuss their repeal as the repeal of any other laws.

"The Convention which assembled at Westminister on January 22nd, 1868, took away the crown from James II., and passed over his son, the then Prince of Wales, as if he had been non-existent. This convention was declared to have all the authority of Parliament *ergo*, Parliament has admitted the right to deprive a living king of his crown, and to treat a Prince of Wales as having no claim to the succession."

Such is the stand which Bradlaugh has adopted with respect to English Republicanism, and he looks forward to the day when, by the force of education, and the will of the people peacefully expressed by their representatives in Parliament, we shall be able to proclaim what even thorough Conservatives recognise to be the ideal form of Government.

[NOTE.]—June, 1883. The recent manifesto of Prince Jerome Napoleon, and the interviews between that Prince and the Empress Eugenie, have somewhat modified Mr. Bradlaugh's views as to the present policy and aims of Prince Napoleon. Mr. Bradlaugh regrets that a man so able should allow himself to be temporarily misled by those who hope to trade on the worst associations of the second empire.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Birmingham Republican Conference—Through the Carlist Country —Upsetting a Train—Captured by the Carlists—Plundering the Diligence.—The Dangers of the Road—Public Banquet to Bradlaugh—The Future English Republic—Public Honors at Madrid—Deputations and Serenades.

AFTER the Franco-German war, and more particularly when Sir Charles Dilke boldly declared that he would not fear the advent of a Republic in England, a strong Republican movement manifested itself throughout the country. Several Secular societies and various democratic organisations now adopted Republican, titles and new and special Republican associations were founded. This culminated in the holding of a Republican Conference at Birmingham in May, 1873. No less than eight London societies sent delegates, and forty provincial towns. Thus there were present at this conference the representatives of forty-eight different Republican societies and organisations, actually existing in almost all the important towns of the country, and a great, many weaker bodies, unable to send delegates, forwarded letters of adherence. The conference was generally pronounced to be a great success, and concluded by an enthusiastic meeting at the Town Hall. After passing a number of resolutions proclaiming Republican principles, and establishing a National Republican League, Mr. Funnell, representing the German section of a London society called the Universal

Republican League, which, in keeping with its name, possessed many foreign members, and took special interest in foreign affairs, proposed :

"The this conference desires to express its sympathy with Spain in its struggle to establish a Republican Government ; its abhorrence at the atrocities committed by the Carlists in the interests of a Monarchical Government; and also expresses its indignation at the non-recognition of the Spanish Government by the British Government and that Mr. Bradlaugh be empowered to present the same to Senor Castelar on behalf of the conference."

This resolution was unanimously carried, and with the cheers of the Town Hall meeting still ringing in his ears, Bradlaugh started direct from Birmingham for Madrid. Nothing occurred to relieve the monotony of the journey until Bradlaugh reached Irun, except that he dined at the Orleans Station, within a few feet of M. Gambetta, who happened to be there to see some friends off to Boardeaux. This coincidence led to the insertion of a number of paragraphs in Spanish papers, all announcing that Bradlaugh had a long conference with Gambetta previous to taking the train to Madrid.

At Irun, Bradlaugh found that the Carlists had torn up the railway line, were masters of the entire Basque district ; that the dreaded priest, Santa Cruz, was reported to be in the neighborhood, and would show no mercy to any foreigner who might happen to fall in his hands. As for conveyances, there was an omnibus which might perhaps start some time or another, and purported travelling twenty miles out of the way, in a broiling sun, with but two broken-down horses to drag the lumbering, dirty, odoriferous, ramshackle vehicle along. Thss prospect did not meet Bradlaugh's English ideas of rapid travelling. He therefore hired a caleche with two good horses, and explained to the driver that if he stopped voluntarily on meeting any Carlists he should fire at him. Bradlaugh then took his seat, drew his revolver, cocked it, and held it in his hands for the rest of the journey, which was performed at a gallop till they reached St. Sebastian.

Two or three times the driver shouted, "Los Carlistas !" and pointed to some men in blue with guns, hurrying across the fields, but, by dint of of whipping the horses carried the travellers beyond reach. At village, however, near the Bidassoa, and about mid-way between Irun and St, Sebastian, some rough, ragged looking men ran up to the carriage, and one of them, holding along sharp, mischievous-looking knife, caught hold of the door and said something in Basque. Not understanding him, Bradlaugh pointed to his revolver, while the driver whipped the horses ; the whole troop then set up a yell, but finally dropped off. The driver subsequently ex-

plained to Bradlaugh that these men were not Carlists, but only thieves. Future experience showed that this was in many cases a dis inction without a difference.

From St. Sebastian to Vittoria Bradlaugh was obliged to travel in the coupe of an antiquated diligence, which seemed to have been laid aside ever since the introduction of railways, and was now brought to light again without any attempt at repairs. With one exception, all the passengers were dropped at the earlier stages of the journey. The first hill proved that the break was out of order; it had not been greased for so many years that it was firmly locked in rust. Great and loud was this shouting before a little oil could be procured to remedy this defect.

Tokens of resistance against the Carlists were not met till they reached Tolosa, where wooden stockades and loop holes bespoke times of war. Soldierly-looking volunteers and a large number of regular troops thronged the streets. Again, at Allegria, the Town Hall and public buildings were fortified by the introduction into the windows of stones roughly mortared, leaving only loop-holes. Between this latter place and Villafranca, Bradlaugh was startled and shocked to find that the Carlists had cut the line near the mouth of a tunnel which they had partially blown up, and this without giving any warning. The result was that the next train from St. Sebastian, carrying as usual a number of passengers, rushed into this ruined tunnel. Two carriages were thrown over the side of the embankment, and the guard's van, falling firt, was smashed underneath them. Three other carriages remained on the line crushed one into the other, and still bore ghastly dull stains, that showed how well the bloody work had been done.

"And these are the Carlists' doings," Bradlaugh exclaimed in passing, "This is the work of the divine right Bourbon! Prayers are said for these infamous scoundrels in Paris, and subscriptions are advertised for them in the London *Times*. If they had been Communists instead of Carlists, what then?"

Again at Beasain, Bradlaugh saw a fine railway bridge, which had been cut by the Carlists in such a manner that the trains coming along would be precipitated into the space below. At Zummaraga oxen had to be added to the dilligence so as to drag it over the mountains; and here some men were repairing the road, though a strong guard of soldiers protecting the workmen showed that the reign of order had certainly not been re-established. Indeed, the crisis of the journey was soon at hand. Bradlaugh has himself related this story and it would be difficult to do bette than give it in his own words;

"At Montdragon, a new style of fortification met my view. All the cities are built with very narrow streets, and here, in the centre of the Principal street, a chamber had been run across from window to window of opposite houses built shot-proof and loopholed each side and under neath ; this clearly proved that, in this neighborhood, the Carlists were looked upon as likely to enter the town itself. At Arichavaletta, where the regular troops were stronger than usual, I was much puzzled by the conduct of the sentries, who first signalled us to stop, and who—when the horses were pulled up for a walk—crossed bayonets to prevent our progress. It turned out that the commanding officer had broken his meerscham pipe, and our important mission was actually to take it to Vittoria to be mended. More fortunate than some of the baggage we carried it actually arrived at its destination at Ezcoruaza, a small open town, where we made our last change of horses. I noticed that most of the houses were deserted and the doors and shutters fastend; the remaining inhabitants stared at us with a pitying curiosity, as though they knew what fate was in store for us. Candidly speaking, as we had now safely done more than four-fifths of our journey to Vittoria, I began to think that there was now scarcely any risk, and the more specially so as all advices of the Carlists placed them much to the north of where we were. My judgment was inaccurate. The sting of the serpent was in its tail : the last fith-part of our journey was worse than all the rest. When we arrived at the Cuesta de Saltnos, where two roads branched off, a rather good-looking young man in a blue cap and blue blouse sort of uniform, armed with a rifle, a revelver in his sash, attached by a ring to a cord slung round his neck, and with a bayonet-sword by his side, wabed his hand to our driver in the direction of the lower road. This road our diligence now took, our driver saying something we could not hear, and my companion adding to me: 'At last the Carlists about half a mile further up started in the middle of the road, as rough a specimen of the human family as anyone could wish to meet. armed and dressed like the previous one. He evidently called on our driver to halt; and as the diligence came to a standstill, two others, worse dressed and badly armed with indifferent guns, joined the first, and I cocked my revolver. keeping it, however, under-neath my coat. Our driver chatted to the Carlists familiarly in the Basque tongue, and too low for my fellow-traveller to catch a word. The last who appeared of the Carlists was probably a deserter, as he wore part of the uniform of a private of the 29th regiment. Whether the three did not feel strong enough to attack us, or whether, as is more likely, they had orders to let us pass into the trap carefully laid at the other end of the road, I do not know ; what is certain is, that again our driver gathered up the reins, and away we galloped. I uncocked my pistol, and began to believe that the Carlists were a much maligned body of men. About a mile further, a house still in flames, with traces of a severe struggle close to it, again awakened our attention, and in the distance blue uniforms could be seen. At the *fuente de artabán*, close to Ullsbarri Gamboa, in the province of Alaba, we fairly feel into the Carlist's hands, like fish taken in a net. A party of twelve stopped the roadway, while two kept sentry on the heights close to the road, and some others, whom we could not see, but whom we could hear, were close at hand. Our driver descended, and his first act was to give the leader of the Carlist party an ordinary traveller's satchel bag, with shoulder-straps, which had evidently been brought intentionally from one of the towns we had passsd, and which seemed to give pleasure to the recipient, who at once donned it, two or three admiringly examining it. Approaching me, the leader then asked, in the name of His Majesty Carlos VII., in a mixture of French and Spanish, if I had anything contraband. Unacquainted with the tariff regulations of this Bourbon bandit chief, I gave a polite negative, and was about to descend from the *coupe* to see more accurately our new visitors, when, on a signal from the chief, they all laid their guns against a bank, one of the sentries descending to stand guard over the weapons. Curious guns they were —English Brown Bess, old Prussian muzzle-loader, ancient Italian regulation muzzle-loader, converted breech-loader, and blunderbuss were represented. All who wore revolvers had new ones—perhaps bought by the funds subscribed by the London Committee.

The diligence, which only contained one passenger besides myself and Senor de Churruca, was now literally taken by storm; and at present, seeing that there were no signs of fighting, I preserved an armed neutrality, keeping my revolver cocked, but still carefully out of sight under my coat, only moving the pistol case on the strap, so as to have it ready for almost instantaneous use. The first search appeared to be for letters, and I began to quake for one directed, in Mr. Foote's best handwriting, to Senor Castelar, and of which I was the bearer. I soon found that only the chief could read at all, and I much doubt if he could read anything but print. The principle of natural selection seemed governed by the appropriation of strict and large epistles; and even these, after being turned about, were restored to the driver, who, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, looked on as though he had but little concern in the matter. Presently a cry of triumph came from the top of the diligence. Thinking it was my poor black bag, containing the Castelar letter, I pressed forward, but was stopped, and a sentry placed in charge of me. His gun was a treasure, and I consider that if he had meant shooting, there would have been nearly as much danger in the discharge to the shooter as to the shootee. The triumphal shout had been caused by the discovery of two saddles and bridles, which were at once confiscated by his Majesty's Customs collectors as contraband, and despite an energetic protest from the conductor, were carried off behind the rising ground. The next thing seized was a military cap in its oilskin cafe; uncovered, it was a "thing of beauty, a brigadier's cap, thickly overlaid with silver lace. The Carlist commander took possession of this with almost boyish delight, giving his own cap to one of his followers, who had hitherto been decorated with a dirty rag for headpiece. The oilskin covering of the new cap was thrown to the ground, and one of the band, who seemed to have a sudden attack of madness, drew his bayonet and rushed at the poor cover, furiously digging the bayonet through and through, and crying out in Basque that he wished he had the nigger, its master, then to serve in the same manner. Suddenly and menacingly he turned to myself, and angrily asked in Basque whether the cap was mine When Senor do Churruca translated this into French, it was too much for my gravity, already disturbed by the mad onslaught on the unoffending oilskin. My thick skull is of tolerably large size, this cap was small enough to have perched on the top of my head. My reply was a hearty laugh, and it seems to have been the best answer I could have made, my interlocutor grinning approbation. Bayonets were now called into work to break open the portmanteaus, of which the owners were absent, and also to open certain wooden cases containing merchandise belonging to the third passenger. Boots appeared to be contraband of war, and liable to instant confiscation, One pair of long cavalry boots did us good service, for the chief determined to get into them at once, and luckily they were so tight a fit that they occupied his time and attention for nearly twenty minutes, during which period the searchers came to my black bag, and found the official-looking envelope containing the vote of sympathy from the Birmingham meeting. As I was in a Catholic country, and the Charlists were pious Catholics, I adopted the views of the equally pious Eusebius, and shouted lustily. "*Io Inglese, esta mia passeporta.*" The man who looked at it, holding the writing upside down, and returned it to its place.

"Fortunately I had no spare boots, and my Carlist friends had no taste forshirts, so I got leave to fasten up my bag. My fellow-traveller, who had a fine military looking appearance, and who had just come from Porto Rico, underwent a searching cross-examination, and I began to think he was to be walked off into the mountains. Fortunately he not only

talked Basque well, but had considerable presence of mind, and after exchanging cigars with the second in command (the first was still struggling into his boots, one of which resolutely refused to go on). he was allowed to move about uninterferred with. No. 3 passenger was in sore trouble : he had about thirty umbrellas, and was required to pay two and a half reals for each, and also duties on some other articles, which he said amounted to more than their value. Senor de Churruca expostulated with the Carlists in their native tougue, while I reasoned with passenger No. 3 in French. His difficulty was very simple ; the Carlists wanted more money than he had got, and he looked bewailinly at his broken boxes and soiled goods. I got him to offer about thirty pesetas, these were indignantly refused, violent gesticulation was indulged in, our driver now really taking active part on our side, but occasionally breaking off and running up to the top of the nearest hill, as though looking for some one. At last the guns were picked up and pointed at us, everybody talked at once, and it looked as if it would come to a free fight after all, when suddenly some cry came from a distance, at first faintly, then more clearly, and whether other prey approached, or whether the soldiers were coming the road we had left I know not, but No. 3's pesetas were hurriedly taken, and this sample of the army of Carlos VII. hastily disappeared, leaving us the no pleasant task of repacking the luggage on the diligence as best we could with the cords which they had recklessly cut when too hurried to untie. Senor de Churruca stated that the Carlists claimed to have no less than 3,000 men well armed in the *montanas de Arlaban* round which the road passed, of whom 500. they said, could be brought on the spot, by signal in a few minutes. We resumed our route, pleased and disgusted—pleased at our lucky escape, and disgusted because the more than two hours and a half's delay would render us too late for the night express to Madrid."

When, finally, Bradlaugh reached Vittoria he found the town so crowded by soldiers and refugees that it was almost impossible to procure a bed. Next day he took the train for Miranda, escorted by nearly an entire regiment of soldiers. At Miranda two batches of Carlist prisoners were put in the carriages, including a lad not more than twelve years old. They were all to be sent to Cuba to fight against the Cubon insurrectionists.

After passing the rugged defiles of Pancorbo, and on approaching Burgos, more signs of the civil war were met—four or five railway stations had been burnt down. A long, weary night journey brought Bradlaugh near to Madrid, where he had a final reminder of the Carlists. Just after passing through a deep cutting in the rock near Lass Royas the train pulled up with a sudden jerk and jump that threw the passengers off their seats. Leaping hastily out of the train to see what had happened. Bradlaugh found that the Carlists had placed some wood and iron across the rails, and had also turned an empty rubbish truck over, in the hope of upsetting the train. Fotunately the engine only was injured. Had the train gone off the line, certainly the majority of the passengers would have been either seriously hurt or kllled. As it was they escaped with a shaking, and the more active among

them, including Bradlaugh, at once ran up the hills on either side, and were not a little disappointed to find that the Carlists were gone. So great was Bradlaugh's indignation that he was longing for an apportunity of enforcing, revolver in hand some of his notions concerning the perpetration of these useless acts of aggression on civilians.

Bradlaugh's first act on arriving at Madrid was to wait upon Senor Castelar, then the Minister of Foreign Affairs, by whom he was officially received, and to whom he presented with all due formality, the Resolution of the Birmingham Conference In due course, Senor Castelar wrote an official and amiable reply; and then came invitation to State banquet organised in Bradlaugh's honor. This invitation was signed by the Alcade, Pedro Bernard Oroasitas, on behalf of the City of Manrid, by Francisco Garcia Lopez, the newly elected deputy for Madrid, by the famous Francisco Rispa Perpina, the President of the Federal Centre, by Juan N. de Altolaguirre, on behalf of the Republican Federal Centre, by Manuel Folgueras on behalf of the Provincial Deputies, and by a General and a Colonel commanding the Republican Volunteers.

At seven in the evening the Alcade came in person with a dozen carriages to the hotel to escort Bradlaugh to the place appointed for the dinner, the Cafe Fornos, where eighty leading Spanish Republicans had already assembled. The chair was taken by Senor Garcia Lopez, who received Bradlaugh with these words:—

"Caballero Bradlaugh, the Alcalde of Madrid, her Cortes Deputies, her *Diputacion Provincial*, her Councellors, the chiefs of her battalions of Volunteers of the Republic, the Presidents of the Popular Clubs, and the representatives of the Press—all members of the Spanish Federal Republican party—are those whom you see gathered here, and they thank you for the honor you have done them in accepting their cordial offer of a modest repast."

Then followed an eloquent speech explaining the prospects of the Republican party in Spain, and concluding with a toast to Bradlaugh and the English Republicans.

Bradlaugh replied in English, his speech being subsequently translated into Spanish by Senor Eduardo Benot, Secretary to the Cortes. It was this gentleman who, in his official capacity, signed with his colleague, Senor Pedro Moreno Rodriguez, the authority for Queen Isabella and King Amadeus, the two last monarchs who abandoned the throne, to quit Spain.

In his speech, Bradlaugh answered an assertion of the *Epoca* to the effect that he only represented an insignificant minority, by pointing out that all great reforms originated with a minority, and then continued:

"With pride instead of shame I admit, Senors, that it is the minority whose ambassador I am to you. To the minority I belong; and we are extending our small minority so that I have little doubt that, within twenty years or less, we shall have the Republic in England (cries of 'Now, now') sending its official ambassador to the Republic of Spain. I trust, if I live, I shall then be able, on behalf of Republican England, to re-visit Republican Spain, and find her natural wealth developed, and the ancient glory of her name restored and maintained in a path of peaceful progress, useful to herself and to all mankind. I repeat, I shall be quite content if we have secured the Republic of England in twenty years.—(Here the speaker was again interrupted by cries of 'Now, now, at once.')—Speaking for myself, I may answer that if a Republic could come to morrow in England, without force, without bloodshed, without crime, without ruined cities, and anger-maddened peoples, then I would be the first to greet it and to serve it; but our Republic will, I trust, come nursed by the school, the brain the pen, and the tongue, and not heralded by the cannon's roar or carved by the sword, Hence, it is, that I say I should prefer to work, even for twenty years, to strengthen men's brains, so that they may know how to keep the Republic when they have won it, and that it may be an indestructible Republic, which shall honor the destinies of the people of England, and serve as guide as well as mother to the English-speaking races throughout the world"

When the loud cheers that greeted this speech were concluded, Senor Ocon came to Bradlaugh, and, after stating that he was the Secretary-General to the Council of Ministers, informed him that the Council had deputed him to add the congratulations of the Ministry to those he was then receiving. Senor Jose Christobal Sovris, Minister for the Colonies, now sent his card and a present of Government cigars, for those at the banquet.

In answer to loud cries, the veteran Republican, Diaz Quintero, spoke next, and a number of other speeches were delivered. Finally, when the Banquet broke up, Bradlaugh was escorted back to his hotel by all the guests, and then a series of deputations called upon him up till half-past two in the morning. In the street and the Puerta del Sol an immense but orderly crowd waited patiently from midnight till nearly three in the morning. During the whole of that time the two splendid bands of the Artillery and the Engineers, sent specially by the Minister of War, serenaded Bradlaugh, concluding their consert with the Spanish Republican Hymn and the Marseillaise.

At last, and after rspeated entreaties from the vast crowd, Bradlaugh was persuaded to address them a few words from the balcony of his hotel. He spoke in French, a language more likely to be understood than English, and said:—

"Peuple de Madrid, je regrette sincerement que je ne puis pas vous parler dans votre propre langue, parceque touche an cœur par la demonstration que vous m'avez faite, j'ai besoin de paroles chaleureuses pour traduire ma pensee de reconnaissance. Je vous souhaite la paix, la prosperite, et l'ordre, et je crie de toute mon ame 'Vivad la Republic Espanola!'"

It was not till the first rays of the sun began to make their appearance that the crowd had finally melted away. In all, Bradlaugh must have shaken hands with something like eight hundred persons that day, Among the deputations he received were those from the 9th battalion of Republican Volunteers, a captain, a lieutenant, and six privates; twenty citizens del Districto del Hospital, headed by Senor Santiso, the editor of *La Judicia Federal*, on behalf of the Madrid Press; Senor Paz, Governor of Avila, on behalf of his city; a deputation of poor Spanish workmen from different towns, introduced by Senors Altoiaquirre and Suarez; a deputation from the Madrid type founders, and one other from tha Madrid compositors and, finally, a deputation from San Sebastian, introduced by its deputies to the Cortes,

During Bradlaugh's brief stay in Madrid he enjoyed several pleasent interviews with Senor Emilio Castelar, and many other prominent men all cqually desirous to do honor to the delegate of the English Republican party, and to welcome a leader whose ability and popularity had always been more readily recognised abroad than among the ruling classes in England. In this instance also it was the *New York World*, and not the English press, that gave the best account of these remarkable proceedings in the Spanish capital.

After all these demonstrations, it was urged that it would be most imprudent for Bradlaugh to return homewards through the Carlists' country and therefore he travelled across country by Alar del Rey, and, after some days' detention, succeeded in obtaining a ship from Santander te Bordeaux. The ship was not in the habit of carrying passengers, and Bradlaugh had to bivouac with tarpauling and sail-cloth spread on the iron bottom of the hold, and as he puts it; "Except that in the Bay of Biscay, the *Pioneer* sometimes suddenly put my head where my feet ought to have been, and then reversed the process with alarming sharpness, there was little to complain about."

CHAPTER XII.

American Lecturing Tour—Unexpected Welcome—The Lotos Club—Charles Sumner and Lloyd Garrison—Wendell Phillips—An Old Friend—A Rough City—The Second Contest for Northrmpton—American Successes—The Third Conest for Northampton—Tribute from a Colored Senator—Hardship of Travel—A Third American Tour—Clerical Liberality—Illnsss—Welcome Home.

HOME once more to his humble lodgings in Turner street, heavily laden with new honors, but still painfully encumbered with financial burdens, Bradlaugh came to the conclusion that he had not yet done enough to free himself from

debts. His earnings, by lecturing and by writing, were considerable, and the greatest part was laid out in the payment of debts, but still the progross was slow, and there was the interest to be met, which made his payments amount to far more than twenty shilligs in the pound. Fortunately, everywhere, exceptlng among certain classes of his fellow-countrymen, Bradlaugh's power, ability, and earnestness of purpose met with ready recognition. In America, more especially the petty conventionalities that warp the judgment of the British bourgeois did not prejudice public opinion against Bradlaugh, aad he had received many invitations to visit the United States.

Several American lecturing bureax had appealed to Bradlaugh, and led him to infer that a visit to the States might be not merely a pleasant and useful but also a remunerative experience. He reflected that, in such venture he might find the longed-for means of freeing himself from debt, and at last he accepted the offers of the Copper Institute of New York, which undertook, for a commission of ten per cent. to obtain almost unlimited lecturing work for him through the States. Thus it was that, in September, 1873, Bradlaugh took passage on board the "Scotia" for New York.

Great was the excitement and manifold the expressions of sympathy among the Secularists at the departure of their militant chief. A farewell *soiree* was ogainised at the Hall of Science, addresses and deputations came from different parts, and Bradlaugh, perhaps, never so well realiscd the hold he had on the hearts of his followers as at the moment when he was about to leave them.

The passage was stormy, but Bradlaugh met an unexpected wellcome on landing. In spite of the severity of the New York Customs, Bradlaugh had barely presented his written declaration as to his luggage, when the officer said: Mr. Badlaugh we know here, and the least we can do for you is to pass you through comfortably." Accordingly, the mystic chalk sign was scrawled over his boxes and parcels, and he at once found himself, without further trouble, launched into the streets of New Jersey, to become the ready prey of competing cabmen.

Other signs were not to show Bradlaugh that his advent in the States would not pass unnoticed. On arriving at Fifth Avenue Hotel, he had barely time to change and lunch before the interviewer of the *Sun* was introduced, who was soon followed by the reporters of the *New York Herald* and *Tribune* These papers devoted several columus to the description—personal, biographical, and political—of Bradlaugh; the

Herald putting to its article, as a sensational heading: "Charles Bradlangh, the future President of England, at Fifth Axenue Hotel." The *Tribune* concluded its description by saying: "In a crisis the world would probably her a great deal more of Charles Bradlaugh. As Mirabeau observed of Robespierre, 'This man will do something; he believes every word he says!'"

At the same time, there were many newspapers, more specially those representing some religious clique, that did not fail to vilify Bradlaugh. In the *Newark Morning Register* he was described as "a pestileut fellow," who wished to have "an unlimited number of heads royal or semi-royal, elevated upon pikestaffs, or grinning from London Bridge." These gentle effusions did not, of course produce any perceptible effect on the public opinion in Bradlaugh's favor. He was invited to dine at the renodned Lotos Club, where all the intellectual celebrities of America are welcome, and where he met among others, the President of the Club Mr. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the *Tribune*, and the American bumorist who adopts the name of Petroleum V. Nasby.

Bradlaugh's first lecture was delivered in the Steinway Hall. The chair was taken by Mr. Peter Voorhis, President of the Mercantile Library, the largest institution of its kind in America, if not in the world, and among the audience there were Mr. D. J. Croly. editor of the *Graphic*, and his talented wife, "Jenny Jeune," Colonel Alcott, General Kilpatrick, Andrew Jackson Davis, the famons Poughkeepsie Seer, Theodore Tilton, editor of the *Golden Age*, and Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, the editress of the *Woodhull and Clayflin's Weekly*. Ireland was represented by O'Donovan Rossa, Freethought in the Broad Church by Rev. O. B. Frothingham humor and wit by Colonel Hay, author of "Little Breeches," and private secretary to the late President, Abraham Lincoln, Bret Harte, and Mr. Andrews,; and poetry by Mrs. Hester A. Benedict. Cheered by his first success, and encouragad by these eminent men, Bradlaugh started on his tour, and visited so many towns that the space is wanting to mention all his lectures.

At Boston Bradlaugh was honored in a manner that was more than usually gratifying. Wendell Phillips, the Silver-tongued Demosthenes of New England," as he is so often called, took the chair for him, and Senator Charles "Sumner, although suffering from illhealth, was present and encouraged Bradlaugh in a few appropriate words; while William Lloyd Garrison sat close by, cheering constantly. Of his success on that memorable evening, Bradlaugh wrote to his friends in England:—

"I need not remind my readers of William Lloyd Garrison's services to the cause of humanity. Wherever freedom is believed in, his nam will always be spoken with honorable mention. Dragged by a rough mob of slave-holding gentlemen, with actually a rops round his neck, he never flinched. Side by side with Wendell Phillips, he spoke during the abolitionist struggle, while revolvers were thrust menacingly in their faces Citizens of a Republic, neither Phillips nor Garrisou had ever been able, to visit Washington, the seat of the Government; their lives would have paid the penalty. At last the day came; abolition was proclaimed and introduced by the Honorable Charles Sumner, whose blood had sprinkled the very floor of the Senate House, to baptise it to the new religion of equal rights; the two staunch champions of human liberty entered in riumph the Senate; its folding doors being fiung wide open, and a grand shout of welcome honoring their entry. And these were the men who gathered round me despite of, or perhaps because of, the terrible prejudices sought to be aroused against me. As I made Garrison's eyes and lips cheer me, my heart warmed to my work, and when at the end, Charles Sumner, the trained spokesman of America, rose from his seat to pay tribute to my tongue, I felt that I could afford to forget many things which my enemies have written and said."

Nor were these mere friends of the evening: the acquaintance was maintained and improved: but death has done its worst, and America has lost its best citizens. With Wendell Phillips, Bradlaugh has not corresponded so much of late, for he had the misfortune to differ with him respecting the currency question. At Boston Bradlaugh also established links of the warmest friendship with the Hon. Joshua B. Smith, the colored senator.

On leaving Boston Bradlaugh's train ran off the lines near Nashua without doing much damage, and in the valley of the Merrimac he had his first gaze at the marvels of American folioge, and the variation of colocs preduced by the proximity of winter.

At Chicago Bradlaugh did not make so many new caquaintances, but he met a very old and dear friend. He was about to ascend the steps of the Lecture Hall, when a familiar voice struck upon his ear, which seemed to echo back soft memories, none the less dear, perhaps, because a quarter of a century old. The voice, however, was more familiar than the face: it recalled days of poverty and the remantic thoughts of boyhood. Hesitating, Bradlaugh inquired whether it was not Hypatia, but he was mistaken. The interrogator proved to be her sister, Theophila. After all these years of separation, he found himself once more with the daughter of Richard Carlie, the brave, rough pioneer to whom England is in a great measure indebted for the freedom of the Press and of public speech. The old friend of Bradlaugh's boyhood, with whose family many a secanty meal had been generously shared, had now a comfortable home in America, but her prosent presperity could not obliterate the menory of the past struggles.

In some respects Bradlaugh's journey to America was not fortunate. He arrived at a moment when the country was in a state of financial panic; then, on reaching Kansas, he met with an accident which impeded his movements; and finally, when he was staying at Kalamazoo, after leaving Chicago, he was compelled to return suddenly to New York, in consebuence of the death of the gentleman who had charge of the lecturing arrangements. The *Kansas City Times* gave a characteristic description of Bradlaugh's accident, which is a good specimen of American provincial journalism:—

"Kansas City is not a smooth city. Its greatest pride is its thousand hills, precipices, and bluffs; and the main characteristics of its inhabitants are their lofty airs, loud tone, and agility. This style is natural; it is acquired by hopping and skipping from the top of one side-walk across a chasm or ravine to the end of the cat or bluff, a limited distance, or across the street, to a ledge or plank, which offers a temporary relief from acrobatic exercise."

"Bradlaugh is unused to Kansas City side-walks, and never having practised tight-rope dancing, or walking upon an inclined plane of forty-five degrees, found himself somewhat surprised on Thursday morning.

"He had just left the Broadway, or Coates' House, in company with General Lamborn, of the Kansas Pacific, and was about to cross Tenth Street, when he suddenly found himself falling; his feet slid down the inclined plank called crossing, which was covered with ice, and he fell. Mr. Bradlaugh is a large man, a heavy man, and had a great fear of falling on the edge of the pavement; he threw out his right hand and the full weight of his body came down upon his wrist. His hand, unfortunately, struck upon some sharp subsance, probably the edge of the side-walk or curbing, the keen, knife-like edge of which tore through, the palm of his hand, inflicuting a serious wound, reaching beyond the wrist, creating a painful but not dangerous hurt.

"This accident has postponed his lectures in Atchison, St. Joseph and Lawrence. It is a merriful providence that the life of this great and good man was saved. Had he not saved his back at the expense of his hand, thousands of the poor and oppressed of Great Britain would to-day be in mourning, while the Royal House of Brunswick and the Tory aristocracy would be rejoicing over the providential removal of the Republican agitator."

Bradlaugh was barely recovering from this accident, and had enjoyed fresh triumphs at Boston, where he returned, when the news came of the sudden dissolution of Parliament, by Mr. Gladstone. This broke up the whole scheme of Bradlaugh's American lectures he returned in hot haste to keep his pledge, and contest the borough of Northampton. During his absence, Mr. Charles Watts, Mr. Foote, and Mr. Austin Holyoake did their best to maintain Bradlaugh's candidature in the face of much unfair oposition; but his cause was weakened considerably by his absence. The Tory reaction was also another source of weakness, but nevertheless, and though at the bottom of the poll, the result showed that Bradlaugh had gained ground. Mr. Phipps, the Conservative, came in at the head, with 2,690 votes; Mr. Gilpin, the Liberal, was the other member, with 2,310 votes; Mr. Merewether, the second Conservative, with 2,175 votes; Lord Henley, the former Liberal member, only 1,796; and Bradlaugh, 1,953.

Men in mine, pit, farm, ane factory, suddenly appealed to, found funds to contest the seat for Bradlaugh in his absence; and, on his side, Bradlaugh was obliged to pay heavy damages in America for his breaches of contract incurred in thus hastening away. He had brought back with him, however, the friendship of many great men, besides those whose names have already been mentioned, notably Ralph Waldo Emerscn and the Vice-President of the States Mr. Wilson, Dr. Buchnan, Washburne Blaine, Boutwell, Rice, Loring, Weiss, Bartol, Miner, Howe, and Russell were among his supporters. The Chicago and Cincinatti journals show how warmly he was greeted in Taunton, Newark, New Haven, Topoka, Lawrence, Levenworth, St. Joseph, Worcester, Kanas, Scranton, Omaha, Marlbrough, Rockland, Amherst, Fall River, and Baffalo. Financially, equally good proof is given of his success. At Boston his fee for a lecture was 200 dollars, the highest fee he ever received was 300 dollars, and the average fee, counting all the small towns, was 120 dollars. His first journey, though so brief, and necessitating the paying of damages for broken engagements, enabled him nevertheless, to pay off £1,000 towards his home liabilities. Unfortunately, the homeward journey was prolonged, and Bradlaugh did not reach Northampton till after the election.

If Bradlaugh made new friends in America he lost a very old and dear friends on his return to England. Mr. Austin Holyoake died very shortly after the elections. For the benefit of his widow Bradlaugh assisted in arranging for the purchase of the printing plant that belonged to him, and the establishment of a printing and publishing business, managed by Mr. Charles Watts, where the *National Reformer* was issued and Bradlaugh's other publications printed. Mr. Austin Holyoake's "Sick Room Thoughts," written when he felt his end approaching, and published immediately after his death, excited some interest at the time, and, as in the case of John Watts, tended to show that sincerity, rather than any special form of belief, ensures a happy end.

As the summer approached, Bradlaugh made arrangements to return to America and renew there the campaign he had already so well opened. But again he was unfortunate. The critical condition of Mr. Gilpin's health rendered the possibility of a vacancy occurring in the representation of Northampton more and more likely. Engagements had been taken for Bradlaugh in America to commence in the second week of October, and Mr. Gilpin died at the beginning of September; Bradlaugh seized the earliest opportunity of issuing his address to the electors and of holding a public meeting. At the show of hands an overwhelming majority testified to Bradlaugh's popularity, and at the poll, though but a few months had elapsed since the last election, Bradlaugh had made further progress. The Conservative candidate, Mr. Merewether, was elected, by 2,171 votes, the Liberal, Mr. Fowler, had 1,836, while Bradlaugh came uncomfortably near with 1,766 votes, this too in spite of the most damaging slanders unscrupulously circulated against him.

The irritation caused by the defeat produced some rioting, which Bradlaugh at once quelled; but it broke out again after his departure the same evening to catch the first steamer to America, where he was overdue.

This second journey was most successful, and Bradlaugh not only lectured at a great number of places, but he found time to make many inquiries, to take copious notes which ultimately, enabled him to produce one of the most practical and useful guides to emigrants ever published. At Boston, where Bradlaugh on his previous journey had already achieved so much popularity, a regular fete was organised in his honor. A number of speeches were made, some of the clergy even joining in the demonstration. The Rev. Dr. Miner, who is President of Tuft's College, spoke in most flattering terms of Bradlaugh's previous year's work and its useful results, and expressed his

hope that nothing he might see or hear in America would in any fashion damp his ardor for Republican institutions.

The Hon. J. B. Smith presented Bradlaugh with a handsome and complete set of Charles Sumner's works, and wrote these few simple words:

Dear Brother Bradlaugh,—Place accept the legacy that Sumner left to the world, from your friends,

J. B. SMITH.

At the instigation of Mrs. Dr. Carleton, Mr. T. B. Smith, the colored member of the Massachusetts Legislature, was persuaded to speak, and said:

"Madam, when I came I had no desire to speak, but Mr. Bradlaugh was the friend of one I loved, and I am glad to do it. Sumner worked and spoke for the black slaves; Mr. Bradlaugh works for the white ones. I do not know what fruit Mr. Bradlaugh's labors may bring by-and-bye. I can only hope the result may be worthy of his hopes and efforts. To-day I am the fruit of what Charles Sumner did."

The effect produced by this speech was indescribable;—so terse and so admirably to the point were these simple remarks, and, above all, they gave a glorious proof of what an emancipated colored man could do, feel, and say.

Bradlaugh's travelling experiences were not always pleasant; thus, on arriving at Delaware station, he found the engine of the train he intended to take lying a perfect wreck on the line. The boiler had exploded while the engine was stationary, blowing the body of the fireman a distance of nearly 125 feet. It fell a shapeless mass of crushed flesh and bones against the ticket office. Several persons, including the station-master, were badly scalded, and one of the cars was broken. This was not an agreeable commencement of a long journey; the weather was also exceptionally unfavorable, and the train finally arrived at its destination five hours late.

When travelling from Milwaukee by a night part freight and part passenger train, Bradlaugh had a good opportunity of testing the cord system for warning the engine driver. This cord is often neglected when it is a mixed train, and hence, though the train actually came in two a few miles from Chicago, the engine and freight cars went on merrily without perceiving that they had left the passenger cars behind. Nothing, however, worse than delay resulted.

At Lynn, Bradlaugh was much troubled by a snowstorm, which not only prevented many people coming to the Lecture Hall, but made it difficult for him also to reach the place. Going from the railway station he was nearly blinded by the snow, and had to sit down twice to reflect on the uncertainty of human progress To sit down in snow three feet deep is not dangerous, but it is a little ridiculous. Bradlaugh was consoled, however—though he broke his umbrella and filled his

gloves with snow in the effort—when he ascertained that the gentleman sent out to meet him, and whom he had missed, had been compelled to sit down three times.

At Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, Bradlaugh was regularly snowed up. One thermometer went down 45° below zero, while others were actually congealed. Of course Bradlaugh was assured that such weather was altogether exceptional, the "oldest inhabitant" declaring that he had never experienced anything similar. The trains impeded by the snow either came in late or not at all; and on one or two occasions Bradlaugh arrived in time to find that his audiences, after waiting an hour or two, had gone home.

Near Springfield, a rail, probably affected by the frost, snapped into twenty pieces; but Bradlaugh's train was not upset, though the next rail was driven away. Fortunately the impetus brought the train back again on to the line. This sort of travelling, combined with the severity of the weather, the exertion of lecturing, and the fact that Bradlaugh sometimes only managed to pass two nights in bed out of eight days, finally exhausted even his robust frame, and when, with the spring of 1875, he once more sailed homewards, the rest and relief were most welcome.

In the autumn of the same year, Bradlaugh again, and for the third time, returned to America. His journey out, in the "City of Berlin," was performed in seven days and eighteen hours the swiftest ocean passage that had ever yet been recorded between the Old World and the New. On this last journey, Bradlaugh had to face New in England a stonger opposition, due to religious antagonism, than he had ever encountered before. The most bitter articles appeared against him in the *Congregationalist*, and the large sale, during the past year, of the printed edition of Bradlaugh's antitheological works, seems to have still further exasperated the religious bodies. Extracts from some of the strongest anti-biblical statements were sent round to the Lyceum Committees, and produced quite a panic amongst the managers of the lecture courses, yet Bradlaugh's well-known heresy could be no novelty to them. Some of the clergy showed, however, exemplary liberality. The Rev. Dr. Lorimer and the Rev. Dr. Miller both invited Bradlaugh to lecture to their audiences.

On another occasion, while Bradlaugh was attending as a spectator at a woman-suffrage meeting, his presence was pointed out to the chairman, who happened to be the Bishop of Georgia, the Rev. Gilbert Haven. This High Church dignitary, uninfluenced by Bradlaugh's heretical tendencies, courteously invited him to mount on the platform and address the audience.

After the treatment that Bradlaugh had experienced in England at the hands of the English clergy, this was indeed a revelation.

It has been seen that the results of Bradlaugh's first journey were partially married by his hurried return to England, in consequence of the general election; his second journey was affected by the second contest at Northampton, consequent on the death of Mr. Gilpin, which delayed Bradlaugh's departure; finally, the third journey was brought to a premature close by a severe illness, which nearly cost him his life. A bad attack of pleurisy, complicated with typhoid symptoms, laid him up. So grave was his symptoms that he had to be removed from the hotel to St. Luke's Hospital, at New York, where he met with unremitting kindness. Many American friends displayed the most delicate thoughtfulness towards the stranger, ill in their midst. Fresh flowers, sent in each day, cheered the sick room, and Dr. Fessenden N. Otis, one of the ablest physicians of New York, was in constant attendance. Dr. Leaming and Dr. Abbe, the hospital physicians, were also most kind; but when Bradlaugh recovered he was too weak to face the Western winter, and had to cancel his engagements in the states of Ohio, Iowa, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri, thus losing 7,500 dollars currency, or about £1,300.

On his return to London the Secular party, proud of his successes in America, organised a grand fête in his honor, which included the delivery of an address welcoming his restoration to activity and health after so dangerous an illness, and the presentation of a purse of gold, containing £169 11s. 6d., subscribed by his partisans.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. Besant—Theological Reading—Thomas Scott—Writing for the "Reformer"—Litigation—The Knowlton Pamphlet—Trial and Appeal—A Monster Petition—Inheritance—Bradlaugh's Daughters.

IT was at the period when Bradlaugh's life seemed divided between the Old World and the New, that he first became acquainted with Mrs. Besant. This lady had been married to the Rev. Frank Besant, who, through her influence, was appointed to the vicarage of Sibsey, near Boston, in Lincolnshire. In the preface to her work, entitled "My Path to Atheism," Mrs. Besant briefly alludes to the agonies of mind accompanying the gradual discovery that she could not believe in the religion it was her husband's mission to teach. Her heresy, as is so

often the case, was based on a thorough and conscientious study of the Bible, and her inability to make the last chapters of the four Gospels agree gave the first blow to her faith. The trial of the Rev. Charles Voysey for heresy revived her doubts. Her theological readings had as yet been confined to devotional and historical treatises, and the only controversies with which she was familiar were those that divided Christians among themselves. Mrs. Besant had carefully weighed the points of difference between the Greek, Roman, Anglican, and Lutheran communions and was well versed in the views of orthodox Dissenting schools of thought. Pusey's "Daniel," and Liddon's "Bampton Lectures" were the only works that suggested a wider field among her earlier readings.

When doubt was once excited, Mrs. Besant procured the writings of Maurice, Robertson, Stopford Brooke, McLeod, Campbell, and others; but, while recognising the charm of their style, she failed to deduce therefrom any firm ground on which to base a faith. They, however, served as stepping stones, which, with the works of F. Newman, Arnold, and Greg, together with an effort to understand the creeds of Mahommedanism, Buddhism, and Hinduism, led Mrs. Besant further into the land of doubt. Then followed a study of the works of Charles Voysey, Theodore Parker, Channing, Scott's "English Life of Jesus," Spinoza, Mansel, Darwin, John Stuart Mill, and other scientific writers.

All this hard study estranged Mrs. Besant more and more from her husband, who, on the contrary, was content to remain in the old groove, and in the enjoyment of his living. The more Mrs. Besant, leaned towards Freethought the more her husband's conduct rendered a separation indispensable, and a formal deed was drawn up and duly executed in 1873.

Alone in the world, separated from many a dear friend through her inability to profess what she could not believe, Mrs. Besant soon found a new, but a most excellent friend in Mr. Thomas Scott, of Norwood. This gentleman, after wandering all over the world—spearing salmon and hunting over the prairies with the Red Indians, studying various religions in the lands where they were practised, returned to England so as to accomplish what he conceived to be his duty.

Thomas Scott was an athelete, a sportsman, a hunter, a thinker, a reformer, and a heretic. To a magnificent physique he united great brain power; his intellect was as cultivated as his muscles, and the mighty hunter was a profound scholar. He was familiar with Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic well versed in Rabbinical lore, and all description of eastern learning. Bishop Colenso, Inman, and many others submitted their works

to Thomas Scott before they issued them to the world. He united to Republicanism and Freethought, the rare advantage of an independent fortune, and this he determined to expend on challenging what he conceived to be superstitious idolatry. Every month he issued a number of Freethought tracts and pamphlets. He was not a regular publisher, but dealt with the wealthier classes of the community, sending out catalogues on application, and supplying Freethought literature whereever he ascertained it might be read.

This well-known Freethinker died at the end of December, 1878; and Mrs. Besant, in writing a tribute to his memory, tells the story of her connexion with him in the following heart-felt sentences:

"But I, who owe so much to Thomas Scott, cannot close this brief, poor notice without a grateful word of thanks to this noble man, now dead. It was Thomas Scott who—then by the Rev. F. Besant's consent—published my first two heretical tracts, 'On the Deity of Jesus,' and on 'The Gospel according to St. John; by the wife of a Beneficed Clergyman.' It was Thomas Scott who, when I was cast out of my home for my heresy, and thrown on the world with a delicate baby in my arms, came forward—when all repulsed me—to give me help. It was Thomas Scott who, when I was utterly alone, when my mother was dead, when my friends' houses were closed against me, when I sold clothes and jewellery to buy food, gave me my first paid work. It was Thomas Scott whose house was ever open to me when my need was sorest; and he never knew, this generous, noble heart, how sometimes when I went in weary and overdone from a long day's study in the British Museum, with scarcely food to struggle through the day—he never knew how his genial 'Well, little lady' in welcoming tone cheered the then utter loneliness of my life. To no living man or woman—save one—do I owe the debt of gratitude I owe to Thomas Scott.

"But on this dead man's bier what wreath of homage can I lay? Only this poor flower of deep gratitude can I place upon his tomb. As I stood beside him, dead, whose face, living, had never shown to me aught but kindness, one earnest wish rose unbidden to my lips: may my life be lived as bravely and as loyally as was the life of this pure and noble man, and may my death be as deservedly peaceful as was his.

After the separation, Mrs. Bessant lived at Colby Road, Norwood, so as to be near to Mr. Scott, for whom she ultimately did a considerable amount of work. When writing a pamphlet for Mr. Scott, "On the Existence of God," the purchase of a stray number of the *National Reformer*, containing an invitation to Freethinkers to join the National Secular Society, caused her to offer herself as a candidate for membership. She wrote asking whether a distinct profession of Atheism was required, and received the reply that while the President considered that Secularism logically led to Atheism no such profession was required as a condition of admittance to the society. An interview followed for the discussion of the question, and though this was the first time he had ever met her, Bradlaugh was much impressed by Mrs. Besant's ability and learning, and his admiration for her talents was greatly increased when, a short time

later, he heard her speak at the Co-operative Hall, Castle Street, Oxford Street, on Woman's Suffrage.

Feeling that in Mrs. Besant the party had acquired a most useful recruit, he invited her to write for the *National Reformer*, and so that this should not interfere with some literary work which she was then pledged to complete, he suggested that she should adopt a *nom de plume*, and she chose that of "Ajax," the warrior crying for "Light." While Bradlaugh was away in America Mrs. Besant, however, boldly following the example of Mrs. Law, launched out as a lecturer, and signed her articles in her own name; but her remarkable success as a writer and speaker soon brought upon her the greatest trouble and sorrow of her life.

Under the deed of separation, Mrs. Besant was entitled to the sole custody of her infant daughter, Mabel, with the proviso that the little girl was to visit her father for one month each year. On one of these visits, the Rev. Mr. Besant sought, by concealment, to retain the child permanently; and though Mrs. Besant temporarily recovered the custody of her little girl, this led to fifteen months' bitter litigation. It was maintained that an Atheist ought not to have charge of a child, and in such a cause Bradlaugh naturally became the champion of the defence. Bradlaugh's acumen in legal matters, his extensive reading and knowledge of the law, and his practical experience, rendered his advice most valuable, and the Rev. F. Besant's action compelled Mrs. Besant to avail herself of the help which the leader of the Secularist party was ready to afford in a matter that deeply interested all Freethinkers. Hence, by reason of the work she was doing for the *National Reformer*, and in consequence of this litigation, Mrs. Besant was in constant communication with Bradlaugh.

A little before this, a circumstance, the result of a pure accident, had greatly increased this intimacy. Mr. Charles Watts had succeeded Mr. Austin Holyoake as the publisher of the *National Reformer* and of multifarious Freethought literature. During the year 1875, he puchased some hundreds of stereotyped plates from the widow of the late James Watson, a man of whose respectability there could be no doubt. Among these plates there were the "stereos" of a pamphlet which had been published some forty years previously, entitled "The Fruits of Philosophy." No one had ever called the pamphlet into question, and its sale, if not considerable, had in any case never been opposed. Without even reading this little work, Mr. Charles Watts issued a new edition from the old "stereos" he had purchased; and it so happened that a man who was arrested at Bristol for selling improper things, and justly punished, had also

among his stock a few copies of this pamphlet. This led, after forty years' existence, to a prosecution of the pamphlet.

The trails that ensued touched upon a delicate and controversial point, which it would be out of place to discuss in a volume of this description. The pamphlet was written by Dr. Charles Knowlton, and had it been proposed to Bradlaugh for publication he would, as he stated, have declined to issue it, not in consequence of the subject-matter, but because he did not like the style. When, however, the authorities took upon themselves to prohibit the book, he felt that freedom of opinion and the liberty to publish had been attacked. Much to his disappointment, his old friend and ally, Mr. Charles Watts, backed out of the difficulty, and abandoned the publication. He proposed to plead guilty, so as to escape penalty, and thus to publicly acknowledge that the publisher of Bradlaugh's paper and books had printed an improper work. Such a supposition was insupportable; and Mrs. Besant found herself equally compromised, for Mr. Charles Watts had also published several of her works.

The pamphlet advocated the doctrines of the Rev. Mr. Malthus, and added details similar to those that may be found in, for instance, the popular French work written by the celebrated Dr. Clement, which was officially registered, and its sale (colportage), at the price of only one franc, approved by the French Government. There was, Bradlaugh maintained, nothing wrong or improper in such a work—a point on which, however, opinions widely differ, and it is not the purport of this volume to discuss the question. In any case, if this book had been suppressed without a hard fight, many other, and infinitely better works, would have shared the same fate. For the sake of the liberty of the press, Bradlaugh resolved to fight the matter out; and as Mrs. Besent had become so closely connected with the work of the Freethought party, and had been elected one of the Vice-Presidents of the National Secular Society, she felt that it was her duty to participate in the dangers and toil of this new struggle for freedom. With the financial assistance of some of her friends, she was able to enter into partnership with Bradlaugh as Freethought publishers; and their first act, when they had secured premises in Stonecutter Streets, E. C., was to issue a new edition of the *Knowlton pamphlet*.

Of this action they gave due warning to the City Magistrates, stating exactly the hour and time when they proposed to issue for sale the incriminated work, and the police were the first persons to whom the pamphlet was actually sold. Bradlaugh had never been a bookseller before, and became a publisher on this occasion solely for the sake of vindicating the right of

free discussion. Bradlaugh had often faced hard toil, but never encountered such persistent, wearing, anxious labor, prolonged over several months, as that which the litigation on this subject entailed.

The details of the trial are all of such recent date that they need not be recalled. Everyone is aware how Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besent were arrested, confined for a few hours in the police cells under the Mansion House, how their attitude convinced all concerned of the honesty of their purpose, how they were sentenced at the High Court of Queen's Bench to six months' imprisonment and £200 fine, not, as the Judge said, for what they had done, for they were "entirely exonerated" by the jury from "any corrupt motive," but because they declared in Court their determination to re-issue the book; how an appeal was made in the Supreme Court of Judicature and this hard sentence revoked, and how after this triumph Bradlaugh finally compelled his persecutors to restore the copies of the pamphlet which they had seized.

It is needless, also, to point out how the question, which had remained dormant for forty years, became the subject of universal discusion' and the pamphlet which, in Dr. Knowlton's life-time, had but a restricted sale was now eagerly purchased on all sides and attained a high circulation. At the same time it is only right to add that Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant died not seek in any way to profit by this disturbance; they never advertised the pamphlet, except the first notice given to the police, or tried to push its sale. They issued, on the contrary, at the earliest possible date, a rival, and in their opinion, an infinitely better publication, which has now reached its seventieth thousand. Still, with respect to the Knowlton pamphlet, the jury proclaimed that the opinion was honestly held; there was nothing in the language, admitting the subject to be discussed at all, to which exception could be taken.

While these great trials were pending nothing of any particular importance occurred; but a short time before there commencement, Bradlaugh started an agitation against Royal grants, consequent on the Prince of Wales' visit to India, and Mrs. Besant undertook the management of a monster petition that was endorsed by 104,330 signatures, of which 102,927 were inscribed on the same scroll, a fact testifying to a strong feeling against royal extravagances, and the influence Bradlaugh possessed. His power for work was also greatly increased by his sudden and unexpected release from the pressure of debt. Mr. Henry Turberville, otherwise known as Henry Jonn Blackmore, brother of the well-known novelist, Mr. Richard Doddridge Blackmore, died leaving a will substantially

in favor of Mr. Bradlaugh. Unfortunately there were several other wills, and no less than six different actions were instituted claiming the property. The different litigants, however, agreed to a compromise, which resulted in Bradlaugh's receiving, after paying law costs, a sum of £2,500. With this he was able to clear all his pressing debts, and make arrangements for the gradual and convenient liquidation of the remainder.

In a letter printed during the discussion relating to the will, Mr. Turberville said that he left his property to Bradlaugh!

As a slight testimony of my immense admiration of that most truly noble of the human race, who is so grandly content with poverty for the sake of truth, manifesting such admirable self-respect for the good of others; although, if he chose to become moody and sanctified, he might at once realise a large fortune, and touch the pinnacle of the highest (so-called) dignities of the realm.

It was only after this inheritance that Bradlaugh left his modest lodgings in the East End. With his two amiable and highly accomplished daughters, whom, as Mr. Morrison Dividson says in his essay on "Eminent Radicals," to know is to respect, he took up his abode at St. John's Wood, within an easy walk from the house where Mrs. Besant was then residing. Bradlaugh's little family was in mourning for Mrs. Bradlaugh, who died after a prolonged illness, and his daughters, having nursed their mother devotedly, thenceforward made their home with their father. That quite household should give the lie to those who pretend that in all Bradlaugh's teaching their has ever been the faintest touch of opposition to the purity of family life. No more thoughtful nor tender father ever guarded the live of two motherless girls.

CHAPTER XIX.

Recent Work—Jingoism—The Northampton Election—In Parliament at Last!

But little remains to be added to the biography of Charles Bradlaugh that is not familiar and still fresh in the memory of the public. For the last two or three years, his life ran in a smooth and even course, at least when compared to his previous existence. Bradlaugh was active in writing and lecturing; at one moment denouncing the Tichborne imposture, at another pointing out the useless folly of the purchase of the Suez Canal shares; now assisting the agricultural laborers, then addressing the miners, or acting as arbitrator in their disputes, or descending into the pits to see and watch the nature of their toil. Now and again he will be found splitting a lance with his old foes, the clergy; then hastening down to Northampton, to increase the strength of his party, to watch over every detail of the organistation for the next election; or venturing, even in London, to stem the fierce tide of Jingoism.

When Lieutenant Armit called a meeting in Hyde Park in favor of the Turks, the Hon. Auberon Herbert and Bradlaugh convoked an opposition meeting in favor of peace, which was well attended and carried the resolutions proposed, but it was attacked at the termination of the proceedings by the Jingo roughs, with whom a free fight ensued. Bradlaugh was assailed with missiles of every description, and but for his great strength and courage might have been overcome. As it was, his left arm, with which he protected his head, was disabled, and erysipelas ensued. For three weeks his life was in danger; but, at the same time, is should also be stated five of his assailants had to be conveyed to St. George's Hospital.

Gradually, however, the tide of opinion changed, and the reaction that ensued brought Bradlaugh in as Member for Northampton. Everything for the election had been admirably prepared, and this time, at last, the ranks of the Liberal party were not divided. But still there was some doubt as to the result, for Bradlaugh had to fight against fierce religious opposition. The clergy preached against him. An ultra-Protestant Missionary united with the leading Roman Catholic clergymen of Northamton to damage to their utmost Bradlaugh's prospects. A pious coachbuilder came all the way from Liverpool to oppose Bradlaugh. He printed at his own expense at least 10,000 bills against Bradlaugh; and, on one occassion, posted 8,000, an effort which must have cost him no less than £34 in stamps alone, and this in the hope of preventing the return of an Atheist to Parliament. But these efforts were in vain. After twelve years' of patient endeavor, and four contest, Bradlaugh was, at last, elected. The figures were, Mr. Henry Labouchere 4,158 votes, Bradlaugh 3,827 votes. The Conservative candidates, Mr. Phipps and Mr. Merewhether, obtained respectively, 3,152 and 2,826 votes.

At last the victory was achieved! Our Parliament, so rich representatives of the monied classes, was now to open its doors, not merely to a man of the people, but to a man whose commanding ability would enable him to advocate the people's cause with force and eloquence that cannot be silenced. The president and organiser of the Land Law Reform League had reached a position where he would be able to make the opinions of this important association felt and heard. The president of the National Secular Society was now to be a law maker on behalf of those who had but recently been outlaws, and Bradlaugh, once the penniless boy orator, once a private in the Dragoon Guards had, in spite of the opposition of every social force, exercised by the sectarian and religious elements throughout the country, gained the highest political distinction to which a gentleman can aspire.

Still this great triumph was destined to be overcast by a moment's doubt. The difficulty with respect to taking the oath seemed to threaten Bradlaugh with the loss of his seat, but only culminated in raising his popularity, and demonstrating the hold he possessed on the affection of the people. When his seat was in danger, on one single evening more than a hundred and forty meetings were held in his favor throughout the country. The telegrams that poured upon Mr. Gladstone, as he sat that evening on the ministerial bench, all protesting against the proposed exclusion of Bradlaugh from the House of Commons, were so numerous that Lord Hartington on one side, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone on the bench behind, had to help the Premier to open and sort them. The floor of the House was literally covered with the buff-colored envelopes that had contained the messages, each representing hundreds of enthusiastic supporters. It had been said that no man, excepting Mr. Gladstone himself, has so devoted and large a personal following as Bradlaugh; and those who, on that evening, saw the Premier overwhelmed by the telegrams in his favor were tempted to believe that this assertion is no exaggeration.

Such a man, it was evident, could not be excluded from the House of Commons. Whatever were his opinions, Bradlaugh had entered Parliament by the will of the people, and nothing but the force of despotism could prevent his admission. The full strength of religious antagonism yielded before the sovereign voice of the electors, and on July 2nd, 1880, "Iconoclast" was allowed to take his place among the legislators of England.

APPENDIX.

By W. MAWER.

Giving a Diary of the last three years.

April 2nd, 1880.—After twelve years' fight and three repulses, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh is elected member for Northampton. The polling was as follows :—

Labouchere (L)	...	...	4,158
Bradlaugh (R)	...	...	3,827
Phipps (C)	...	...	3,152
Merewether (C)	...	...	2,826

The *Weekly Dispatch* said: Mr. Bradlaugh's achievement of the position he has been aiming at so long and so zealously is a notable sign of the times. Whatever his critics may think of him, he will enter Parliament as the representative of a vastly larger constituency than the whole electorate or the whole population of Northampton. The *Birmingham Daily Mail:* Mr. Bradlaugh holds extreme views on some subjects, but he will none the less be a useful man in Parliament, his unflinching courage in the exposure of abuses being unquestionable. The *Standard:* Mr. Bradlaugh, now hat he thas got to the House of Commons, is not likely to efface himself in speechless obscurity. The *Southampton Times*: The most signal and portentous triumph is that which has been achieved by Mr. Bradlaugh. His election shows what the unity of the Liberal party must have been. The *Christian World*: His contributions to the discussions of the House may not be without value. During the election Mr. Samuel Morley telegraphed to Mr. Labouchere: I strongly urge necessity of united effort in all sections of Liberal party, and the sinking of minor and personal questions, with many of which I deeply sympathise, in order to prevent the return, in so pronounced a constituency as Northampton, of even one Conservative.

April 15th.—Mr. S. Morley, at Bristol, said, respecting this telegram: He made no reference to candidates, nor did the friend who wrote the telegram go into detail, but he advised union. Those who had known him all his life would believe that he viewed with the intensest repugnance the supposed opinions, both social and religious, of one of the candidates. Afterwards, writing to the *Record*, Mr. Morley said he deeply

regretted his telegram. The *Weekly Dispatch*, commenting on Mr. Morley's conduct, said: Let the bigots who have taken him to task for his temporary aberration from the path of pharisaism make what they can of his pitiful excuse. Other people can only regret that a man so useful in many ways, both as a politician and a philanthropist, should show himself so narrow-minded. The *Edinburgh Evening News*: In their disappointment, the defeated party have eagerly caught at the election of Mr. Bradlaugh as supplying the most pungent taunt that can be thrown at their victorious opponents.

The *Sheffield Telegraph:* Bradlaugh is an M. P. . . . the bellowing blasphemer of Northampton.

Mr. Bradlaugh announces that he considers he is legally entitled to avail himself of the Freethinkers' affirmation, and that there is some reason to hope that other members will join him in that course.

April 17th.—*Sheffield Independent's* "London Correspondent" says: Tenets which constitute the religious faith of Mr. Bradlaugh are understood to constitute an insuperable difficulty in the way of his being sworn a member of "the faithful Commons."

April 29th.—Parliament opens, but Mr. Bradlaugh refrains from presenting himself until the opinion of the law officers of the Crown was taken on his right to affirm. This opinion was in his favor.

May 3rd.—At the table of the House Mr. Bradlaugh handed in a written paper to the Clerk of the House; on this were written the words: "To the Right Honorable the Speaker of the House of Commons. I, the undersigned Charles Bradlaugh, beg respectfully to claim to be allowed to affirm, as a person for the time being by law permitted to make a solemn affirmation or declaration, instead of taking an oath. Charles Bradlaugh." Asked if he desired to state anything to the House, Mr. Bradlaugh said: I have to submit that the Parliamentary Oaths Act, 1866, gives the right to affirm to every person for the time being permitted by law to make affirmation. I am such a person; and under the Evidence Amendment Act, 1869, and the Evidence Amendment Act, 1870, I have repeatedly, for nine years past, affirmed in the highest courts of jurisdiction in this realm. I am ready to make the declaration or affirmation of allegiance.

At the request of the Speaker Mr. Bradlaugh then withdrew, that the House might consider the claim, and Lord F. Cavandish, urging that it would be manifestly inconvenient that when any hon. Member had applied to take his seat in the House, any unnecessary delay should intervene, moved the appointment of a

committee of inquiry, which should lay before the House the material on which the House itself should found its decision. Sir Stafford Northcote seconded. Several other members spoke, and Mr. Beresford Hope said that the grievance of one man was very little compared with a great principle; at present the House of Commons was only a half-hatched chicken. The committee was then agreed to.

May 11th.—Appointment of committee carried by 171 votes against 74, after a two hours' debate.

May 20th.—The committee report: "That in the opinion of the committee, persons entitled under the provisions of 'the Evidence Amendment Act, 1869,' and 'the Evidence Amendment Act, 1870,' to make a solemn declaration instead of an oath in courts of justice, cannot be admitted to make an affirmation or declaration instead of an oath in the House of Commons, in pursuance of the Acts 29 and 30 Vict., c. 19, and 31 and 32 Vict., c. 72."

The draft report, proposed by the Attorney-General, was to the effect that "persons so admitted," etc., *may be* admitted etc. This was lost by the casting vote of the chairman (Mr. Walpole), the other members of the committee voting as follows. Ayes: Mr. Whitbread, Mr. John Bright, Mr. Massey, Mr. Sergeant Simon, Sir Henry Jackson, Mr. Attorney-General, Mr. Solicitor-General, Mr. Watkin Williams. Noes: Sir John Holker, Lord Henry Lennox, Mr. Staveley Hill, Mr. Granthem, Mr. Pemberton, Mr. Hopwood, Mr. Beresford Hope, Mr. Henry Chaplin.

Mr. Bradlaugh makes a public statement of his position with regard to the oath. He considered he had a legal right to choose between the alternatives of making an affirmation or taking the oath, and he felt it clearly his moral duty, in that case, to make an affirmation. The oath included words which, to him, were meaningless, and it would have been an act of hypocrisy to voluntarily take this form if any other had been open to him. He should, taking the oath, regard himself as bound not by the letter of its words, but by the spirit which the affirmation would have conveyed, had he been allowed to make it, and as soon as he might be able he should take steps to put an end to the present doubtful and unfortunate state of the law and practice on oaths and affirmations.

May 21st.—Amid a tumult of cries from the Conservative benches Mr. Bradlaugh goes to the table for the purpose of being sworn. Sir. H. D. Wolff objecting, the Speaker requested Mr. Bradlaugh to withdraw. He (the Speaker) was bound to say he knew of no instance in which a member who had offered to take the oath in the usual form was not allowed by the House to do so. Sir H. D. Wolff then moved that Mr. Brad-

laugh should not be allowed to take the oath, alleging against Mr. Bradlaugh his repute as an Atheist, and his authorship of "The Impeachment of the House of Brunswick." Mr. Alderman Fowler seconded the motion, stating that he held in his hand a petition praying the House not to alter the law and the custom of the realm for the purpose of admitting an Atheist to Parliament. Mr. Gladstone, in the course of replying, said: "it was not in consequence of any regulation enforced by the authority of this House—of a single branch of the legislature, however complete that authority may be over the members of this House—that the hon. member for Northampton presents himself to take the oath at the table. He presents himself in pursuance of a statutory obligation to take the oath in order that he may fulfill the duty with which, as we are given to understand, in a regular and formal manner, his constituents have entrusted him. That statutory obligation implied a statutory right." He moved that it be referred to a select committee to consider and report for the information of the House whether the House has any right to prevent a duly-elected member, who is willing to take the oath, from doing so. A long debate ensued, characterised by the fierceness with which Mr. Bradlaugh's admission to Parliament was opposed. Mr. John Bright, however, asked if the House were entitled thus to obstruct what he called the right of a member to take his seat on account of his religious belief, because it happened that his belief or no belief had been openly professed, what reason was there that any member of the House should not be questioned as to his beliefs, and if the answer were not satisfactory that the House should not be at liberty to object to his taking his seat? After two or three adjournments of the debate the Premier's amendment was virtually withdrawn, and a motion by the Attorney-General was carried to the effect that a committee should be appointed to report whether it was competent to the House to prevent Mr. Bradlaugh, by resolution, from taking the oath.

May 28th.—Committee nominated—twenty-three members.

Mr. Labouchere gives notice to ask leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law of Parliamentary Oaths, to provide that any member may, if he desire, make a solemn affirmation in lieu of taking the oath.

June 2nd.—Mr. Bardlaugh gives evidence before Select Committee, in the course of which he said: "I have never at any time refused to take the oath of allegiance provided by statute to be taken by members; all I did was, believing as I then did that I had the right to affirm, to claim to affirm, and I was then absolutely silent as to the oath; that I did not refuse to take it, nor have I then or since expressed any mental re-

servation, or stated that the appointed oath of allegiance would not be binding upon me, that, on the contrary, I say, and have said, that the essential part of the oath is in the fullest and most complete degree binding upon my honor and conscience, and that the repeating of words of asseveration does not in the slightest degree weaken the binding effect of the oath of allegiance upon me." [It had been persistently represented that Mr. Bradlaugh had refused to take the oath.] "Any form that I went through, any oath that I took, I should regard as binding upon my conscience in the fullest degree."

June 16th.—The committee report that the compliance by Mr. Bradlaugh with the form used when an oath is taken would not be the taking of the oath within the true meaniug of the statutes; that if a member make and subscribe the affirmation in place of taking the oath, it is possible, by means of an action in the High Court of Justice, to test his legal right to do so; and that the committee recommend that should Mr. Bradlaugh again seek to make and subscribe the affirmation he be not prevented from so doing. (Majority in favor of his being allowed to affirm—four.)

June 21st.—Mr. Labouchere moved in the House of Commons that Mr. Bradlaugh be admitted to make an affirmation instead of taking the oath, seconded by Mr. M'Laren. Sir H. Giffard moved a resolution seeking to debar Mr. Bradlaugh from both oath and affirmation. Alderman Fowler seconded, a man who did not believe in a God was not likely to be a man of high moral character. The majority of the people were opposed to an Atheist being admitted to Parliament. Many other members spoke. General Burnaby said the making of the affirmation by Mr. Bradlaugh would pollute the oath. Mr. Palmer said Mr. Bradlaugh had a legal right with which the House had no power to interfere. The Attorney-General said he had come to the conclusion that Mr. Bradlaugh could not take the oath, chiefly on the consideration that he was a person entitled to affirm. Mr. John Bright said it was certainly open to any member to propose to take either oath or affirmation; probably if Mr. Bradlaugh had had any suspicion that the affirmation would have been refused him, he would have taken the oath as other members take it—very much, he was afraid, as a matter of form. Debate adjourned.

June 22nd.—Mr. Gladstone said that the House, by agreeing to the amendment, would poobably be entering on the commencement of a long, embarrassing, and a difficult controversy, not perhaps so much within as beyond the limits of the House, perhaps with the result of ultimate defeat of the House. The more he looked at the case the stronger appeared the

arguments which went to prove that in the essence of the law and the constitution the House had no jurisdiction. In interfering between a member and what he considered his statutory duty, the House might find itself in conflict with either the courts of law or the constituency of Northampton. No doubt an action could not be brought against the House, but he was not so clear that an action could not be brought against the servants of the House. He was still less willing to face a conflict with the constituency. The House had commonly been successful in its controversies with the Crown or House of Lords, but very different was the issue of its one lamentable conflict with a constituency.—Sir Henry Tyler, with execrable taste, dragged in the name of the lady with whom Mr. Bradlaugh is associated in business. At last, by a majority of 45—the numbers voting being 275 and 230—another triumph against liberty was scored.

The *Christian World* regretted that some Nonconformists helped to swell the Tory majority. The *Jewish World* held it as a reproach to Judaism, that members of their community should have gone over to the party which once strove to detain them in bondage. In 1851, Mr. Newdegate protested against the idea "that they should have sitting in the House, an individual who regarded our redeemer as an impostor," and yet Baron de Worms voted with Mr. Newdegate for the exclusion of a man with whose tenets he disagreed. The *Whitehall Review* headed an article "God *v.* Bradlaugh," and said the majority had "protected God from insult."

June 23rd.—Mr. Bradlaugh again claimed at the table of the House of Commons to take the oath, and the Speaker having informed him of the resolution passed the previous evening, requested his withdrawal. Mr. Bradlaugh thereupon asked to be heard, and after some debate the demand was complied with.

Mr. Bradlaugh spoke from the bar of the House, asking no favor, but claiming his right, and warning hon. members against a conflict with public opinion.

Mr. Labouchere moved, and Mr. Macdonald seconded, the rescindment of the resolution of the 22nd, which was lost on division.

Mr. Bradlaugh was then recalled and requested to withdraw from the House. Standing by the table, he said: "I respectfully refuse to obey the order of the House, because the order is against the law." The raging of the bigots and Tories recommenced. Mr. Gladstone declined to help them out of the pit into which they had leapt; "Those who were responsible for the decision might carry it out as they chose." After a sharp discussion Mr. Bradlaugh was, on the motion of Sir

Stafford Northcote, "committeed to the Clock Tower." In the division the numbers were 274 for and 7 against, the Radicals having left the House.

June 24th—On the motion of Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. Bradlaugh is released from custody, "not upon apology, or reparation, or promise not to repeat his offence, but with the full knowledge and clear recollection of his announcement that the offence would be repeated *toties quoties* till his object was effected.".

June 25th.—Mr. Labouchere gives notice of motion to rescind the resolution of the 22nd, and Government agreed to give an early day for the discussion of the same.

June 28th.—Baron de Ferrieres announced his intention to move that the seat for Northampton be declared vacant, and that a Bill be brought in providing for the substitution of an affirmation for the oath at the option of members. Mr. Wyndham (Conservative) asked Mr. Gladstone whether the Government would bring in a Bill to remove all doubts as to the legal right of members to make a solemn affirmation. Mr. Gladstone said the Government did not propose to do so, and gave notice for Thursday, (1st July) to move as a standing order that members-elect be allowd, subject to any liability by statute, to affirm at their choice. Mr. Labouchere then said he would not proceed with his motion. On another motion, however, by the same member, leave was given to bring in a Bill for the amendment of the Parliamentary Oaths and Affirmations, which was read a first time.

July 1st.—After a futile attempt made by Mr. Gorst to show that Mr. Gladstone's resolution was a disorderly one, the Premier, in moving it, said—in the course of an extremely fair speech—that the allegation of members that Mr. Bradlaugh had thrust his opinions upon the House was untrue. His (Mr. Bradlaugh's) reference to the Acts under which he claimed to affirm had only been named in answer to a question from the clerk of the House. Sir Erskine May, in his evidence before the recent committee, stated that Mr. Bradlaugh simply claimed to affirm.

Sir Stafford Northcote admitted that when Mr. Bradlaugh was called upon to affirm he was not disrespectful, but firm. He opposed the resolution as humiliating to the House. Several members protested against any course for facilitating the admission of Mr. Bradlaugh. General Burnaby stated that in order to obtain "authoritative" opinions on the matter he had obtained letters or telegrams from the Moravian body, the Bishop of London, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Ossory, the Bishop of Ratho, the Archbishop of Dublin the Bishop and

of Galway, and the Bishop of Argyle and the Isles, the Secretary of the Pope, all of whom expressed themselves in the strongest terms against the admission of an Atheist into Parliament. Mr. Spurgeon, who was unfortunately from home, had expressed his opinion strongly adverse to it, and the Chief Robbi—(loud laughter)—although refusing to interfere with political questions, felt very deeply on the subject. (Laughter, and cries of "the Sultan," and "Shah.")

When the House divided the numbers were 303 for, and 249 against.

July 2nd.—Mr. Bradlaugh takes the affirmation of allegiance, and his seat.

During the struggle several hundreds of indignation meetings were held in London and the provinces, and petitions, letters, telegrams, etc., in immense numbers, poured in upon the Government and the House, in favor of Mr. Bradlaugh's rights.

July 2nd.—Mr. Bradlaugh gives his first vote, and was thereupon served with a writ to recover against him a penalty of £500 for having voted and sat without having made and subscribed the oath, the plaintiff being one Henry Lewis Clarke, who, as subsequently appeared, was merely the tool of the actual common informer, Charles Newdigate Newdegate, M. P. This writ was ready so quickly that, if not issued actually before Mr. Bradlaugh has taken his seat, it must have been prepared beforehand.

July 8th.—Mr. Norwood asks the First Lord of the Treasury whether, considering the Government declined to introduce a bill to amend the Oaths Act, it would instruct the Law officers of the Crown to defend the junior member for Northampton against the suit of the common informer? Mr. Callan asked whether the Government would remit the penalty? Mr. Gladstone said no application had been received for remission of the penalties, and that his reply to Mr. Norwood must be in the negative.

July 14th.—Read first time in the House of Commons, a Bill "to incapacitate from sitting in Parliament any person who has by deliberate public speaking, or by published writing, systematically avowed his disbelief in the existence of a supreme being." It was prepared and introduced by Sir Eardley Wilmot, Mr. Alderman Fowler and Mr. Hicks. Owing to an informality the Bill could not come on for second reading.

The Rev. Canon Abney, of Derby, speaks of Mr. Bradlaugh as "the apostle of filth, impurity, and blasphemy."

July 16th.—Parliament indemnifies Lord Byron against an action, he having sat and voted without being sworn.

July 20th.—Sir Eardley Wilmot gives notice of moving that it is repugnant to the constitution for an Atheist to become a member of "this Honorable House." He afterwards postponed his motion.

At a meeting of the Dumfries Town Council, a member said: "If the law courts should decide that it was legal for an Atheist to sit in the House of Commons, he should feel it his duty to give notice of petition to Parliament to have the law altered; he would not allow Mr. Bradlaugh to go into a hundred acre field beside cattle, let alone the House of Commons."

The Rev. Charles Voysey writes, that he feels disgraced by the people of Northampton electing Mr. Bradlaugh, and declares that "most of the speeches in the Bradlaugh case in favor of his exclusion, strike me as singularly good, wholesome and creditable." He repeats the myth of Mr. Bradlaugh forcing his objections to the oath upon the House.

July 21st.—Sir John Hay, M. P., speaking about Mr. Bradlaugh at New Galloway, made a most infamous, cowardly, and uncalled-for attack on Mrs. Besant. The *Scotsman* refused to print the remarks, as "the language was so coarse that it could hardly have dropped from a Yahoo."

August 1st.—The *Nineteenth Century* prints "An Englishman's Protest," written by Cardinal Manning, personally directed against Mr. Bradlaugh.

August 24th.—Mr. Bradlaugh gives notice that early next Session he will call attention to perpetual pensions.

September 7th.—Parliament prorogued. Hansard credits Mr. Bradlaugh with about twenty speeches during the Session. (Mr. Newdegate told the Licensed Victuallers that Mr. Bradlaugh "had made one speech, and proved himself a second or third-rate speaker.")

January 6th, 1881.—Parliament reopens. Mr. Bradlaugh renews his notice as to perpetual pensions. Great interest in the question throughout the kingdom.

January 24th.—Mr. Bradlaugh makes a speech in the House of Commons against Coercion in Ireland.

January 31st.—Mr. Newdegate, speaking in the House, described Northampton as an "oasis in the Midland Counties."

February 4th—Mr. Bradlaugh makes a speech against the second reading of the Coercion Bill, and concluded by moving that it be read that day six months.

February 15th.—Date of motion for inquiry into perpetual pensions fixed for March 15th. (When the day arrived, Mr.

Bradlaugh, on an appeal from Mr. Gladstone, allowed the motion to be postponed, in order to allow Supply to be taken. 848 petitions had been presented to the House, with 251,332 signatures in favor of the motion.)

February 17th.—Mr. Dawson, M. P. for Carlow, said that Irish members were much indebted to Mr. Bradlaugh for what he had done on the Coercion Bill.

February 25th.—Mr. Bradlaugh made final speech against third reading of the Coercion Bill

March 7th—The case of Clarke *v.* Bradlaugh heard by Mr. Justice Mathew.

March 10th.—Mr. Bradlaugh brought before the House the case of the imprisoned Maoris.

March 11th.—Judgment in the case given, which was for the plaintiff, that he was entitled to recover the penalty, subject to appeal.. Mr. Bradlaugh gave notice of appeal.

Mr. Gorst gave notice to move that Mr. Speaker issue his warrant for new writ for the borough of Nottingham [!].

March 14th.—Upon Mr. Bradlaugh rising to present petitions against perpetual pensions, signed by over 7,000 persons, Mr. Gorst rose to order, on the ground that the seat for Northampton was vacant. After discussion the Speaker called upon Mr. Bradlaugh to proceed with the presentation of his petitions.

March 15th.—At request of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bradlaugh postponed his motion for inquiry into perpetual pensions. (See above.)

March 23rd—Mr. Bradlaugh moved the Court of Appeal to expedite the hearing of his appeal, and also to expedite the trial of the issues in fact. The Court gave the appeal priority over other cases.

March 28th.—Mr. Bradlaugh made his last appeal in the House against flogging in the Army.

March 30th—Appeal heard.

March 31st.—Judgment given against the defendant. Plaintiff not yet entitled to execution, but seat vacated, Mr. Bradlaugh undertaking not to appeal so far as the affirmation was concerned.

Mr. Bradlaugh again seeks the suffrages of the electors of Northampton.

April 6th.—The Tories serve notice on the Mayor not to accept Mr. Bradlaugh's nomination, which the Mayor disregarded. Mr. Edward Corbett nominated by Tories.

April 9th.—Mr. Bradlaugh re-elected by 3,437 votes to Corbett 3,305.

April 26th.—Mr. Bradlaugh, accompanied by Mr. Labou-

chere and Mr. Burt, came to the table of the House, and, "the book" having been handed to him, was about to take the oath when Sir Stafford Northcote interposing, he was requested to withdraw, in order that the House might consider the new conditions under which the oath was proposed to be taken. Mr. Bradlaugh withdrew to the bar of the House, and Sir Stafford Northcote moved that he be not allowed to go through the form of taking the oath. Mr. Davey moved, and Mr. Labouchere seconded, an amendment to the effect that where a person who had been duly elected presented himself at the table to take the oath he ought not to be prevented from doing so by anything extraneous to the transaction. Other members spoke, and Mr. Bright regretted "the almost violent temper with which some hon. gentlemen came to the consideration of the question.

Mr. Bradlaugh, speaking at the bar, claimed that his return was untainted, that he had not been brought about by the Liberal party, but by the help of the people, by the pence of toilers in mine and factory. He begged the House not to plunge into a struggle with him, which he would shun, strife was easy to begin, but none knew where it would end. There was no legal disqualification upon him, and they had no right to impose a disqualification which was less than legal.

Mr. Gladstone made a lengthy and fine speech in favor of Mr. Bradlaugh, the text of which was Mr. Bradlaugh's own words, given above, as to imposition of a new disqualification; on a division, however the bigots again had it.

Mr. Bradlaugh again stepped to the table, and demanded the administration of the oath, refusing to obey the Speaker's order to withdraw. Sir Stafford Northcote asked the Prime Minister whether he proposed to offer the House any counsel. Mr. Gladstone said he should leave it to the majority to carry out the effects of their vote. Eventually the Speaker called upon the Sergeant-at-Arms to remove Mr. Bradlaugh, who during the debate had been standing at the table. Mr. Bradlaugh withdrawing with the Sergeant three times to the bar, as often returned to the table. After further passages at arms between Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote, the House adjourned.

April 27th—Mr. Bradlaugh again found at the table of the House claiming to be allowed to take the oath. At the bidding of the Speaker the Sergeant-at-Arms again caused Mr. Bradlaugh to withdraw to the bar, where he remained during the discussion which followed.

Mr. Labouchere asked the Prime Minister whether he would give him reasonable facilities to introduce his Affirmation

Bill ; if so Mr. Bradlaugh would not interfere with the resolution passed last night.

Mr. Gladstone said the giving facility for that purpose meant the postponement of very serious and very urgent business, and he had no assurance as to the disposition of the House. He could not see his way to consent if it was to be an opposed Bill. After further discussion, however, Mr. Gladstone said it might be possible to test the feeling of the House by one or more morning sittings.

April 29th—Mr. Gladstone announces the intention of the Government of bringing in a Bill amending the Parliamentary Oaths Act.

May 2nd.—The Attorney-General moved that the House resolve itself into committee with a view of his asking leave to introduce the Bill. Debate on motion adjourned to the 5th, with the view of fixing the time on the 6th when the discussion should be resumed.

Mr. MacIvor gave notice to ask the Prime Minister whether he was prepared to reconsider his decision of last Session, and will introduce "a short measure" for the partial disfranchisement of Northampton. (The question was never put.)

May 6th.—Further obstruction of the bigots.

May 10th.—After 1.15 a.m. the Government proposed a morning sitting for that day (Tuesday), to discuss the introduction of their Bill. Further obstruction, wrath, and bitterness, and the Government abandoned the intention to hold a morning sitting.

At the afternoon sitting a resolution was arrived at, which authorised the Sergeant-at-Arms to prevent Mr. Bradlaugh from entering the House.

Lord Selborne (Lord Chancellor), in reply to a letter relative to Mr. Bradlaugh and the oath, says equal justice is due to Christian and Infidel ; he was no posibility of refusing to afford by legislation to all who scruple to take the oath, the same option in Parliament as they have in courts of law, to make an affirmation.

May 25th.—Mr. Newdegate formally blocked the Bill, of which Mr. Labouchere gave notice, for indemnifying Mr. Bradlaugh against penalties for having sat and voted on affirmation.

June 19th and 20th.—The common informer's action tried at *Nisi prius* before Mr. Justice Grove. Verdict against Mr. Bradlaugh for penalty and costs. *Rule nisi* for new trial afterwards granted by Justices Grove and Lindley ; this rule was made absolute by Justices Denman and Hawkins, but was set aside by Lords Justices Brett, Cotton, and Holker

Mr. Bradlaugh appeals to the country. The country answers, numerous meetings—crowded, enthusiastic, and unanimous—being held.

Aug. 3rd.—Mr. Bradlaugh, acting on his right to enter the House of Commons, is seized at the door of the House by fourteen men, police and ushers (Inspector Denning said ten), and roughly hustled out into Palace Yard, Mr. Bradlaugh protesting against such treatment as illegal. "In the passage leading out to the yard Mr. Bradlaugh's coat was torn down on the right side; his waistcoat was also pulled open, and otherwise his toilet was much disarranged. The members flocked down the stairs on the heels of the struggling party, but no pause was made untill Mr. Bradlaugh was placed outside the precincts and in Palace Yard."—*Times.* Alderman Fowler was heard to call, "Kick him out." This he afterwards denied, but there is evidence that he did so. (Mr. Bradlaugh suffered the rupture of the small muscles of both his arms, and erysipelas ensued.)

Many thousands of people went up to the House with petitions, urging the House to do justice to Northampton and Mr. Bradlaugh.

In the House Mr. Labouchere moved a resolution condemning, as an interference with the privilege of members, the action of the authorities in expelling Mr. Bradlaugh from the lobby. This was rejected by 191 votes against 7; and a motion of Sir Henry Holland, declaring the approval of the House of the course taken by the Speaker, was agreed to without controversy.

At a crowded meeting at the Hall of Science the same evening, Mr. Bradlaugh stated that he had told Inspector Denning in Palace Yard that he could come back with force enough to gain admittance, but that he had no right to risk the lives and liberties of his supporters.

August 4th.—The *Times* declares, in an article favorable on the whole to Mr. Bradlaugh's claims, that the House of Commons was yesterday the real sufferer in dignity, authority, and repute. It says: "the question contains within itself the baleful germ of a grave constitutional contest between the House of Commons and any constituency in the land;" and "such a conflict can but have one conclusion, as all history shows."

The *Daily News*, in a similar article, concludes thus: "Sooner or later it will be generally acknowledged that Mr. Bradlaugh's exclusion was one of the most high-handed acts of which any legislative body has ever been guilty."

The following unique paragraph from *The Rock* is worth preserving in its original form; "The question now is whether

the Christian people of this realm will quietly allow clamorous groups of infidels, Radicals, and seditionists, by organised clamor, bluster, and menace, to overawe the legislature, and by exhibitions of violence—not at all unlikely, if permitted, to develop into outrage and riot—to cause an organic and vital change to be made in our Constitution and laws, in order that brazen-faced Atheism might display itself within the walls of the British Parliament."

Mr. E. D. Girdlestone writes: "If the present Cabinet does not secure your admission to the House in some way or other, I can only wish they may soon be turned out of office. I don't know what more I can do than say, 'Go on! and go in!'"

August 5th.—Mr. Bradlaugh's application at Westminster Police Court for summons against Inspector, for having assaulted him at the House of Commons on the 3rd instant refused.

Mr. Bradlaugh confined to the house with severe erysipelas in both arms, resulting from the injuries inflicted. Attended by Drs. Ramskill and Palfrey. The latter, on August 12th, ordered his immediate removal from town, to prevent yet more dangerous complications.

August 13th.—Mr. Bradlaugh went to Worthing to recruit his health. Outside the station there, weary and exhausted, both arms in a sling, he was rudely stared at by a clergyman, who, having satisfied himself as to Mr. Bradlaugh's identity, walked away saying loudly: "There's Bradlaugh; I hope they'll make it warm for him yet."

The *Northern Star* (a Tory paper) suggested that Mr. Bradlaugh was malingering—"simply carrying on the showman business."

August 24th.—Sir Henry Tyler, in the House of Commons, attempts to discredit the South Kensington department for allowing science and art classes at the Hall of science Mr. Munndella gives those classes great credit.

August 27th.—Parliament prorogued.

Further appeal to England.

January 9th, 1882.—The Earl of Derby, in a speech at the Liverpool Reform Club, says: "For my part I utterly disbelieve in the value of political oaths. . . . I should hope that if Mr. Bradlaugh again offers to take the oath, as he did last year, there will be no further attempt to prevent him."

February 7th—Reopening of Parliament. Mr. Bradlaugh again attended at the table to take the oath, and Sir Erskine May, the clerk of the House, was about to administer the same when Sir Stafford Northcote, interposing, moved that Mr. Bradlaugh be not allowed to go through the form. Sir W.

Harcourt, in moving the previous question, said the Government held the view that the House had no right to interpose between a duly-elected member and the oath.

Mr. Bradlaugh, addressing the House from the bar for the third time, begged the House to deal with him with some semblance and show of legality and fairness. He concluded: "I want to obey the law, and I tell you how I might meet the House still further, if the House will pardon me for seeming to advise it. Hon. members had said that an Affirmation Bill would be a Bradlaugh Relief Bill. Bradlaugh is more proud than you are. Let the Bill pass without applying to elections that have taken place previously, and I will undertake not to claim my seat, and when the Bill has passed I will apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, I have no fear. If I am not fit for my constituents they shall dismiss me, but you never shall. The grave alone shall make me yield."

When a division was taken there were for the previous question 228, against 286. M. Samuel Morley voted with the majority against the Government. Sir Stafford Northcote's motion was then agreed to without a division.

February 8th.—Mr. Labouchere, in committee of the whole House, proposed for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the law of Parliamentary Oaths and Affirmations. The Bill was afterwards formally blocked by Mr. Molloy.

February 17th.—Mr. Labouchere asked the Attorney-General whether the resolution of February 7th had not vacated the seat? Sir Henry James answered that it had not.

February 18th—Mr. Gladstone writes Mr. Bradlaugh that the Government have no measure to propose with respect to his seat.

February 21st.—Mr. Bradlaugh of himself takes and subscribes the oath, and takes his seat.

February 22nd.—Mr. Bradlaugh expelled the House of Commons.

March 2nd.—Re-elected for Northampton. For Bradlaugh, 3,796; for Corbett, 3,688.

March 6th.—On the motion of Sir Stafford Northcote the House reaffirms its motion of the 7th February, Mr. Gladstone supporting an amendment moved by Mr. Majoribanks, by which the House would have declared the desirability of legislation, for the purpose of giving members an option between oath and affirmation.

March 7th.—Lord Redesdale introduces in the House of Lords a Bill, requiring every peer and every member of the House of Commons before taking the oath or making the affirmation, to declare or affirm his belief in Almighty God. The

Bill, introduced "from a sense of what was due to Almighty God," was afterwards withdrawn "in deference to Lord Salisbury."

To this date 317 petitions with 62,168 signatures had been presented against Mr. Bradlaugh being allowed to take his seat; while in favor of the same 1,051, with 250,833 signatures, had been presented.

The electors of Northampton petitioned to be heard at the bar of the House, but their petition was disregarded.

Mr. Labouchere's Affirmation Bill blocked by Earl Percy.

January 11th, 1883.—Mr. Justice Field gave judgment that the privileges of the House of Commons prevented Mr. Bradlough from obtaining any redress for the assault upon him on August 3rd, 1881.

February 15th.—Great demonstration in Trafalgar Square; from eighty to one hundred thousand people present. (*Evening Standard* says 30,000 *Daily News*, 50,000; an hour before the meeting.) Mr. Adams, chairman; Rev. W. Sharman, Jos. Arch, and Mr. Bradlaugh, speakers.

Opening of Parliament. (Mr. Gladstone at Cannes.) Government give notice for to-morrow for leave to introduce Bill to amend the Oaths Act, 1866. Sir R. Cross gives notice of opposition on second reading of same. Mr. Bradlaugh consents, with the approval of his constituents, expressed on the 13th inst., to await the fate of the measure.

February 16th.—Sharp succession of frantic speeches in the House of Commons by Mr. Newdegate, Alderman Fowler, Mr. Warton, Mr. Henry Chaplin, Mr. Onslow, Mr. Grantham, Mr. Beresford Hope, Lord H. Lennox, Lord C. Hamilton, Mr. A. Balfour, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett. and Mr. A. O'Connor. Divisions: from two to three to one for Government. The Marquis of Hartington consents to adjourn the motion for Bill until Monday at twelve.

February 18th—The *Observer* says that when Conservatives ask Liberals whether they really mean to alter the law for the purpose of admitting Mr. Bradlaugh, it is fair for Liberals in turn to ask Conservatives whether they really mean to maintain an admitted abuse and injustice for the mere purpose of excluding Mr. Bradlaugh.

February 19th.—First reading of Bill carried on division by 184 votes to 53; second reading formally fixed for that night week.

February 20th.—*Daily News* says Bill will be carried by large majorities, and be regarded by the House and the country as the appropriate settlement of an unfortunate controversy.

The *Times* says the leaders of the opposition will not suc-

ceed in finally preventing the Bill from becoming law. Its real concern is that Mr. Bradlaugh has been substantially in the right ; that he has been unjustly excluded from taking the seat which belongs to him.

The *Morning Advertiser* thinks the Government may yet find it difficult to persuade the House to adopt the Bill.

The *Morning Post* justifies the irregular opposition to the first reading of the Bill, and thinks notice of the measure should have been given in the Queen's Speech. No measure had created more excitement or raised more indignation in the country, which desired to see it rejected by a decisive majority.

March 5th.—Appeal case Bradlaugh *v.* Clarke part heard before the House of Lords.

March 6th.—Case concluded ; judgment deferred.

March 9th.—Action for maintenance—Bradlaugh *v.* Newdegate—tried before Lord Coleridge and a special jury. Henry Lewis Clarke, the common informer, swore that he had not the means to pay the costs, and would not have brought the action if he had not been indemnified by Mr. Newdegate. Case adjourned for argument of legal points.

March 17th.—Maintenance action argued ; four counsel appearing for Mr. Newdegate. Lord Coleridge reserved judgment.

March 20th.—The Solicitors to the Treasury compelled Mr. Bradlaugh to pay the costs of the House of Commons in the action against the deputy Surgeant-at-Arms.

April 9th.—Judgment delivered by House of Lords in Bradlaugh *v.* Clarke. The judgment of the Intermediate Court was reserved, Mr. Clarke's action being dismissed with costs, and the respondent in this appeal ordered to pay costs of the same. The Lord Chancellor and Lords Watson and Fitzgerald concurred in this judgment ; Lord Blackburn dissented, as did also Lord Denman, who, although not a law lord, took part in the judgment. (See below, April 12th.)

" From 2nd July, 1880, to the 9th April, 1883, two years, nine months and seven days of weary litigation, very hard fighting, fearful waste of time and money, and many sore disappointments. Court after court decided against me, and Whig and Tory journals alike mocked at me for my persistent resistance. Even some good friends thought that my fight was hopeless, and that the bigots held me fast in their toils. I have, however, at last shaken myself free of Mr. Newdegate and his common informer. The judgment of the House of Lords in my favor is final and conclusive, and the boasts of the Tories that I should be made bankrupt for the penalties have now, for ever, come to nought.....The days and weeks spent in the law courts,

the harassing work connected with each stage of the litigation, the watching daily when each hearing was imminent, the absolute hindrance of all provincial lecturing—it is hardly possible for anyone to judge the terrible mental and pecuniary strain of all this long drawn-out struggle. To those who speak of the long continuance of this litigation it is perhaps necessary to recall that in no sense does any particle of blame rest with me. When, in 1881, Mr. Flowers, the magistrate at Bow Street, suggested that both sides should stay proceedings, I at once readily consented, but Mr. Newdegate's attorney and counsel absolutely scoffed at the idea. Later, when the case came before Mr. Vaughan, Mr. G. Lewis, at my wish, intimated to Mr. E. Clarke, Q.C., M.P., who appeared on behalf of Mr. Newdegate at Bow Street, that I desired to settle the case, for I was then very ill from the injury of August 3rd, and I would willingly have paid £200, or even £300, costs; but the Tories meant I should be bankrupt, and they would listen to no terms."—Charles Bradlaugh in *National Reformer*.

The *Daily News* says: This judgment is of the very greatest importance. It is indeed, so far as the pecuniary consequences of his proceedings go, a complete victory for Mr. Bradlaugh. All the actions brought, or intended to be brought, against him fall to the ground. The writs issued against him are waste paper. Mr. Clarke, or rather M. Newdegate, will have to pay the costs of this suit in the courts before which it has come, and Mr. Bradlaugh has nothing to fear from the indignant virtue or excited greed of the common informer..... Mr. Newdegate's position is not altogether an enviable one. After a long and obstinate struggle, and many successful strokes for the support of the faith by penalties, he has suddenly met at the last moment with an irreparable reverse. It is difficult to feel much sympathy with him in misfortunes which he has brought upon himself, and perhaps it would be premature to condole with him before the Lord Chief Justice has decided the case of Bradlaugh *v.* Newdegate.

The *Globe* says it is an untoward event.

April 10th, 13th, 14th.—Criminal trial for blasphemy before Lord Chief Justice in Court of Queen's Bench, Queen *v.* Bradlaugh, Foote, and Ramsey. The alleged libels appeared in the *Freethinker*. The prosecutor was Sir Henry W. Tyler, M. P., and the pablic prosecutor gave his fiat for the prosecution. Messrs, Foote and Ramsey were brought up in custody from Holloway Gaol, where they were serving sentences on another charge for blasphemous libels in the Christmas number of the *Freethinker* for 1882. The Lord Chief Justice consented to Mr. Bradlaugh's application to be indicted apart from the other two

defendants. Verdict of the jury, "Not Guilty." The trial of Messrs. Foote and Ramsey postponed. During the trial of Mr. Bradlaugh, it appeared that the prosecution had unlawfully examined the account of Mr. Bradlaugh at the St. John's Wood branch of the London and South-Western Bank. The *Daily News* said: A discreditable prosecution, which, in its motive and spirit, was clearly persecution, has broken down. The *Times*: It has been a faulty move.

April 12th—In the House of Commons, in replying to Mr. Labouchere, the Home Secretary read a letter from the Lord Chancellor in which the Lord Chancellor said: "If it had not been known that any opinion which Lord Denman had expressed would not have affected the result, a remonstrance would no doubt have been made."

In reply to Mr. M'Lagan, the Attorney-General announced that when the Affirmation Bill was being considered in Committee, the Government would be willing to introduce words which would limit its effect to members who may be elected after it has become law.

In the Lower House of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, the recommendation of the committee on Parliamentary matters that the Affirmation Bill be "opposed to the uttermost," and that the bishops be requested to oppose it, was carried by a large majority.

April 23rd, 26th, 30th May 1st.—Debates in House of Commons on second reading of Parliamentary Oaths Act (1886) Amendment Bill.

April 23rd.—The Lord Chief Justice gives judgment in Bradlaugh *v.* Newdegate (action for "maintenance,") in favor of Mr. Bradlaugh. Damages referred to official referee.

May 3rd.—Debate on second reading of Bill resumed. Division: for, 289; against, 292; majority against, 3.

May 4th.—Mr. Bradlaugh asks to be allowed to take the oath at the table of the House of Commons, or to be heard at the bar. Sir Stafford Northcote moved that he be not allowed to go through the form of taking the oath. Mr. Bradlaugh is allowed to address the House from the bar. Mr. Labouchere moved "the previous question," 165; against, 271. Majority for Sir Stafford Northcote's motion, 106.

The *Times* says the introduction of the Affirmation Bill has vindicated the good faith of the Government. The *Daily Telegraph:* At the gravest risk of misconstruction, and indeed in the face of the bitterest and most unmerited obloquy, they have vindicated the greatest of the great principles which have guided the steps and ennobled the history of their party. The *Daily News:* The forces of bigotry and intolerance have triumphed.

The *Morning Post* : We have won ! The Commons of England in the early hours after Ascension Day, have decided against the infamous Bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone, and have vindicated the claim of this country to be regarded as a God-fearing and Christian state. The *Scotsman* : The defeat is on all grounds to be regretted, and chiefly on the ground that it will promote an agitation in the country of which comparatively little has yet been seen. The *Echo* : What the Tories have won the country has lost, and though the loss may not be felt for the moment, it will be seen after many days. The *Journal des Debats*, in concluding an admirable article, says : "we shall see, in a future nigh at hand, the result of this deplorable victory of intolerance and pharisaism."

The *New York Sun ;* It is settled, then, that the House of Commons is willing to place itself on record as the most bigoted assembly that exists in any part of the civilised world.

May 31st—Lord Randolph Churchill withdrew the motion of which he had given notice, the effect of which if it had been carried, would have been to prohibit Mr. Bradlaugh from even taking his seat in a new Parliament without a special resolution authorising him to do so.

PREFACE.

—oo—

As one privileged to enjoy the friendship of the Hon'ble Dwarkanath Mitter till the last moment of his life, nothing would have given me greater pleasure than to see one of his eminent friends or a literary man of reputation to undertake his Memoir. I would have been glad to assist him with my notes and reminiscences. But years passing away without any work of the kind announced, I felt that the matter could not be longer deferred without prejudice, particularly as there was no hope of a superior man taking it in hand. Accordingly I have ventured to put together my recollections and the information and materials I could collect. They are here offered with all their imperfections on their head. They may at least be received as materials towards a fuller and worthier Biography.

It is easy to carp at the best work. Mine will be found easy game to those disposed to find fault. None can ever be so impressed with its defects of omission and commission as I am. I can only hope that those who criticise will seriously think, first, on the difficulties of a foreigner writing a book in English and, next, of the inherent difficulties of making such a Biography as this generally interesting.

Undertaking the work with reluctance, and in the face of its difficuties, I commenced under great discouragement of various kinds. I am bound to acknowledge the kindnes of those who have assisted me in any way. My grateful acknowled gments are due to Babu Poorno Chunder Shome of the subordinate judicial service for supplying me with a number of anecdotes of the early days of the subject of the memoir, to the members of the Dutt Family of Wellington Square for much of the correspondence and other informations given in the following pages, to Mr. W. Austin Montriou of the Calcutta Bar

and Mr. Kelly of the Civil Service for looking over the first 64 pages. To my friend Babu Shambu Chunder Mookerjea, the accomplished Editor of *Reis and Rayyat* my special thanks are due for carefully revising the remainder of the work, for corrections and improvements in it and supplying additional information from his own knowledge. My humble undertaking owes much to the early and earnest encouragement of Babu Brojendro Coomar Seal, the distinguished Native Judge and Babu Taraprosad Chatterjea, the accomplished Deputy Magistrate. Both of them have taken the greatest interest in the book throughout its progress.

As soon as my intention was announced in the press of publishing the life, provided 400 copies were subscribed for, His Highness the Nawab of Moorshedabad and Her Highness the Maharanee Surnomoye, C.I.E., of Cossim Bazar subscribed and paid (Rs. 50 and Rs. 200) for 10 and 40 copies respectively ; for this encouragement I cannot be too grateful to them. To the 350 gentlemen who subscribed before I put to press the first sheets, thus showing not only their interest in the work, but as I take it, some confidence to me, I am most thankful.

I have not ventured to print a large number of copies in anticipation of a posssible sale. Such a demand will, I suppose, depend in the reception of the book by the press. If the extra copies are quickly sold, it will be easy for me to bring out another edition in no time.

I regret I have not been able to present a photographic likeness of Dwarkanath. The Oil-painting now in possession of the family has been too much defaced to admit of a faithful impression being taken ofit.

DEDICATION.

TO

THE HON'BLE ROMESH CHUNDER MITTER,

One of the Judges of Her Majesty's High Court

of Judicature, at Fort William in Bengal.

My Lord,

I do not know to whom I can with greater propriety dedicate these pages, than to your Lordship on whom the mantle of the subject of this Memoir has so deservedly fallen and who has so well sustained the character of the native part of the highest bench in the Empire acquired and established by your eminent predecessors and raised to the highest pitch by the last incumbent. But you have a special claim on my gratitude in connection with this little book as one who heartily encouraged me in the writing of it.

May you continue to serve the State and your country as ably, zealously and honorably as you are doing and to command the affection of your countrymen without in the least forfeiting the regard of Europeans is, my lord, the fervent prayer of

Berhampore,
1st March 1883.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Birth and College Career	1
Anecdotes of his School days	27
Early struggles including his triumph as a pleader	47
On the Bench	65
His private pursuits when on the Bench including his correspondence with eminent men here and in England ...	79
Positivism	129
Social engagements	149
His seizure with an attack of Cholera and his sojourn at a Suburban Villa ...	165
His collision with two big wigs	179
The last chapter of his official life ...	196
The closing scene	201
Appendix I. containing speeches at the Dwarkanath Memorial Meeting ...	I
Appendix II. Translation of a scientific work made by Dwarkanath from French to English	XXXVII

THE LIFE OF Mr. JUSTICE DWARKANATH MITTER.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and College Career.

ONE of those keen intellects and noble characters of which nature is so sparing has been lost to us by the untimely death of Dwarkanath Mitter; and the importance of his career to his countrymen demands that some account of his life be recorded. Cut off as he was in the maturity of his powers and the hey-day of his fame, his memory and example live, and will continue to live and to animate many a future generation. To have won his way to the highest place—by the simple force of a strong intellect and moral integrity without even a suspicion of subservience—is a feat almost without parallel—"In his walk through life there was no obtrusiveness, no pushing, no elbowing, none of the little arts which bring forward little men." Shall we not then cherish and set on high the example, the dear memory of our Dwarkanath!

The life of Dwarkanath Mitter divides itself into three parts. His early life and school days from 1833 to 1855. His career as an advocate from 1856; to 1867; and as a judge from 1867 to 1873. We

shall dwell at some length on the first of these periods, because it is the one least familiar to his countrymen at large, and in which the seeds of that culture, which bore so splendid fruits in later years, were sown.

Dwarkanath Mitter was born in 1833 at the village of Augunisi in the district of Hughli. His father, Huro Chunder Mitter, was then a *Mukhtear* (law agent) practising in the Hughli Courts. From his infancy Dwarkanath evinced great quickness of apprehension and intelligent curiosity. He could read well in his fourth year. Having acquired the rudiments of Bengali and of Arithmetic at the village *Patshala* (school) he was sent in his seventh year, to the Hughli Branch School. His marvellous quickness caused his promotion in 1846 to the 2nd class of the Hughli Collegiate School, when he had but just completed his 13th year. Here we relate a characteristic anecdote of those early days.

Very shortly after his transfer to the Hughli College, Dwarkanath was sitting alone in one of the College rooms, slate in hand, engaged in working Algebraic problems, when a fellow student, who had earned some reputation as a scholar, happened to pass. Dwarkanath, fond as he was, even at that early age, of intellectual fencing, resolved to have a passage of arms, and asked the boy to explain what he called an Algebraical paradox. "You admit" said he, "that *zero* divided by *zero* is equal to one. You also admit that a divided by a is equal to one. Therefore *zero* divided by *zero* is equal to a divided by a.

Multiplying both sides of the equation by *zero*, we have *zero* divided by *zero* equal to *zero* divided by *a*. Now *zero* divided by *zero* is equal to one. *Zero* divided by *a* is equal to *zero*. Therefore one is equal to *zero*. This apparent paradox puzzled the boy, but it led to an acquaintance which grew into a lasting friendship. The boy, here alluded to, maintained, in generous rivalry, a close contest with Dwarkanath for all the prize of college-life, and stood but second to his friend. His name is Baboo Poornachunder Shome who is now one of the ornaments of the Judicial service.

Before quitting the Branch School, Dwarkanath, when he had scarcely completed his 13th year, competed for a Junior Scholarship but unsuccessfully. In 1847, just after joining the College, he won a Junior Scholarship of Rs. 8 a month, which he retained for two years on passing the usual examination. In 1849, he obtained "Rani Katayaoni's (Dowager Rani of Kandhi) Scholarship" of 18 Rupees a month. At the examination of 1850 he stood first in the list of successful candidates for one of the Senior Scholarships of Rs. 30 a month. About this time the Hon'ble J. E. D. Bethune, President of the Council of Education, whose mathematical attainments were of the highest order, and who was well known by his life of Galileo, introduced great changes into the curriculum of College studies. Mathematics, which had hitherto held a position subordinate to that of literature, now came to occupy the most prominent place. Analytical Conic Sections

superceded Geometrical Conic Sections; and the highest branches of transcendental Analysis, the Differential and Integral Calculus were introduced. Many well-informed persons, in whose estimate Bethune, as a friend of Native Education, stands below David Hare only, trace the deterioration of student's English to these changes; but Dwarkanath, whose mature educational views were based on those of Auguste Comte, and one of whose recreations in after-life was Calculus, always spoke of Mr. Bethune's educational reforms in terms of admiration.

While on this subject it will neither be uninteresting nor unprofitable to notice some incidents in connection with Hon'ble J. E. D. Bethune who was not only the President of the Council of Education, but Law Member of the Supreme Council of India. In his dual capacity, he has rendered great services both to the cause of Education and Legislation. When in 1850, an attack of cholera carried off this good and great man, the event had a stunning effect on Dwarkanath, who though yet a humble scholar and not in a position to bask in the sunshine of the President's smile and sympathy, could well appreciate the loss the cause of education had sustained by his premature death. "The study of man" says Lord Bacon," "is the end of all knowledge." It is the centre to which all converge. To those of our young men of this generation who aspire to be analogues of Pericles, of Demosthenes, of Pitts, of Fox, or of Richelieu, a careful study of the public utterances of this man during his short sojourn in India may well be commended.

I venture to rescue from oblivion the following resolution of the Council of Education.

"That the Council desire to record their deep sense of the loss their own body and the cause of education in India have sustained by the death, of the late President, the Hon'ble John E. Drinkwater Bethune.

"A cultivated mind ; a catholic taste for and apprecia tion of general literature, combined with more than ordinary proficiency in the exact Science ; lofty views of the duty of education, and an ardent desire for the dissemination of its benefits, rendered him peculiarly fit to direct the course of public instruction ; and the exercise of these qualities were so prompted by benevolence, so regulated by conscientious sense of responsibillty, and so frequently accompanied by acts of personal munificence as to earn for Mr. Bethune a high place among those who have laboured for the improvement and development of tho native mind, and to entitle him to the admiration of his own countrymen, and the affectionate gratitude of the inhabitants of the country.

"As the last testimony which the Council have it in their power to offer to the memory of their late lamented colleague, they have resolved to embody in their own report, the addresses made by him in February and March last to the students of Kishnagore and Dacca Colleges, after the distribution of prizes in those institutions."

Extract from the address to the students of the Kishnagore College.

"I miss among you the intelligent countenance of one who last year was counted among the brightest ornaments of your College, and whose premature death, in the bloom

of his youth, has excited the regret alike of his teachers, and his class-fellows, poor Umbicachuran Ghose ! I saw his eye lighten last year, when from this chair I exhorted you to exert yourselves to maintain the honor of your College, and assuredly I reckoned that he would not have failed to do his part. He has been taken from us ; it has pleased God that the promise of his early years, should not ripen to bear its mature fruits ; but though he is dead, his name and memory live among us. I noticed with melancholy pleasure the monumental tablet your kind recollection of your late companion has placed on the walls of your College, and by which, while seeking to record his merits, you have also done honor to yourselves. Look on it not merely as a memorial of departed worth, but as a pledge that you will endeavour to take him for an example ; that you, who have known how to appreciate his intellectual pre-eminence and his moral excellence, will seek to emulate his industry, his docility, his virtuous disposition ; when you feel tempted to act in any way of which you know that he would have been ashamed, pause and reflect that his eulogium be not turned to your condemnation.

"And you, Umesh Chunder Dutt, whom I have so often had occasion to mark out for praise, be assured of this that not even in that moment, which you probably thought the proudest in your life, when from this place I hailed you as the first scholar of your year throughout Bengal, not even then did I look on you with so kindly a feeling or so heartily desire to serve you, as when I heard of your affectionate kindness to your dying friend and competitor ; when I learned how carefully you have tended him in his malignant disorder, undeterred by the terror of contagion, which is often found powerful enough

to break through stronger natural ties than those which bound you to your departed friend. I doubt not that your own approving conscience has already amply rewarded you: for it is in the plan of the all-wise contriver of the world that *every sincere act of kindness to a fellow creature carries with it its own peculiar inimitable joy*; but it is also my pleasing right to tell you that your behaviour in this matter has not been unobserved; and that by it you have raised yourself higher in the good opinion of those, whose good opinion I believe you are desirous of deserving. May such examples multiply among us! May we have many such students, as Umbika churn Ghose! may your conduct one towards another be so marked with brotherly love, that it shall cease to call for particular notice or special commendation. Let these be fruits of knowledge, and who shall then venture to say that a blessing is not upon the tree."

To return to our story: In 1851 Dwarkanath stood first of the candidates from all the Colleges, and acquitted himself so creditably that Mr. James Kerr, the Principal, and Mr. Robert Thwaytes, a Professor, of the Hughli College, warmly congratulated him on the brilliant success he had achieved, the latter remarking "you are the smallest in bulk, yet greatest in point of merit." In that year he obtained the highest stipened then awarded to a student *viz.*, Rs. 40 a month. In 1852 he was promoted to the 1st class of the College department. At the next examination held in 1853, he was equally successful, and retained his scholarship of Rs. 40 a month. His papers on History and his Essay were published among the productions of distinguished

Scholars from the different Colleges. These exercises are remarkable for the excellence of their English style and their vigorous reasoning. It was in this year that Dwarkanath carried off Mr. David Money's Gold Medal for the best English Essay at the Hughli College. The year 1854 was the culminating point of his College career and witnessed a series of his intellectual triumphs. To retain his scholarship of Rs. 40 for another year, Dwarkanath was required to obtain 75 per cent. of the aggregate number of marks; and he acquitted himself brilliantly. He passed successfully in all subject of examination, carried off again Mrs. Money's Gold Medal, and not content with these trophies, competed for the Library Medal and won it. The last was not won without a severe struggle in competition with students very much senior to him in years. All his papers at the exanination were published by the Council of Education at Calcutta in their Educational Report of 1854-55.—They are all worth reproducing, but I must content myself with quoting one of his English Essays and a paper on History.

ESSAY.

What man has done, man may do.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime ;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time ; —
Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Longfellow.

Not fortune's slave is man : our state
Enjoins while firm resolves await
On wishes just and wise,
That strenuous action follow both
And life be one perpetual growth
Of heavenward enterprise.

Wordsworth.

What noble and spirit-stirring sentiments are embodied in the mottos before us! The first calls upon us in a language at once beautiful and energetic to study the lives of the great and noble spirits that have in different ages blessed our planet, to mark every important feature in their character and take them as the models of our imitation that "we can make our lives sublime," and that we may at our departure from this great scene leave behind us examples for the imitation of others----examples that may guide and support them in their passage through life, and arm them with courage to encounter, and perseverance

to overcome the greatest difficulties, chance and accident may throw in their way. The other motto emphatically tells us that however great the empire of Fortune may be supposed by some, man, the image of his glorious Creator, can, if he like, place himself far above the reach of her influence, and that good and benevolent wishes on his part, when supported by firm resolutions to put them into execution, can make his life, in spite of every fortuitous accident, a continual tissue of great and noble deeds and a perpetual preparation for his restoration to the "blissful seat." Although both of these mottos breathe the same spirit of moral advice, let us for the sake of clearness consider them separately.

There is no branch of knowledge which directly produces a more powerful influence in improving our conduct and in exalting us in the scale of excellence than the biography of eminent and great men. By great men we do not refer to princes and lords; for these are "but the breaths of kings," and to speak in the language of Young "a fool that wears a title lies." On the other hand, the man, who has so succeeded in preserving the rectitude of his heart amidst the incessant temptations of vice, who has preserved one even tenor of virtuous conduct in the most trying situations "flesh is heir to," who has opened new fields of moral and intellectual inquiry for human pursuit; or has thrown light on subjects that tend to enlighten the human mind, is truly deserving of the title "great." Persons like him are among the noblest works of God, and worthy of every body's imitation. They are like beacons in "life's solemn main," and our frail barks tossed by the merciless waves of fortune can only be saved by following their "footprints." They are "the salt of the earth that seasons human kind."

When we think upon the perils they encountered and the glory they obtained by surmounting them, we are not only lost in silent admiration, but forgetting for some time the limited scope of our abilities, and as if "inspired by a fortitude from heaven," we strain every nerve to follow their noble example and to vindicate our importance in the creation. When we see them dying like Scorates or reigning like Aurelius, employed like Newton in exploring the ever-extending realms of science, or bravely fighting like the noble Washington for the liberties of his country, instinctive feelings of reverence arise and fill our minds; and remembering our kindred nature to them we are excited to trace steps in those noble paths that they struck out. The present advanced state of the world is in a great measure the work of such inspiration. It is a fact admitted on all sides, that generally speaking the condition of mankind is in both social and moral respects continually improving. Continual progress is the law of human nature. But to what cause is this superiority of the present over the past to be attributed? Is it because modern times have produced greater intellects than ancient times? This is very doubtful. Ancient Greece and Rome produced men who (as far as greatness and originality of genius are concerned) can stand in fair competition with the mightiest minds of modern times. The progress of human nature is therefore, in a great measure, to be attributed to that spirit which, while it teaches us to imitate, enables us at the same time to surpass our predecessors. The great genius of Newton was led by the light of Bacon's philosophy; and the successors of Newton, among whom were men like Laplace and Lagrange, followed the path he struck out, and found ample work for their

great minds to be engaged in exploring the inexhaustible field of knowledge he had opened to their view. But it is always to be carefully borne in mind, that it is incumbent upon us to imitate the excellencies of great men and to avoid as far as we can their failings. No reverence for their virtues must be allowed to consecrate faults, and errors. For the further elucidation of this subject let us take the example of Bacon. That Bacon was in many respects far in the van of mankind, no one can possibly deny ; and it must be the constant care of every one to imitate him as far as it lies in his power in those respects. But that he was in many other respects far behind his fellow-creatures is equally undeniable, and while imitating his excellencies we must not forget ourselves so far as to imitate his faults and errors. While we must do all we can to follow Bacon as he is characterized by Pope by the first epithets in the last line of his well-known antithesis, it must be our constant duty to avoid the last trait of character ascribed to him by the poet in the same line. We must reject the idols Bacon has warned us against, but we must not fall flat at the shrine of those other idols he himself worshipped.

Compared with the revolutions which great men have brought forward in the moral and intellectual condition of mankind, every other change utterly loses its importance. While the great contest about the classification of the animal kingdom was doubtfully going on between Geoffroy and Cuvier, the poet Goethe happened one day to meet one of his friends newly come from Paris and asked him how was the "great explosion" going on. His friend mistaking what he meant, answered that the revolution (the French Revolution) had come to that pass that there was a great probability of the Royal

family being banished. The old poet cried "pooh" to this reply, and said that he asked about the other revolution, the true revolution of the mind, the revolution, that will affect the whole world. Napoleon on one occasion in Egypt could not refrain from saying that, instead of treading in the footsteps of Alexander he would have better liked to tread in those of Newton. Such are the charms of moral and intellectual excellence, charms, which, while they dazzle us by their splendour, excite us to try our best for possessing them. Thus emboldened and thus benifitted by noble examples, it may happen that others following us may tread in our footsteps and imitate our glory. Our unflinching perseverence in moral rectitute may strike succeeding generations with admiration, and our meekness in prosperity and patience in adversity may perhaps raise the drooping spirits of many "a forlorn and shipwrecked brother."

Let us now return to our other motto. Human life, as the Stoics said, is a game of mixed chance and skill. But it depends in a great measure on our own selves whether we are above or below "chance." If to "wishes just and wise" we combine "firm resolves," and if "strenuous action follow both," we can, even when crossed by fortune, maintain our proper dignity and can smile at the greatest injuries she may inflict upon us. To entertain such wishes as are really worthy of being entertained, to adhere with unflinching resolution to their execution, are duties imperative upon human nature, and, if strictly obeyed, can never fail to make man inacessible to all the freaks of fortune. To a man of this character, wherever he is placed and to whatever difficulties exposed, the whole world is an inexhaustible source of delight, and we can justly say with Thompson "I care

not fortune what you me deny." His mind is at all extremities supported by thoughts like those which "dignified the poverty of Turgot and brightened the declining years of Franklin." Such a course of life is the proper end of man's existence, and his deficiency in any of these three points "wishes wise and just," "firm resolves," and "strenuous action," renders him proportionally subject to the influence of fortune; and an utter neglect of them makes him her "slave." Mere good wishes, to speak in the language of Bacon though "God accept them, are little better than good dreams." If we intend a noble object and make no effort to carry it out, we leave out a capital part of our duty, a part upon which great stress ought to be laid and for which chiefly, as it appears from the consideration of many circumstances in our moral and intellectual constitution we have been made by our great and wise Creator. If we allow "the native hue of resolution" to be "sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought," we subject ourselves to every evil which irresolution can entail upon mankind. A man, who merely entertains good wishes, and rests contented without trying as far as he is able to convert those wishes into solid acts, can be very easily dispensed with in society; nor can he meet with our moral approbation. How poignant yet how true is the following remark on Sterne. It is very cuttingly observed by a critic that Sterne had "too much sentiment to have feeling," and how painful is it to reflect that a man, who could write such pathetic lines upon the misery of a bird confined in a cage, could suffer his own mother to rot in jail for debt when he himself was in affluent

plenty. The greatest depths of sentimental feelings like those of Sterne can not be offered as an excuse for the least neglect of active duty; on the other hand, the man who gains noble ends by noble means or, failing, smiles in banishment or captivity is truly great, and his life alone is "one perpetual growth of heavenward enterprise."

DWARKANATH MITTER,
Hooghly College,
FIRST CLASS
Senior Scholar, 1853-54.

കേരള സാഹിത്യ അക്കാദമി

PAPER ON HISTORY 1851-52.

Morning Paper.

Question (1) Guizot says:---Two revolutions, one visible and even glaring, the other hidden and unknown, were taking place at this epoch; the first, in the kingly power of Europe, the second in the state of society, and the manners of the English people. Explain this.

(2.) Mention the chief proceedings of the second Parliament of Charles.

(3.) Give the names of the leading men in the third Parliament. What was the petition of Rights?

(4.) Who were the chief advisers of Charles after the dissolution of his third Parliament? By what means did they govern between 1629-40?

(5.) What effect did their tyrannical measures produce on the country at large?

(6.) Give particulars of the impeachment and trial of Strafford. What was his character?

Answer.

(1.) Royalty in Europe was at this time becoming well-nigh absolute. The doctrines of devine right and passive obedience were but feebly contested where they were not openly acknowledged. In France, in Spain, in fact in all the kingdoms of the continent, the turbulence of the barons and the landed aristocracy was extinguished. Freed from the trammels and restraints put upon it in ruder ages, the kingly power was exercising a paramount and undenied influence upon the lives and properties of the subjects. The barons forgetting

the sense of their own defeat flocked in large numbers to the courts of their sovereigns, there to grace the triumph and to celebrate the pomp of their victors. The burghers and the lesser gentry were engaged in their own private concerns, and were yet unfit to take any share in the administrative capacity of the Government. In fact the progress of property and wealth, of reason and philosophy, all contributed to and celebrated the absolute powers of kings. Royalty in England was no exception to this general movement. Since the accession of the Tudor dynasty, the English throne was successively filled by a number of despots, before whom the aristocracy bowed and the people grew pale. Henry VIII. at once master of the church and state "wielded at will his royal" sceptre and began the "metamorphosis" of barons into courtiers. Wearied and impoverished by their mutual dissensions, above all by the wars of the Roses, the aristocracy followed in large numbers, the calls of their sovereign, and passed their days in pouring forth servile flattery at the feet of the throne. Elizabeth completed the "metamorphosis" begun by her father. The vigour of her foreign policy, the perils of a female virgin monarch, the gracefulness of her manners, and the haughty but powerful character of her disposition,—all contributed to inspire her subjects with awe and veneration, love and respect. James I. connected with the blood of Guise, and with some of the continental monarchs by means of his family reminiscences, preserved, though in a less degree, the absolute power of Royalty. "The king of England," said he to his Parliament, "must not be worse than his equals;" and in fact such was the effect of the example set by the

monarchs of continental Europe, that the English nation did not attempt to devise any effectual restraint upon the arbitrary administration of James. Nursed in the bosom of absolutism and fed by "the stimulating aliment," it furnished Charles the First, inherited from his father, the notion of "*jure divino*" sovereignty. On his visit to Spain and France, for the completion of marriage treaty with the *Infanta*, he became dazzled with the reception offered to him. He saw the servility and sycophancy of the courtiers and barons, the humble submission of the people all gracing the triumph of "monarchy majestic," and returned home full of those notions of all powerful royalty, which eventually brought him to the scaffold. But while on the continent, no restraints were imposed upon the kingly authority, in England a counter-revolution was internally going on and imperceptibly mining away the ground beneath the feet "of pure monarchy." This revolution was in the state of society, and the manners of the English people. For a while, in the sixteenth century the English Commons sought repose. Forsaken by the leaders and impoverished by their mutual dissensions, they abandoned all hopes of fighting out the battle of liberty against the encroachments of the crown. But internal peace soon infused new blood into their languid frames; and the greater accumulation of property among them brought forward the necessity of procuring greater securities. The House of Commons in England was not an ill-combined coalition of peasants and citizens as in the continent. It consisted of the most numerous classes of aristocracy, persons of property and honorable parentage who recalled to their memories the glory of their ancestors. The sale of

the crown lands begun by Henry VIII. and continued by Elizabeth, added greatly to the extension of their property and riches, and they soon endeavoured to put effectual restraints on the rapacity of their monarchs. The reformation a part of which belonged to the people, and was undertaken in the name and ardour of faith, soon inspired them with spirit and hopes to carry on their glorious measures. In the reign of Elizabeth, this movement made itself felt in some degree, but under the feeble government of James and Charles its strong efficiency became apparent and even glaring.

(2.) Among the chief proceedings of the second Parliament of Charles, the impeachment of Buckingham was the principal. That insolent minister had by his pretensions and weakness rendered himself extremely unpopular, and the absolute dominion he exercised upon Charles led the Commons to impeach him on the authority of "public rumour." They also forwarded some protests, for raising money under the name of loans and imprisoning those who refused to pay them.

(3.) The leading members of the House of Commons in the third Parliament of Charles were Pym, John Elliot, Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards the grand apostate to the cause of public liberty, Sir Robert Phillips, Mr. Glenvile and Sir Edward Coke. These were the glorious champions of liberty, who first began the task of attacking, storming and dismantling the fortresses of despotism, and of imposing upon Charles more efficacious and powerful restraints than the laws had hitherto devised. The Petition of Rights was a bill prepared by the House of Commons. After re-

capulating the ancient rights and privileges of the people and the violations committed up to the present time, it complained of the four principal points of natural grievance; (1) Illegal taxation; (2) Arbitrary commitment of free citizens and the denial of the rights of the Habeas Corpus Act; (3) Billeting of soldiers without their free consent; and (4) Trial by martial law, which although necessary in some measure for the preservation of discipline in the army, was yet unwarranted by the constitution of the country. All arbitrary imposts without the free consent of the Commons, whether in the shape of forced loans, tonnage and poundage, were declared illegal, and the petition was forwarded to the king for sanction.

(4.) Among the advisers of Charles after dissolution of his third Parliament, the most conspicuous were Laud, Strafford, Noy and Finch. The first who was the chief primate of the kingdom proved himself pre-eminently the "evil genius" of this reign. Far opposed to the healing counsels of Burleigh and Bacon, he irritated every difference in the bosom of the Church; and subjected those who failed to subscribe to his doctrine of the divine origin of kings and Bishops, to the most cruel and unwarrantable persecution ever done to humanity. The odious Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission furnished him with the means of wreaking his vengeance on those who differed from his opinions in the least possible degree. Sometimes approximating to Popery, sometimes receding from it, persecuting the Puritans and non-conformists, upholding with the most odious and culpable measures the power of the Church, and next to it that of the king, he applied every nerve to establish the sole dominion

of Episcopacy, a Church he eventually led to ruin. Under the pretended mark of Arminianism he endeavoured to re-establish Church-authority and priest-craft, to cement its alliance with prerogative, and thus to render the king absolute. Even his prudent and unwarrantable measures for checking all abuses in the management of the king's affairs and for removing all unnecessary restraints from commerce, excited the hatred of every one he came in contact with. But Wentworth was a man of greater capacity and judgment and therefore more formidable to the cause of liberty.

After exercising for sometime the most arbitrary influence as the President of the Council of the North, he left the sphere of action for a more extensive one as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. "The Richelieu of that Island" he made it happy under oppression and tyranny. He checked all subordinate tyranny, but made his strong hand uniformly felt everywhere. The plan of Government which he in concert with Laud wished to establish in England was called by the name of "Thorough." He adopted the most energetic measures; his words were often violent; spared no evil and error in the management of the king's affairs; tried to destroy the authority of the lawyers and to render the "finger of the king" as he himself said, "heavier than the loins" of the state. He disagreed with Charles in considering that Parliament were to be entirely dispensed with, but considered them merely as the instruments of royal authority. Now we come to Noy, "a man of venial diligence and prostituted learning" who shaking off the dust from the musty records in the tower advised the king to supply the wants of his impoverished exchequer by

issuing writs for ship-money, the greatest crime of Charles' reign. Finch who succeeded him made an improvement upon the writs and directed them to be sent to inland counties, as well as the seaport towns and corporations. Thus they all contributed to bring forward a tyranny the most frivolous and at the same time the most unjust which England has ever suffered.

(5.) These tyrannical measures at once excited general alarm. The aristocracy was seized with the utmost consternation at the progress of the Church. They saw that a poor Bishop but yesterday taken from the many was about to supersede them in pomp and power. They found the rights and privileges of their own class at complete jeopardy from the encroachments of the Anglican Bishops, and the appointments of Bishop Juxon to the staff of the Lord Treasurer, at once filled them with terror and consternation. Farther from Court, men of learning and of the world, met together in taverns and assemblies, discussed freely on matters of state, and religion, sought after truth and justice and sent forth their invectives against the tyranny which attempted to bow down "Christian consciences under a fallacious unity." "Seldom poured out the treasuries of his erudition; Chillingworth discoursed upon his doubts in matters of faith," and Falkland then but a stripling threw open his house and gardens to all the literary men of England. In the town and on the country, the gentry complained of political rather than ecclesiastical tyranny. No years within the memory of any one living had witnessed so many violations of property as now. They complained of the violations offered to their persons and

property and loudly imprecated the proceedings which brought upon them so much mischief. Further from these towns, the lesser gentry complained bitterly of the tyranny of the Bishops. The sturdy Puritan, austere in manners and severe in principles took complete alarm at the downward progress of the English Church to Catholicism, and the encouragement avowedly given to pastimes and morrice dances, even on the day of his sabbath-----pastimes which to his cynicl temper were scarcely tolerable on any other day less sacred in the week. In fact so general was the disaffection that people began to fly from their country and began their settlement in New England. So great was the number of their emigrations that almost twelve millions of money were carried away from the mother country. It is a remarkable fact that some of the illustrious and most vigorous champions of public liberty were flying from a tyranny from which they found no protection at home. "The wise and cautious Lord Lay, the sagacious Sir Arthur Haselrig, Hampden ashamed of a country for whose rights he had fought alone, Cromwell panting with energies which he could neither check nor explain, and whose unconquerable fire was wrapped in smoke to every eye but that of his kinsman Hampden "were already embarked for emigration when Laud "for his own and master's curse" procured a royal order against their departure.

(6.) Charles had written to Strafford to leave Ireland and come to England, where he wished to take from him certain instructions with regard to the government of his kingdom. On his arrival and on his first entrance into the Lords, he found himself impeached for high treason by the House of Commons. Pym and Hampden,

the sagacious leaders of the popular party, drew up an accusation against him; for attempting to subvert the fundamental laws of the kingdom, for billeting soldiers in Ireland without their consent, for exacting the money from the Irish people without the consent of their representatives, for advising the king to adopt the most unjustifiable measures against public liberty, for abusing his authority as President of the North, and for other charges of minor importance. But finding the dilatory proceedings of the Lords in the prosecution of this great delinquent, Haselrig "a coarse-minded man" proposed the famous Bill of Attainder which in later ages has excited so much discussion. At length the prosecution went on with greater vigour. The great minister defended himself with the most extraordinary ability against thirteen lawyers by profession. He at first complained of the maliciousness of his enemies; the commoners took fire and he was obliged to beg pardon. The hall was filled with spectators of the very highest rank; the dark but commanding features of the culprit struck every one with awe. The king accompanied by his wife sat in a closed gallery to behold patiently a spectacle of so great importance. The Judge proceeded with vigour, and the Earl of Strafford was at length convicted, although St. John and Manyard with all their erudition and eloquence could not bring the charges brought against him within the legal definition of high treason. Now the consent of the king was required. Charles strongly objected; he made use of every means to save the life of his ablest minister; he told the Commons that he could not sacrifice him to their distrust and malice, but the entreaties of his wife and the perseverance of the Commons, at length procured from him an order which all Europe unanimously condemned.

Thus fell Strafford----one of the conspicuous characters of those times. "To rise, to act and to govern was the necessity of his nature." Possessed from nature of qualities at once energetic and vigorous, he in the beginning of his public career entered under the banners of liberty, but when he once forsook them, he became the most unconquerable advocate of absolute power. His political capacity has received the highest complement in the fact that such men as Pym, Hampden and St. John considered his existence in compatible with the liberty of his country. "When he once ceased," says the illustrious Commentator of Sir James Mackintosh's History of England, "to be a demagogue he became a sâtrap." But it is evident that in forsaking the cause of liberty, he was not obliged to sacrifice his principles. All his fame as a patriot rests upon two facts, first his refusal to pay the tax imposed upon him by Charles in one of the earlier years of his reign, and second his exertions to procure the acknowledgment of the Bill of Rights. But when we consider, that in one of his letters to Laud he lamented the lenity shewn to Hampden in his refusal to pay the impost of ship-money, the most flagitious violation of that famous Bill, that in his Government of Ireland he adopted the most unwarrantable measures of tyranny, that the treatment he gave to Lord Loftus and Mountnoris were acts of the most flagrant iniquity, and that the measures he advised Charles to adopt were the most arbitrary than any in the whole range of English history, we cannot satisfy our minds that his opposition against royalty in the first part of his life proceeded from true principles of patriotism nor can we condemn the Bill of Attainder as a "crime."

The leaders of the public cause thought the fabric of liberty as insecure and jeopardized, whilst he breathed whether in exile or in chains; and hence proceeded with that "capital ostracism which saved the republic" without interfering with the regular course of jurisprudence. Great he certainly was, for we cannot deny the epithet to "so much comprehension of mind, such vigour of intellect" and such profoundness of understanding. Eloquent, brave and daring, he was one of those men designed by nature to carry forth revolutions. But in taking leave of this great man we must not omit to mention that he was by no means deficient in natural affection. His able and eloquent defence, his tender allusion to the "departed saint" of his wife, are extremely pathetic and affecting, and it can be fairly said that the extreme severity of his condemnation and the magnanimity it enabled him to display at the moment of his departure from this world, have contributed greatly to redeem his forfeit fame.

DWARKANATH MITTER,
First Class.

The subject of these Essays were announced at the Examination, and they were written extempore, without the help of a single book or reference. Captain D. L. Richardson, then the Principal of the Hindoo College and the first literary man in India, noticed these papers in the *Literary Gazette* in terms of high praise and pronounced them to be literary feats which would have done honor to an Oxonian.

CHAPTER II.

Anecdotes of His School-days.

A FEW personal traits and anecdotes of Dwarka nath in his school-days may be given here, as illustrating the development of his character.

In his youth, Dwarkanath was fond of history, he read with great avidity the standard historical works of the day. He could read a volume of Alison's History of Europe in a day. His powers of retention were equally marvellous. Having gone through an entire set of Alison's Europe in a fortnight, he asked a friend of his to examine him upon their contents; and he not only answered carefully every question put to him, but reproduced whole sentences of the work. On another occasion, Dwarkanath was one morning turning over the pages of a volume of Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' when a friend, seated by him and preparing his lesson, observed him galloping through the pages; and upon his putting down the book as having accomplished his morning work, laughingly said that he had only looked at it, not *read* it. "Examine me then," said Dwarkanath, and his friend then discovered that he had retained substantially all that was worth knowing.

He was a great admirer of the genius of Napoleon Buonaparte and would rise to the highest

pitch of enthusiasm in describing the wonderful exploits of that wonderful man. It was a treat to listen from his lips the description of those wars in which the Emperor won his laurels. They were so vivid and correct that the dullest man could not fail to catch his enthusiasm. A beautiful print of Napoleon in the bloom of his youth was hung up in the study of Dwarka nath at his Bhowanipore House. In after-life, however, without denying that Napoleon was the greatest military genius in the world, he used to say that the movement which Napoleon headed was emphatically a retrograde one. Auguste Comte dispelled the halo with which Dwarkanath's imagination had surrounded the man, whose gigantic intellect was surpassed only by his unscrupulousness.

He was particularly fond of Shelly and Robert Burns. The polished and harmonious periods of Alexander Pope had not much charms for him. He could repeat from memory whole passages from Robert Burns and Shelly. For Shakespeare he had a respect bordering on veneration. The historical novels of Walter Scott had great attraction for him. All the published speeches of the great orators, modern or ancient, he read during the first years of his life as a pleader, and they, I believe, contributed not a little towards that fund of eloquence which Dwarkanath by common consent possessed.

In his early days he had a faith, never wholly discarded in maturer years, in phrenology, and took a delight in reading any phrenological work he

could get hold of. His arguments in support of phrenology were so strong that his class-fellows could not resist them. In fact, even in his school-days, he could bring from the rich armory of his mind arguments in support of any proposition he took up, that were difficult for his class-fellows to meet. His skill in fencing with opponents who held opinions different from his own, was even, in those days, the delight and admiration of all who heard him.

His proficiency in Mathematics, which afterwards became one of his favourite pursuits was remarkable. He readily solved problems in the Differential and Integral Calculus set from the Cambridge papers; and Mr. Thwaytes, then Professor of Mathematics in the Hughli College and afterwards Principal of that Institution, used to remark "you are the only native I have known, who has originality." Dwarkanath early gave promise of that remarkable command over the English language which, as Mr. Justice Jackson observed in his address to the Bar, "was the theme of constant admiration." Essay writing was an important exercise in those days; and performances of this kind which flowed from Dwarkanath's facile pen were noticed in terms of high eulogy by Mr. Kerr, the Principal of the College, who was struck with the ease and completeness with which Dwarkanath dashed off sentence after sentence, with the vigour of his diction and cogency of his arguments.

He was very sensitive and, even in his early

days, could not brook the slightest injustice. When only thirteen he was promoted to a class for which he was deemed unfit on the score of his age by Mr. Graves, the Head Master of the School Department. "You are too young for the class," said Mr. Graves patting him on the back. Dwarkanath's eyes flashed fire, but judging that any remonstrance would be useless, he burst into tears. Captain Richardson, then the Principal of the College, observed this from a distance and hastening up to the place where Dwarkanath stood said, "that would be a piece of gross injustice. If this boy has done remarkably well at the examination, his age should not be allowed to stand in the way of his promotion."

His vigorous mind in early youth chafed under the restraints which certain school masters are wont to impose upon their pupils by prescribing a mode, not always the best and often the narrowest, in which the latter are to get up their daily lessons. When a boy of fourteen he was one day called upon by his master to prove a certain proposition of Euclid. In enunciating the Proposition, he used certain words of his own. But the master, in his zeal for what he thought to be the only orthodox mode in which boys could prepare their lesson, would have the exact words of the book. "Now now, now, those are not the words of the book" roared the master. Dwarkanath, indignant at his master's endeavour to confine him to the dead letter of the text, and still more so, at his master's thunder-

ing ejaculation, was worked up into a ferment. "Am I, Sir," cried he, "to learn *by rote* the very words of the book?" laying a significant emphasis on the words "*by rote.*" "I do not wish to prove the proposition." With these words he flung on the floor of the class-room the piece of chalk he had taken for drawing the diagram and walked with a steady and defiant step leaving the master in speechless amazement. Though crotchety, he was extremely good-natured, and appreciated the rare talents of the dauntless tyro. He sent for Dwarkanath and explained to him what a dangerous example he had set against the rules of school discipline in soft and touching words (the only process by which the heart of the boy could be reached). Dwarkanath was all submission and asked forgiveness.

Dwarkanath's manners had but little of mere artificial polish. In fact, he used to say that fascinating manners were seldom found allied with sincerity. But his somewhat rough exterior covered a truly good heart; and those who knew him well, must have recognised and felt the warmth of his sympathies. Though he could sympathise with the most sensitive, he was not a prey to that which was morbid sentimentality so cuttingly satirized by him in his essay embodied in this work. His generous feelings always took a practical turn. When he was a lad of sixteen, the house of a poor man at Protappore in Hughli, not far off from his quarters, caught fire. On hearing the cries of

the unfortunate people he ran to the spot, and, eagerly seizing a *kulsi* (earthen pitcher), fetched on his shoulders a plentiful supply of water from a neighbouring tank, pouring it on to the flames, running to and fro with the utmost eagerness as fast as his legs could carry him, and not shrinking from exposure to danger. A large crowd of spectators, who had been attracted to the spot now followed his example; and their combined exertions extinguished the fire in a short time. The next day Mr. Kerr, the Principal, praised Dwarka nath for his humane efforts. "I am glad to learn," said he, "that you acted so nobly last night. You acted quite like a European gentleman."

When Dwarkanath joined the Hughli College, there was a feeling of exclusiveness akin to aristocratic hauteur among the higher class boys who seldom mixed with those below them. He at once broke through the rule and mixed freely with his less-advanced college-mates. This condescension on the part of such a brilliant scholar endeared Dwarkanath to all who came in contact with him. Indeed he took a lively interest in the pursuits of any student, however inferior in capacity, and never lost an opportunity of showing or explaining whatever could interest or instruct. He used to exercise the minds of his fellow-students and proposed to them, subjects for discussion. He was never too busy to explain or assist. He discussed with the inferior boys as his equals and took a pleasure in helping them to form their opinions.

He was particularly attached to a boy, named Devnath, on account of his amiable disposition and genial heart. The boy, so beloved by him, afterwards fell ill and died. During the whole course of his illness, Dwarkanath was to be seen day and night at his bed-side, passing many a sleepless night in ministering to his wants.

It was quite a puzzle to many who knew Dwarkanath less intimately to understand how a youth seemingly often idle during the whole day, could get on so remarkably well through his lessons. The fact is, he generally spent his morning and evening hours in company of his school-friends, playing, discussing or jesting as suited the fancy of the moment. But at night when others had retired to rest, he would pore over his books far into the night. Generally a month preceding the annual examination he would sleep only two hours out of twenty-four. This solitude, however, was the making of his character. During the solitude, and stillness of night, when others were locked in profound sleep, he read with vehement ardour, making ample amends in a few hours for the day's recreation. His hardy constitution and enthusiastic spirit enabled him in his younger days to triumph for a time and, as it were, to make nature succumb. But such intense mental exertion caused a reaction in after-life, and too probably planted the seeds of that fatal disease in his young frame which carried him off in the brilliancy and glory of his manhood.

In his youth Dwarkanath was fond of games of all descriptions; for chess he had a special liking which he retained through life. His mode of playing at chess was marked by dexterity, quick-moves, and few strokes. He avoided his opponents' aims by such sharp manœuvres that he seldom suffered a defeat at the hands of even a first-rate player. He could also sing a little, and his performance on the *Tubla* (miniature drum) which he had taken up by simply hearing a player as he was going through a piece of music and accompanying him on any thing he may lay his hands on—a book, a slate, or table—was pretty correct, though wanting in the *finish* of a professor.

While at the Hughli College, he would, during the summer, pass many a moon-lit night on the College Ghat, a noble flight of steps leading to the river. There seated on the pavement with the Bhageeruthi gurgling at his feet, and bathed in the silver light of the resplendent moon, he would read or muse all night, sleeping for one hour or so towards morning. Many a time he was seen by the early bathers reposing soundly on the bare pavement with a book for a pillow.

One fine evening he was seated on the river bank at Hughli with a friend at his side. He was in a musing mood, watching with fixed gaze the drift wood as they floated past him. All of a sudden he exclaimed, "How few of these are destined to float to the broad bosom of the ocean; the majority will ere-long stick on the mud bank and rot there."

While in a religious frame of mind, he often repeated from memory the celebrated prayer which the immortal Milton has put into the mouth of Adam, and he could well catch its spirit.

"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow—
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave !"

An incident of his College-life stamped upon his mind a pensive cast which, though subdued by time, clung to him to the latest period of his existence. Once during the Durga Puja holidays, his father, Hurro Chunder Mitter, unable to absent himself from his work at Hughli, sent away all his family including Dwarkanath to their village-home for the celebration of the Puja, which took place there every year. On their progress down the river, the family encountered the bore which capsized the boat and immersed its inmates. Two met a watery grave. Dwarkanath and his mother escaped ; each very narrowly. Thus a brother and sister of Dwarkanath's perished.

Shortly after this fatal occurrence his father died broken-hearted, leaving Dwarkanath quite unprovided for. His father was a man of business of the old school ; strictly religious, moderate in expectations, simple in taste, honest in conducting his own affairs and those of his clients. Punctually at ten every morning, the portly form of the old gentleman was to be seen dressed in scrupulously neat white muslin at the Court House, or under the cool shade of a tree listening to the

instructions of his poor clients, with a reed pen across his right ear and a bundle of law-papers under his arm. His manners corresponded with his attire; for they were scrupulously civil and not a little formal. He was much liked, trusted, and respected by all who knew him. His chief hope was to see his promising son rise in the world, but this was a pleasure which he was not destined to realize. Dwarkanath felt his father's loss keenly, and from that time, centred all his affections on his surviving parent; his love and devotion to his mother was exemplary.

Being now called upon to provide for the wants of his family of which he had now become the head, he was led to seek an employment in one of the Government Offices. A number of subordinate clerkships in the office of Colonel Ramsay, then Commissary-General, having become vacant, Dwarkanath Mitter and his friend Baboo Poorno Chunder Shome visited Calcutta in order to try their chance. No sooner had their carriage reached the office gate, than out came a Jemadar with a swaggering air, who, in reply to Dwarkanath's enquiry, answered, "*Hamari hina koi kam khali nehi*," *i.e.*, we have no vacancies in our office. The style of this significant warning was such that Dwarka nath left the place in disgust saying to his friend, "We should try to enter one of the learned professions and should never jostle among the crowd of applicants for employment." From that time he made up his mind to adopt the legal profession,

and he intended to join the Presidency College where a Law-Class had recently been formed. When the time of departure arrived, it was with considerable emotion that he bade adieu to his teachers; and to part with the companions of his boyhood cost him a severe pang.

After attending the Presidency College for some months, a question arose as to the period it was necessary for him to attend the Law-Class before being admitted to the examination for Diploma. The College authorities showing a marked preference for the old scholars of the Presidency College, who were allowed to count one year's attendance as two, Dwarkanath, who as it has been shown, could never brook injustice, became indignant and quitted the College. Before leaving, he addressed the fortunate youth in whose favor distinction had been made by the College authorities, and jestingly threatened his rival in the classical phrase "We shall meet at Phillipi," meaning the arena of the Sudder Court, which afterwards became the scene of his marvellous triumphs. Throughout his life, Dwarkanath entertained no high opinion of the Presidency College and its management.

Alone and unassisted, he applied himself to his legal studies with all the ardour which the hope of success could kindle in a spirit illumined by intellect and ambition,

He was now in the pride of opening manhood, of medium height, of graceful figure, his carriage

was manly and dignified. His eyes were expressive and sparkling with intelligence, and his countenance sometimes beaming with animation, at other times pale with abstraction, was very interesting in as much as it reflected his varied emotions and shades of thought. Though dark in complexion, there was a healthy tint in his face; great nobility of expression in his features; his forehead was massive; and his whole countenance bore the stamp of honesty and earnestness.

He was now prosecuting his study of law under circumstances not easily realizable. In short, he knew not how to provide for the day that was passing over him. He had sunk into the lowest depth of poverty, when he was one day sent for by the Principal of the Presidency College who knew his worth and also his state of destitution. Baboo Kissoree Chand Mitter, then the Junior Magistrate of the Calcutta Police, had written to the Principal to enquire if he could recommend a meritorious student of the College for a clerkship of Rs. 120 a month, then vacant in his office. Dwarkanath had made up his mind not to seek employment under Government, but stern necessity compelled him to close with this offer; at the same time he determined to give up the post the moment he passed his examination in law. But he had not to wait so long; no man was less made for the routine and drudgery of a clerk's life; he soon grew weary not only of the service but of the world with all its hollowness and insincerity; and seized probably with the rage for a quiet philo-

sophical life, and the young man's pardonable vanity of imitating Cicero in his Tusculum or Cincinnatus at his plough, he resigned his post, and, with his small savings, proceeded to his village inorder to betake himself to rural pursuits. But the conversation of the sages of the farm-yard was found to leave a blank, which could not be filled up but by resort to literature; and he appears to have passed a few months in study and writing, giving very little time to the legimate pursuit of his new life. It was during this interval that he appears to have composed a Critique on one of the popular plays of Shakespeare, which deserves a place in this memoir.

Before we reproduce his Critique, it is worth noticing here, that Dwarkanath read all the plays of Shakespeare with a thoroughness, seldom adopted now-a-days even for the prize of a University Degree. The roseate glow of love in "Romeo and Juliet"; the glimmering haze in which hover the elves of "Midsummer Night's Dream"; the wayward gloom of "Hamlet"—a reflection, as it were, from the glooming skies of the north; the dew-bespangled woodland freshness and pastoral melancholy of "As you like it"; the magic atmosphere of virgin solitude and purity that envelopes the "Tempest"; the element of music and moon-light in which the "Twelfth Night" and "Merchant of Venice" appear to float; the broad and boundless flood of humour that impenetrate the two parts of "Henry the Fourth"; were all seen by Dwarkanath with a masterly eye and appreciated by him accordingly.

How the very essence which forms the life of such a play as *Romeo and Juilet* was caught by him, and reflected with a fidelity and beauty of finish will now appear from the following :—

Critique on Romeo and Juliet.

(PROBABLY COMPOSED DURING THE YEAR 1855.)

"Romeo and Juliet is the only play of Shakespeare in which the whole plot is made to rest on the passion of love, a passion which is represented here in its truly dramatic aspect, and in such a light as to enchain irresistibly the sympathies of all. In the way in which love is generally treated in the English stage, it is felt to be an impertinent and tedious interference with the real business of the piece. When it is represented merely as one of many other passions, holding divided empire with jealousy, with envy, with pride, with hatred; contending with duties, with prejudices, yielding to views of selfishness, or the rules of society, it may be decorous, but it is not dramatic. But in a different light has the passion been represented here by Shakespeare. Here indeed is to be found that Eros, which haunts the dreams of youth, which lives in the memory, and casts back a sunshine even on the twilight of age: not a passion of this noisy world, but a celestial sentiment; mysterious, immortal, born of the deity, returning into his bosom. Where its spark lights it is inextinguishable; where its essence penetrates, it indelibly colours with its golden hue the whole fountain of existence. All duties yield to it, for it is itself the highest of all; all evil passions disappear before it, for they cannot co-exist with its presence; it cannot hesitate or doubt, for a divine revelation has announced its destiny; all prejudices of rank and society,

all rules of custom, are abrogated by the dictates of its higher law; it is open and undisguished; it is not clamorous but calm, and yet assured, for it confides in its own energies, and its heavenly though invisible source. One and indivisible, it is never at war with itself nor distracts us with a conflict of feeling. We foresee its course from the first, and follow it to the last with clear and unbroken sympathies. It no longer appears as a mere disturbing force, crossing the path of other duties, and jostling them in their courses, but a calm celestial luminary which, in its irresistible round, draws all minor objects within its orbit, and round which they are contented thence forward to perform their humbler revolutions.

"In this point of view, love is not only dramatic, but perhaps the *most* dramatic, the most fascinating of all exhibition of passion. For it is the only one in which purity can be combined with perfect power; in which the whole diapason of the human heart may be run without touching one jarring note of evil. Our sympathy with Macbeth is the sympathy of fear,----arising from the consciousness of a common nature, and the inward feeling, of how easily in the best of hearts the slnmbering demon may by circumstances be called into action; it is imperfect, it is in a manner extorted. But our sympathy with Romeo and Juliet----with beings who live not in themselves, but in each other, to whom selfishness, pride, ambition, envy, are unknown, who have made for themselves an Eden on earth, and hedged and girt it about in the hope that nothing evil would enter its calm precincts,----this sympathy is cordial and perfect; it is the sympathy produced by love and admiration, and the boding sense of common evil, made more affecting and

impressive by the very unconsciousness and though less happiness of those who are so soon to be its victims. Nothing can be conceived more deeply interesting than the position of two beings so situated, to whom love has become a religion and whose whole thoughts and actions are thus necessitated, as its were, by a power so essentially inconsistent with those forces that regulate the ordinary course of human affairs. The collision with the world, with the warring passions of rivals, with family pride and "lodged hate," with all the accidents of an ill-starred destiny, is here inevitable ; and every one but themselves perceives that the result must be a hapless one ; they alone have no thought and fear ; while we are dropping "some natural tears" at the thought how soon they shall be driven from their ideal paradise, "they, hand-in-hand," are wandering through its flowery walks and repeating,

"Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say, good night, till it be morrow !"

"The world is all before them, bright and smiling. They cannot conceive that external circumstances should resist the omnipotence of that feeling which, in their own hearts, has effected so sudden and mysterious a revolution ; has banished the prejudices of feudal enmity ; has overcome the bashfulness of womanhood ; has bound up their existence into one and for ever. Love, which has wrought such miracles within, may yet change even the hard hearts of kindred and fathers, and heal up the old wounds which pride and violence had inflicted. They see Verona, long agitated by the quarrels of their houses, once more united in imagination and Montague and Capulet joining their hands above their bridal bed, which are only to be united above their grave.

"This perfect self-abandonment, this union of wild fervour with extreme youth, the passions of the woman with the purity of the girl, can be conceived as existing only in beings of a southern clime. Hence the solicitude apparently with which Shakespeare has laboured by all the accompaniments of the scene to impress upon us continually its Italian character. Juliet is pure and innocent, but she is already in mind and body a woman----an Italian or a Hindustani; her heart demands an object; her feelings, "deep and boundless as the sea," a reservoir into which they can overflow. So also with Romeo. His fantastic love for the haughty Rosaline which was simply a boyish dream, excites no ideas of inconstancy of character; it only shows the early development of a temperament of fire, and affords a standard by which to estimate the strength of the new passion of the heart which extinguishes at once the old vision of the fancy. Every thing about Romeo from the commencement announces him to be the victim of love. His first attachment, fantastical and superficial as it seems, has yet preserved the freshness of his character. His heart has not lost one iota of its first bloom. Amidst the wild mirth and loose gaiety which surrounds him, he is melancholy. He has no feeling in common with the reckless and somewhat libertine Mercutio, or the thoughtless and commonplace Benvolio. Something purer and holier than Verona has yet offered to him hovers before his thoughts and fills his heart with a nameless longing. Thus alike in youth, in purity of sentiment, in depth of feeling, and in confidence in the world, these two beings are thrown together. The accidental nature of the meeting, and the instantaneous electric communication of their feelings, are in perfect harmony with the celestial

inexplicable source to which Shakespeare has traced the origin of love. They seem to feel by a mystic free-masonry that each is to be the other's destiny; that they are parts of one whole hitherto separated, henceforth to be inseparable on this side of time.

"And like two solitary rills, they side by side,
And had been long durded, they meet at once!"

"In this instantaneous union there is no giddiness, no levity. It is not the hasty, transitory preference of a boy and girl for each other; it is marked by seriousness and solemnity. Juliet feels from the first scene that hers is fixed----that if he married "her grave is like to be her marriage bed." Even in her interview with Romeo on the balcony----amidst all the excitement of a first fond confession of attachment----amidst all the visions with which hope and passion gild the future, the thought creeps in how awful and irrevocable is the step she has taken.

"Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract tonight:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say--It lightens."

"Her whole conduct subsequently is the result of this sense of the earnestness of her situation. She cannot trifle with her lover, for the sentiment she experiences is too holy to be tampered with; she is open and undisguished, because she feels that love cannot mistake the language of innocence; she urges forward the nuptials, because she would place their union, if possible, beyond the reach of fate and invest it with an additional character of sacredness and solemnity.

"Yet Romeo and Juliet are anything but mere

abstractions; mere beings of sentiment and imagination. The perfection of these characters lies in the art with which the human and divine elements are blended in them in the harmonious union of the senses with the soul. Plato would have portrayed such characters otherwise; but such delineation would be too etherial, too refined for the purposes of dramatic interest. To awaken our sympathies, something more passionate, but partaking of the ordinary leaven of humanity, is required; for Platonism is no basis on which the interest of a drama can rest. All the fire which can be united with innocence of heart----all the elements, physical and moral, which make up the mysterious compound love----"all thoughts, all visons, all delights, whatever stirs this mortal frame," must be employed, if our feelings are to be heightened into sympathy and our pity into tears.

"Thus Shakespeare treated these characters. He will admit of no separation of love into the spiritual and sensual save in a comic point of view, by ridiculing the affectations of Platonism, or exposing the coarseness of a mere animal passion. In all his pictures of real love both elements are united, the soul and the senses take their part, and the *whole being* loves---for only the whole being can love truly. Thus it is that this romance of youth lays so firm a hold on the universal sympathies of mankind; that unlike all other lovers, Romeo and Juliet are never tiresome----that though they love and love intensely they are never love-sick; that they recall to every man, in a sublimated and concentrated form, all the early longings of the soul, the hopes and fears, the heart-felt joys, the scarcely less sweet sorrows of the parting."

In a few months, the natural ardor of his tem-

parement reasserted itself and we find him on his return to Calcutta resuming his law studies with undivided attention. With the principles he attentively studied the details, and thus laid the foundation of that scientific and thorough mastery of law, that outstripped his contemporaries. To a clear head, a capacious memory, strong common sense, and aptitude for analysis and arrangement, he combined a tact of arguing with unrivalled powers of elocution, hence his success,—a success that is so difficult of being attained by minds less happily constituted—was merely a question of time. Suffice it to say, that in the Committee Examination held at the Town Hall in January 1856, where he appeared as a candidate, his papers were pronounced by the Examiners as far above the usual run of such, and though the satirical remark of the *Pravakur* Editor "that too many of the candidates had to fix their eyes on the ceiling to count the beams" was but too true, yet Dwarkanath's success in the examination was unprecedented. On the result of the examination being made known one of the Examiners was desirous to see the clever young writer who represented Dwarkanath, and on being pointed out, he desired him to stand on the bench so that he may see him properly as Dwarkanath was of short stature. Thus the old adage "success is the index of merit" was reversed and the truth of the motto "merit is the index of success" fully established and exemplified in him.

CHAPTER III.

Early Struggles.

Having got his Diploma Dwarkanath joined the Bar of the late Sudder Court. The Bar was then replete with talent. Babu Ramaprasad Roy and Shambhu nath Pundit commanded the best portion of the practice and enjoyed the highest reputation as pleaders. Next to them in point of professional repute and emolument was Babu Krisna Kissora Ghose, a profound lawyer, but, with the gradual introduction into the Court of English pleading, he laboured under a difficulty of language which was the bar to his making his great knowledge extensively useful. All the old Regulations he held on his finger's end, but his knowledge of the more recent Acts and their construction was somewhat hazy; and his opinion as to their merits was not very favorable. He was seriously of opinion, that the greatest service that could be rendered the country, would be to repeal all the Acts passed after his youth; and burn all the law reports based on them. Next to this gentleman in rank, but far above him in business, was Munshi (afterwards Nawab) Amir Ali, who without any solid qualification for his profession, had the smack of being employed in many cases. The gloss of his manners and the sweet cadence of the languge (*Urdu*) in which alone, he could speak in all its freshness, chasteness, and *finish* could not fail to have had an effect upon

the civilians of by-gone days. Nor was this all. The temper and idiosyncracy of each individual judge, he was perfectly cognisant of and when on them, as it sometimes happened, depended the success of a case, he acquitted himself remarkably well and seldom failed on such occasions to win the plaudits of the by-standers. Almost simultaneously with Dwarkanath several young men fresh from the law class of the Presidency College were enrolled at the Sudder Bar. The influx of so many neophites, armed as they were with Queen's English, was a cause of serious apprehension to the pleaders of the old school, and there were therefore not wanting obstacles in the path of these obtrusive young rivals.

Success at the Bar is seldom attained until after years of toil and perseverance, but in the case of Dwarkanath, it did not prove so tardy. "His success" says Mr. Justice Jackson, "was, I may say, ensured from the very day he joined the Bar, for in the Sudder Reports as early as 1857, we find the name of Dwarkanath appearing in frequent cases either on one side or the other. He made a place early among the leading practitioners of the Court; that he should have done so, is easily understood, as he was rich in endowments which go to make up the successful advocate." Though it is not literally true that from the first day of his enrolement he got into business, yet it must be admitted that the period he remained unemployed and unnoticed was extremely short. It is well known that when a man first makes his appearance in Court, no *Muktear* is dis-

posed to try the unsafe experiment by conferring on him a brief; and when again a man's face has become too familiar by his doing nothing, but sitting as a silent spectator in Court, his want of business is attributed to his incapacity, though he may have the very best talents, thus in a manner heaping insult on injustice. This is, indeed, a sad and painful trial to a man conscious of his powers, but it is a trial from which none can enjoy an absolute exemption.

From the day Dwarkanath joined the Bar, he devoted himself with fresh vigour to the abstruse parts of the law and also to his more liberal studies. His method of initiating himself into the practice of law differed a great deal from the ordinary run of young pleaders who join the Bar for the first time. They content themselves by picking up a knowledge of the practice from experience, *referring pro re natâ* to what is to be found in the law reports; but Dwarkanath's energetic mind could not remain idle. He entered afresh upon a systematic study of both the Indian and English laws, tracing the principles of those laws to their very source and thoroughly mastering all the changes they had undergone. During Court hours, he was regularly employed in taking notes of the arguments and judgments, which in the evening he revised and digested. He listened very carefully to the speeches and the pleadings of the distinguished Barristers and Pleaders and acquired that close and collected manner of speaking. With the view of improving further his powers of ellocution

he read and studied the best English works on forensic eloquence and the finest models of composition (in translation) that the Latin language afforded :—almost all the speeches in Livy, very copious extracts from Tacitus, the whole of Sallust, and many of the finest passages in Cicero. It is no wonder, therefore, that his progress should have been more rapid than that of any other *debutant* in the annals of legal profession in India.

While pursuing thus his studies with unremitting zeal, he attracted the notice of two of the leading men at the Bar, Babus Ramaprasad Roy, and Shumbhunath Pundit. Both of them appreciated his merit and predicted the position the young aspirant would soon attain. Cheerful, warm, friendly and sympathetic, Shumbhunath was the delight of all who came in contact with him; it was but natural that he should have first of all extended a helping hand to Dwarkanath. Ramaprasad Roy was then the leader of the native Bar, and he, always a shrewd observer of men and times, felt it prudent to enlist the good will of the would-be-rising pleader by sharing with him his practice and retaining him as his junior. In return for this support, Dwarkanath assisted Ramaprasad considerably, by mastering for him the details of important cases,—cases involving intricate or knotty points were often referred to the junior for opinion; which his clear head and power of analysis enabled him to master with ease.

This sort of employment continued for two or three months; during which though he was occupied

with professional work and was enabled to pay his way, he had scarcely found an occasion to open his lips in Court. But he was not destined long to pine in obscurity. Within six months from the period of his enrolment, he got into the lead of a case (and an important one too,) by a lucky hit. He was retained as a junior in that case. His senior, Babu Ramaprasad Roy, was pleading before another Bench while the case was called up; and Dwarkanath, prepared as he was, stepped forward to plead the case without waiting for the appearance of his colleague. His client, who had spent thousand of rupees to retain the services of Ramaprasad, was thunder-struck at the turn of affairs and well-nigh yielded to despair. Here was an opportunity for Dwarkanath to display his powers, and certainly he made the most of it. His speech made marked impression on the Bench and founded that forensic repute which he established. The appeal was decreed. The presiding Judges were struck with his reasoning and his terse, cogent statement of facts; and asked Babu Ramaprasad who appeared before the close of the case, about the antecedents of the young pleader. Described by him as an ex-student of the Presidency College, Dwarkanath, always loyal to his *Alma Mater* and with no prepossession in favor of the Presidency College, immediately corrected that gentleman. Before he left the hall, he was applauded by the by-standers; before he left the Court that evening he was amply rewarded by his client and received several retainers from some of the *Muktears* then

present there. His fame travelled far and wide and on the following morning, he received at his humble lodging a number of additional briefs. From this time he was eagerly sought after to hold "second brief" on the highest Court of the land—not a slight elevation for an obscure youth only after six month's enrolment at that Bar.

The profession of Law, though not very congenial to one devoted to literary or scientific pursuits, yet exercises a healthy influence upon some temperaments and we are inclined to think that the sober restraints of the legal profession afforded a wholesome discipline to young Mitter, whose superfluous energy and enthusiasm found a vent in a direction useful to himself, as it certainly was to the public. Nor was this all. The locality in which he resided afforded him the society of excellent men of parts and learning; and in intercourse with them, the foundation of many a friendship was laid which contributed to the happiness of his future life. Among the companions of those days whose friendship he much valued, was Babu Hurishchunder Mookerjea, the Editor of the *Hindoo Patriot*, who possessed a genius for politics that found a ready ventilation in his paper which was in those days the pet journal of Lord Canning. The two friends fired with the enthusiasm which the contact of two such kindred spirits could hardly fail to inspire, passed many happy hours together. The premature death, in 1861, of Hurishchunder afflicted Dwarkanath considerably, who preserved the memory of his friend embalmed in his affections. Dwarka

nath had indeed that sympathy which a superior moral organization can alone bestow.

During all this time, he was rapidly advancing in practice and reputation. He has now won fame as a public speaker. He possessed those talents which are characterstic of a good speaker; warmth of utterance, command of language, strength and closeness of reasoning, and above all, an energy and irresistible vigor of eloquence. It may, therefore, confidently be said that none of those who ascended with him into the arena could now cope with Dwarka nath; none of them could wield his weapons. The pleadings of those young men contrasted strikingly with the energy and concentration of their great prototype; any one could distinguish them from the true flash and peal, a genuine birth of the tempest of the mind. Dwarkanath had certainly thrown a ray around him, that out-glimmered his compeers of the native Bar. Mr. Montriou, now the nestor of the Calcutta English Bar, thus speaks of his impressions of Dwarkanath, at the outset of the latter's career:—"I well recollect the period when he joined the Sudder Bar and the admiration which was expressed in private by the Judges of his abilities; and I can specially recall the remark of Mr. Abercrombie Dick respecting the accuracy and force of his logic. When engaged in the forensic arena, whether Dwarkanath was with me or against me, I well remember how his zeal, his conspicuous ability and honest pleading challenged the admiration of all and specially my own admiration. Those years of advocacy

were his initiation to the position which he at last attained. He was then on the threshold of that eminence to which he was born and which was to come."

Mr. D. I. Money, whose gold medals had so often been carried off by Dwarkanath while the former gentleman was the Collector of Hughli, had now taken a seat on the Bench of the Sudder Court and was extremely proud of the young scholar and advocate. That friend of the natives to whom so many are indebted for their education and advancement in life, was obliged through ill-health to cut short his official career before the amalgamation of the Courts. The day on which he sat for the last time on the Sudder Bench, he took Dwarkanath into his private chamber and prefigured in glowing colours the future which awaited Dwarkanath, if God only spared his life. He then grasped the hands of his favorite *protégé* and shook them warmly.

In 1862, the High Court was established with that distinguished lawyer, Sir Barnes Peacock, as its Chief Justice. The Bar of this new Court which comprised all the Barristers and Pleaders of the Supereme and Suddur Courts, afforded Dwarkanath an extensive field for development and display of his forensic talents. He was not slow to improve the opportunity. Ramaprasad Roy who had been appointed a Judge of the new Court was removed by death, before he could take his seat, and his place was filled by Shumbhunath. Thus, on the establishment of the High Court, two of the brightest luminaries of the

native Bar were removed from it, but the loss sustained, was amply compensated by Dwarkanath. "The sun of his fortune" says the *Hindoo Patriot*, "rose with the opening of the High Court. He then came in contact with minds which at once appreciated him. Sir Barnes Peacock was the first to recognize his rare talents and abilities. That eminent lawyer was so much struck with the grasp of his mind, thorough mastery of the principles of Law, and Indian Regulations and Acts, and the forensic ability exhibited by this legal practitioner that he at once accorded him his powerful support, and the other judges were not slow to mark their appreciation of his worth and chracter. Dwarkanath became, as it were, a general favorite." He then commenced a practice which in a short time exceeded anything he could have hoped for. He became the first practitioner and the undisputed leader of the native Bar. His professional services were courted by his rich countrymen; and his income went on increasing. Whatever case he took up, it was always his first object to gather into one focus all the facts and circumstances connected with it. In the exposition of facts, he brought an active mind to aid a good memory. The strong expression of feelings which was his wont, when exposing an act of injustice or high-handedness, was always sustained by close and accurate reasoning. He never stooped to any unfair trick, but always acted like an advocate confident in the justice of his cause. No amount of gold or cajoling could induce him to touch a dirty brief. While

his professional services rose so high in the estimation of the rich and powerful, he, to his infinite credit, it is to be remarked, never turned away his face from the poor and helpless. To them, his services were given *gratis*; and there are instances in which with professional aid was combined pecuniary assistance. "As an advocate" says Mr. Justice Kemp, "he was fearless, independent and *always ready* to support the cause of the poor, many times, I know from my own experience, without a fee."

The case in which Dwarkanath won for himself undying laurels was the memorable Rent Case of 1865 decided by the full Bench comprising of 15 Judges. It exhibited a scene never before witnessed in an Indian Court of Justice. As every circumstance connected with that case will always possess an undying interest for his countrymen, I proceed to give a brief outline of it.

Some time after the passing of Act. X of 1859, the ryots of several districts began to assert their right, against the Indigo Planters' to grow such crops as might pay them best. This attitude on the part of the ryots told against the Planters, and some of them, who were zemindars or farmers, proceeded to indemnify themselves by raising the rents of their tenants. One of the first to abandon the manufacture of indigo, and enhance rents was Mr. James Hill of the district of Nuddea. In a suit instituted by him against Iswar Ghose, the increased value of the produce was the ground upon which the claim for enhanced rent was based. The case coming on

special appeal before the High Court, was decided in favor of Mr. Hill in January 1863. Sir Barnes Peacock, adopting Ricardo's definition of rent, ruled that the landlord was entitled to the whole value of the gross produce *minus* the wages of such agricultural work as was actually done by the ryot and his family; the capital expended by the ryot in hiring other labours, manuring the land, buying seed &c., and the interest on such capital calculated at the rate current in the village. These three items were to constitute the ryot's share of the produce. He further laid it down as a principle that a tenant's right of occupancy, though it entitled him to a fair and equitable rate, did not in strictness entitle him to a lower rate than what a tenant without a right of occupancy was willing to pay for the land. The law thus interpreted by the Chief Justice "threatened," as remarked by the *Friend of India* at the time, "to ruin the ryot, excite agrarian crime, deluge the courts with litigation, arrest all progress, and make the English settler hated as he is in Tipperary, the very essence of Socialism." It was estimated that a decree of one rupee instead of ten annas and eight pie per *bigga* in favor of Mr. Hill would add ten thousand pounds sterling a year to his rent roll. The ruling, laid down in Hill's case, led to the institution of numerous suits on similar grounds; and on a special appeal from the decision of a *cognate* case in which Thakurani Dassi was appellant and Biseswar Mukerjea and others respondents, finding that there was a conflict in the decisions of the several Division-

al Benches relative to the principle to be followed in assessing the rent to be paid by an occupancy ryot, the case was referred to the full Bench of fifteen Judges.

It was evident that the fate of more than sixty millions hung upon the determination of the case.

On the side of the zemindars and Mr. Hill, who was also interested in the determination of the point involved in the case thus referred to, were engaged the *elite* of the English Bar at Calcutta *viz.*, Messrs. Doyne and Woodroffe. Dwarkanath "always ready to support the cause of the poor" and whose number was millions, took up the side of the ryots without a fee. In the preparation of his case, he was indefatigable. English, Mohamedan and Hindoo Laws; treatises on political economy and other works bearing on the theory of rent, wages and labour; histories; old Regulations and new Acts; Law Reports and minutes of those who took part in the Permanent Settlement; *Ain-Akbari* (Akbar's code) and Manu's works; in short, all the sources of information available on the subject were industriously ransacked by him. There was no doubt a strong temptation; the case offered a wide field for declamation, and it enlisted popular feelings on the side of their mouthpiece. Fully alive to the sacredness of the cause, always loyal to facts, strongly fortified with arguments and stirring eloquence, he went to his work with his usual energy and conducted it with consummate ability. The case was argued at great length as befitted its undoubted importance. For

seven long days Dwarkanath was on his legs at a a stretch, and all the resources of forensic skill seems to have been laid under requisition. "Day after day," the *Hindoo Patriot* informs us, "he rose at 11 o'clock A.M., and continued on his legs till 5 and sometimes 6 P.M., though exhausted in physical power, still unexhausted in arguments and resources. In that case he was opposed in opinion to the leading mind of the Court, and, as a matter of course, exposed to the brisk fire of interrogations of the Chief Justice, but it was a pleasure to witness the skill and ability with which young Norval fenced with the Veteran." Day after day, their Lordships were overborne by a torrent of sparkling and nervous eloquence. It was a tribune of the people haranguing against privileges and prescription. The comprehensive grasp, the extensive research, the accurate analysis, the perfect mastery of detail, exhibited by this well-trained legal intellect, filled the Judges with admiration. Dwarkanath gained the day and his triumph was complete. The Court ruled, that the Pergunah or prevailing rate was generally the fairest ground of enhancement; that where such rate was too low or had not adjusted itself, according to the increased value of the produce, the new rate was to bear the same ratio as the new value of the gross produce bore to its old value. This was substantially what Dwarkanath had contended for. When we consider with what ability and tact, he maintained his position against his formidable antagonist, Mr. Doyne, then the leader of the English Bar, we cannot sufficiently

admire him. It is the opinion of the profession that the ability which he displayed in arguing the great 'rent case could hardly be surpassed by any European Barrister in India.

He had now reached the zenith of his fame as a pleader. He was engaged in almost every important case. He was now appointed as a Government pleader. The pressure of work on his hands from this time was so great that he could hardly spare a day from the High Court. I know it as a fact within my personal knowledge, that he refused an offer of fifteen thousand rupees to plead a case in a Mofussil Court which would have kept him away from the town for three days. It would be interesting to the reader of these pages to know that even in his halycon days he rivalled the dullest pleader in assiduity. He took no fee without conscientiously studying the case; and it was no easy matter on the part of his clients to satisfy him. But when he was once satisfied, he spared no pains to procure judgment for his client. The limits of this work do not permit me to dwell on the forensic triumphs won in contention with some of the best legal intellects of the day. It would, however, be no exaggeration to say that no other native of Bengal possessed in so remarkable a degree the varied talents requistite for success at the Bar. Gifted with abilities given to few, deeply read, he commanded an armoury from whence he could readily and on the spur of the moment draw the weapons for defending his own case and demolishing that of his adversary. His eloquence

was stirring and dignified; his reasoning sound and persuasive; his style forcible and unaffected. His voice was heard in every part of the spacious hall of the Court House; and his words flowed with unbroken fluency except on rare occasions which arose from a circumstance so curious as to deserve mention. When pleading a case, Dwarkanath would seize a pen and twist it with both hands. The moment the last piece of the broken pen dropped from his hands he would loose the thread of his arguments. To guard against such a contingency one of his clerks, who stood behind him always well supplied with a stock of stout quills, put into the hand of his master a fresh pen before the former one had been completely demolished.

During the last three years of his career as an advocate, Dwarkanath was subject to attacks of colic which left him insensible for hours. Hot water fomentations relieved him a little. Pressure of business and entreaties of his clients would not permit him to stay away from the Court for a couple of days together. Fasting, weak and scarcely relieved from the pain, he would get through many important cases as if nothing were the matter with him. "Little did they think," says Mr. Montriou, "when they listened to his voice at the bar that even then there was a"—

"————Little rift within the lute,
That by and by shall make its music mute;
And, ever widening, slowly silence all."

The ardor of his mind rendered him almost insensible to physical suffering.

Of the private and domestic life of Dwarkanath about this period, I purpose to speak very shortly. Before he entered the bar, he had married the daughter of a respectable gentleman of Haripal; and his wedded life appears to have been one of unbroken felicity. His wife had considerable personal attractions and was no less distinguished for decision of character than for aimiability of disposition. She presented her husband with two children, a daughter and a son *viz.*, Bhoobun and Surendronath Mitter. Strongly attached as Dwarkanath was to his wife, yet his reverence for his mother would allow no compromise as to assign the first place in the household to the former. His wife was surrounded with all the comforts, and latterly, with all luxuries she could have reasonably wished for, but she occupied a position subordinate to that of his mother who had the supreme control in the management of the house and purse. When his income rose high to permit him to adopt a different style of living, Dwarkanath changed his former humble abode and took a house suited to his present requirements. Here he lived in a style befitting his altered circumstances. He was affectionate to his relations,—one to whom the charities of home and kindred were dearer than the shows and vanities of modern civilization. His indigent relations and village friends to the number of fifty including students from different parts of the country, formed a portion of his family at his Bhownipore house. These

students received board and education at his expense. In the morning Dwarkanath would invariably take his breakfast with his poor relatives and the school-boys, and no difference in the quality of the viands or in the manner of treatment was allowed to prevail in the house. He was not in the least ambitious of making distinguished acquaintances, nor was he fond of brilliant parties. He kept an open table for such of his friends as chose to drop in the evening; and it was not a rare occurrence for his early or professional friends to call in and partake of his dinner, during which the feast for the palate went hand-in-hand with the feast of reason.

Dwarkanath built at a considerable expense a mansion in his native village where he also founded at his own expense an Anglo-Vernacular School and a Dispensary. He repaired to his home every year during the great carnival of the Hindoos—the Dussera Vacation, to celebrate the Durga Puja after the example of his father and ancestors, but in a style suited to his position. The whole village the poor and rich, the young and the old, passed three happy days under his hospitable roof; and their affection towards their benefactor who has done so much for them and who has shed a lustre on their village, knew no bounds. This feeling, I need hardly add, was duly reciprocated by Dwarkanath. It was but once (in 1866) during his life as a pleader that he was obliged through ill-health to pass the annual vacation away from his home,—at Monghyr, for the benefit of his health.

When at the bar, the constant wear and tear of his brain from excessive mental toil and excitement, at times made itself so strongly felt, that he would then on occasions of close holiday, accompanied by a group of friends, go out in the cool of the morning to his suburban garden, to escape from the hands of his clients—an object not easily accomplished, as his irrepressible clients would sometimes hunt him out in his retreat. A picnic was hastily got up. Whatever might have been the quality of the viands, and however late the hour when they were served up, there could be no question as to the success of the entertainment. The society of Dwarkanath, in his leisure hours, compensated for all drawbacks. No one better than Dwarkanath could show himself on such occasions in a really attractive light. When one band of his friends seated on rustic seats under shade of trees, made themselves merry after their own fashion, another set more intellectual might be seen listening to the animated voice of the host. At times he would disengage himself from his friends, strike out into a secluded spot and falling on a bench, be drowned for a while in thought.

CHAPTER IV.

On the Bench.

During the Dussera vacation of 1866, Dwarka nath took a trip to Monghyr for the benefit of his health. It was there that I met him for the first time in my life. A personal acquaintance thus formed, was soon matured into an intimate friendship which continued to the day of his death, increased and strengthened by the number of years it had lasted. While his vigorous understanding, varied knowledge and splendid eloquence pre-eminently qualified him as an advocate, the charm of his conversation, frankness of his disposition, the sincerity and warmth of his heart made him the delight of the society in which he moved. During his stay at Monghyr, he used to call at mine regularly every evening. I then occupied a Bungalow close to the ramparts of the Fort. It was an unpretentious abode without external glory or internal recommendation, beyond comfort, but it caught the stranger's fancy. The situation of the place, commanding a full view of the great river at its breadth depth and heighth ; bounded on one side by the distant hill of Khurukpore, pleased him much. There of many a calm evening or autumn moon-lit night, seated on his chair, surrounded by a group of admiring friends, did he recall many of the stirring events of India's past with all their burning passions and absorbing interest; and in delivering himself hold his audience almost spell-bound.

A few months after his return to Calcutta, Mr. Justice Shumbhunath Pundit died (6th June 1867) in the prime of life, followed by the regrets of the whole country. This event afforded a matter for speculation as to the person likely to succeed him.

One by one, within the short space of five years, both the veterans of the Vakil Bar had been raised to the brief honors of the Bench, before finally descending to their graves. One of them indeed only died with the news of his appointment in his ear. At any rate, the two leaders had gone,—leaving hardly any who for maturity of years as well as versatality of talents could be unhesitatingly thought of for the succession. Only two gentleman perhaps remained who carried the olden traditions of the Sudder Dewani and Nizamut Adaluts, but one of them, able Regulation lawyer as he was, was little more; and the other's qualifications were but moderate, however much he might eke them out by regular attendance at ante-chambers and the arts of the courtier. His age and unfamilarity with the English tongue utterly disqualified Baboo Krishna Kissora Ghose: he would have been obliged to decline the honor if offered. The other was believed by many, mostly outside of the High Court to stand a good chance, and probably would have stood *a very good chance indeed,* had Sir Barnes Peacock not been Chief Justice. The choice practically lay among the comparatively young Vakils. There were several men of professional eminence, each of whom might without much over valuation of self, have hoped to be recognized. The public

voice was unanimous. The public heart was set upon one man. But the public expectation was not equal to the public desire. The public idol was of sanguine temparament,—bold and fearless not at all the character to meet with official approbation. Above all, it was feared lest his youth should prove fatal objection. In fact, on these considerations, the public at last languidly gave him up.

One hot July morning at 11 o'clock Dwarkanath slowly ascended the lofty stair-case of the Old Court House, and as usual took his seat in the Pleaders' Library. As usual a group of professional friends soon surrounded him, but more than usually numerous and eager. Conversation had hardly begun on the absorbing topic of the day as to who should succeed to the vacant place on the Bench, when an envelop with the Government of Bengal frank was placed in his hands. It covered a note from Sir William Grey, then Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, asking him to call by an early opportunity. To any other man the meaning would have been clear, but he thought nothing of it. It was, however, not a letter to disregard, nor was the interview sought in it one to put off; so Dwarkanath at once drove down to Belvedere, and there, to his surprise, learnt for the first time that Sir Barnes Peacock, the Chief Justice had proposed him for the vacant Judgeship, and that the Viceroy approving the selection wished to know if he could send up the nomination to Her Majesty's Government for sanction. In accepting an offer so gracefully made, without any solicitation on

his part, Dwarkanath certainly sacrified his income to a considerable extent, but in doing so, he was guided by a noble desire to serve his country from a higher platform.

On his return to the Court, he was met by an eager crowd of lawyers, officers and suitors that were impatient to hear the result of his visit to the Head of the Government. He tried his best to put them off, but it was useless. His friends ferretted out the secret. The news soon spread fair and wide, but was received every where with acclamation. Yet it was a mixed feeling. The right man had been selected for the right place to be sure, but it was undeniable that the Bench had gained at the expense of the Bar.

Among the friends of Dwarkanath, a few of the more elderly had at first their misgivings as to how their favorite—young and impetuous as he was,—would acquit himself in his new sphere. Deny it as we may, but it is a fact that the successful advocate is not necessarily the successful Judge. Nor is it a fact to excite surprise. The habits of thought and action required in the pleader are not exactly the habits suited to the Bench. The readiness to seize every point that might tell in favor of a client against an adversary is likely to be in the way of taking a calm view of the case as a whole. It is sufficient for an advocate to be plausible, but the judge must be simply judicial. It therefore requires an effort—a great deal of self-control to overcome the war—like instincts of an advocate, before he can well be

converted into a sound Judge. Dwarkanath's friends were, therefore, scarcely to blame for hesitating, in the absence of proof, to credit him with all the qualifications required for a sound Judge. It was quite natural that they should be slow to believe that he could all at once convert himself from a valiant Vakil to a weighty Judge of the highest Court in the realm.

Dwarkanath had just completed his thirty-third year when he was allotted a seat upon the Bench among so many grey heads. For aught we know, he was the youngest Judge that ever sat on that tribunal. Yet young as he was, his talents and virtues secured him all the respect due to such a position. "The native Bar" were desirous of publicly testifying their respect and love for Dwarkanath on such an occasion. A subscription dinner was got up where his health was drunk with enthusiasm. Dwarkanath rose, evidently under the influence of considerable emotion, to return thanks. He observed that "he could not but feel deeply sensible of the kind feelings which his friends had just shown towards him." "Long," he proceeded, "long, he trusted, might the Bar continue to maintain that high, honorable and independent character which was essential to the pure administration of Justice. So long as the profession maintained that character, he was sure the people of the country would always look to the High Court for the maintenance of their just rights and the preservation of their honor." In returning from the Hall, at the

conclusion of the speech, the new judge was greeted with repeated demonstrations of joy. This mark of appreciation was thoroughly merited. The Vakil Bar specially in honoring him but honored themselves. Dwarkanath had immensely raised the tone as well as status of the Bar.

On the receipt of the official letter of appointment, Dwarkanath took his seat upon the Bench; Sir Barnes Peacock making use of the occasion to announce in open Court the event of the day. The scene impressed Dwarkanath with a vivid sense of his responsibilities.

I have said above, that a few of his friends had not a very high opinion of Dwarkanath's qualifications for a Judge; a few even ventured to indulge in sad fore-bodings of failure, on his first appearance on the Bench. But a short time was required to dispel all fears. When he once began to put forth his full strength,—and he was not very long in doing so, the wise and cautious agreed with the rest of the world, that Dwarkanath was capable of taking as high a station among the Judges, as he had done among the pleaders and advocates.

For more than six years Dwarkanath sat on the High Court Bench. How he discharged his difficult duties, acting with colleagues of a different race and creed, before a fighting Bar composed of Christian and Hindoo and Mussulman Barristers and Vakils, and under the eye of a press not remarkable for politeness, is known to the world. It may safely be said that his fame has scarcely been exceeded by that

of any man sitting in that Court before or since. His remarks from the Bench were always sagacious and to the point; his judgments have been far and wide admired for lucidity and close reasoning. He was never destined to be a legislator proper. But the long series of enlightened decisions left by him embodying as they do valuable maxims of law in general and Hindoo Law in particular, and recognised for their wisdom, every where as generally binding on all, who administer justice,—may be considered as some of the best specimens of judicial legislation in this country.

He had never received the regular training of an English lawyer. Never-the-less we have several flattering testimonies to his knowledge of English Law from some of the leading Barristers of the Calcutta Bar. "One of them," wrote the *Hindoo Patriót*, "a severe critic and very charry of praise, more than once described Dwarkanath as a genius. Himself an eminent jurist, he often wondered how Justice Mitter without possessing the hard professional training, which English Lawyers received, could grapple so successfully and meet so triumphantly the English Lawyer on his own ground."

Sir Barnes Peacock attached considerable weight to the opinion of his Native Colleague, so much so that when he differed from him in opinion, he did so with considerable diffidence and reluctance. In the full Bench case of Rahmutwoolla *Versus* Shaikh Sharitwoollah, Justice Mitter was alone in the minority. The Chief Justice, in delivering his judgment

premised thus:—"I, regret very much to differ from my Hon'ble Colleague, who first delivered judgment, because I always consider his opinion is entitled to very great weight; but I am forced to form my own opinion on the subject."

In the full Bench case of Ferman Khan *Versus* Bhyrub Chunder Shaha, Sir Barnes records his judgment in the following terms. "I concur in the view which has been so forcibly and clearly expressed by Mr. Justice Mitter, and I am of opinion that the question must be answered in the affirmative: I must confess that when I came into Court before the case was argued and even after I had left the Court, my opinion inclined in favor of answering the question in the negative. I then considered that the right which is claimed by the plaintiff depended on a defect of title on the part of the coparcner to sell his share of property except subject to the right of the plaintiff to purchase it, *i.e.*, his right of pre-emption. But I am now satisfied that the right claimed by the plaintiff does not depend on any defect on the part of co-partner to sell, but upon a particular rule of Mohamedan Law by which neither the defendent nor the Court is bound." The importance of such a testimony can scarcely be exaggerated. It is no small feat to have turned so distinguished a Chief Justice as Sir Barnes Peacock." In the full Bench case of Amrit Kumari Devi *Versus* Luckshmi Narain Chakrabertia, we find the following remarks made by Sir Barnes.

"The Judgment of Mr. Justice Dwarkanath Mitter

which he has just read and in which he has displayed great learning, ability and research was written before the decision of the Privy Council of Giridharilall *Versus* the Government of Bengal was published. My Hon'ble Colleague has entered so fully into the reasons and exhausted the arguments in support of the view which he has taken, that it is unnecessary for me to do more than to say that I concur in the reasons which he has given in support of the conclusion at which he has arrived; and it is extremely satisfactory to find it is entirely in concurrence with the view taken in the Judgment of the Privy Council."

Resolute thoughts find words for themselves and make their own vehicle. Impression and expression are relative ideas. He who feels deeply will express strongly. The language of slight sensation is naturally feeble and superficial. It is generally known that Dwarkanath felt deeply and he expressed strongly. His exposure of high-handed-ness and chicanery are delightful to read, from their clear and crushing completeness. Smarting under one of such criticisms, the party affected by it contrived through the medium of a leading journal to aim against Dwarkanath a serious blow which, however, only recoiled upon its author with terrible effect. It is undesirable at this distant time to rake up matters long since buried in oblivion. It will be sufficient for our purpose if we were to extract simply the following passages from the decision of Sir Barnes Peacock in connection therewith.

"I may here remark that up to the time of our meet-

ing on Thursday morning, my Hon'ble Colleague had not uttered one syallable of complaint to me as regards the charges made against him. If the character of any other Judge had been similarly assailed, I should have thought necessary to adopt a similar course. But it appeared to me specially necessary in the present case, when the attack had been made upon a native gentleman on the Bench of the High Court.

"I knew him before he was raised to the Bench. I have sat with him as a colleague, and I believe that I have as good an opportunity as any one of forming a just estimate of his character. Though now speaking in his presence I may be permitted to say that he is a man of ability and learning, very unassuming, yet high-minded, of a gentle, kind and amiable disposition, independent, and always ready to maintain an opinion so long as he conceived it to be right and equally ready to abandon it if convinced it is wrong. He is the second native who by his own abilities has raised himself to the high position of a Judge of the High Court." (In the matter of William Taylor Esquire—Charge Contempt of Court. Decided on the 24th July 1869.)

While such was the opinion entertained of him by his Chief—an opinion fully endorsed to by all who came in contact with Dwarkanath, an octagenerian Civilian Judge of the old School, presiding at the Dwarkanath Memorial Meeting, speaks thus of him in a patronizing tone:—"As a Judge—and I speak with affection and respect to his memory—his only fault (and who amongst us is without fault) was, that he was too impulsive. He lacked what I consider a great gift in a Judge, and that is impass-

iveness on the Bench. He was somewhat apt to take a case prematurely into his hands; but when we consider the learned judgments he delivered from time to time—when we call to recollection that so great a lawyer as Sir Barnes Peacock differed from him with diffidence—when we remember that his judgments in the High Court on points of Hindoo Law were accepted as remarkably correct—the little errors which arose from impulsiveness, and which I can only attribute to his being so long an advocate, will be forgotten, and every body will remember what an eminent, and just, and great Judge he was."

It is clear from what has been cited that the soundness of Dwarkanath's judgment could not be carped at, but only his *modus operandi* was criticized by Mr. Justice Kemp. We can however, sympathise with his feelings—feelings quite akin to those entertained by a General of the old School towards the Corsican youth for the way in which the military science was then being handled by the latter.

We do not hesitate in the least to maintain that the talents of Dwarkanath as an advocate, brilliant as they were, fell rather short of those displayed by him upon the Bench. It is generally known that his "decrees" were never doubted, and every honest suitor was eager to have his case tried by him. It has not yet faded from the remembrance of men how the multitude flocked to the Bench where Dwarkanath presided. "I never heard" said an eminent pleader to me, "a discomfitted party ever

speaking of Dwarkanath in terms of asperity, or without a general praise of his wonderful talents." No one have denied that Dwarkanath performed his judicial function of his post, so as to unite all the suitors of the Court and all others, in one opinion concerning him—that his judgment was uncommonly sound, and his mode of delivering his opinion persuasive; his apprehension quick, and his explanation of the subject luminous. He never took notes of any arguments; he depended upon memory alone. I have known him often go through a cause which had numerous complicated facts without a note of the arguments delivered by the counsel, and with written preparation of any kind—with a force and perspicuity almost inconceivable.

To give chapter and verse for my facts, I may be permitted to reproduce the speeches of Messrs. Montriou and Kennedy, the first in reply to that of Justice Kemp and the latter in response to the address by Justice Jackson to the Bar.

Extract from the Speech of Mr. Montriou in reply to the charge of "Impulsiveness."

"With all deference to what they had heard from their chairman respecting Dwarkanath's qualities as a Judge, he would say that the position of Judge was that which best became him, and few indeed who had opportunities of seeing him on the Bench but would bear witness to the fact. While he (Mr. Montriou) spoke of his qualities as a Judge, he felt he had very difficult ground to tread upon. But he should not be doing his

duty were he silent. No Government or Administration or Representative power resembled the office of a Judge. A Judge represented an ideal, an unattainable one,—they could never hope to have a perfect Judge. He would remark, that the best Judges of Judges were not co-judges seated side by side, but the public were. The suitors could say candidly and well, why they valued a particular Judge, and what were there objections to another. Few, indeed, if any, were the objections raised against Justice Dwarkanath Mitter. He saw around them advocates, English and Native, and would ask them if they ever heard the slightest objections to a case being brought before Justice Dwarkanath Mitter. Was ever any one dissatisfied with Dwarkanath's decision? Was ever any one disappointed in him? He thought not. That being so, there was something remarkable and worthy of admiration in him as a Judge. He was possessed of high intellectual gifts, but he was not honored for these alone, but for that unswerving rectitude of character which was a natural endowment and which marked him out for that peculiar office, to the standard of which he certainly came up as ever mortal man could."

Extract from the Speech of the Standing-Counsel Mr. Kennedy.

"No Judge inspired us with more confidence for a high intellect, for none had we a higher respect and there are few indeed, if any, who, we felt certain, would take the most accurate, and at the same time, widest view of every question that was placed before him for decision. It is, I feel, a loss not only to the Bench, and not only to the suitors in this Court, but is a loss to the community which I fear can not be supplied."

I am free to admit that that "impulsiveness" on which Justice Kemp laid stress, might be dangerous, were the intellect itself of an ordinary one, and not endowed with corresponding powers,—powers such as markedly distinguished Dwarkanath's. Sitting on many occasions side by side with Dwarkanath, Justice Kemp should have realized this fact before indulging in such observations and extolling that "impassiveness" which he holds as the *ne plus ultra* of judical eminence.

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CHAPTER V.

His private pursuits when on the Bench.

Soon after his elevation to the Bench Dwarkanath made up his mind to secure a permanent town residence in some eligible quarters of that suburb where he had passed all the years of his practice and which was endeared to him by his brief early struggles as well as his subsequent professional triumphs. He was looking out for a suitable site to purchase, when a large house built in former days for holding a court of circuit but then lying untenanted, was offered for sale. Not to loose the opportunity, Dwarkanath proceeded one evening to see it, accompanied by some of his friends, among whom the writer of these pages was one. The house had an evil reputation which doubtless accounted for its deserted condition. It was in fact believed to be haunted. Dwarkanath had been apprised of it, but this circumstance rather weighed in its favor with him. The idea rather tickled his fancy, that he would brave the ghosts. A thorough-going Positivist, who disbelieved the supernatural altogether, he would not be deterred from the worst spirit-infested medival castle. A two minutes walk brought us to the gate of this old circuit House; an old servant gave us admittance. The extensive lands surrounding the house spoke in its favor. The interior of the building did not seem to belie the rumour about it. As we entered the rooms, a num-

ber of owls took flight, and kept flapping and circling over our heads. The windows were thrown open; and the feathery tenantry who had acquired occupancy rights by long prescription, feeling themselves disturbed in right earnest, finally took to their wings. We could now quietly make our inspection. The house although bearing obvious marks of dilapidation was never-the-less sound in the main. The garden in front was not in better preservation. Weeds had long since taken the place of flowers; and the rank grass grew among the interstices of the paved masonry in the yard round the building. A ditch dignified with the name of tank—half mud and half water, its surface dotted with large frogs, divided the garden from a half shaven meadow shorn of its grass by the grass-cutters, on which a lean donkey and a few goats were with difficulty picking up a scanty subsistence. This house with its lands was soon after purchased by Dwarkanath for fifty thousand Rupees.

On a visit to Dwarkanath fifteen months from the date of the purchase, I was struck with the aspect which the same house had now put on. It had indeed quite taken its place among the "Stately Homes" of the City of Palaces. Dwarkanath had built much and well. The old building itself had been done up in many parts. The grounds were so green, the shrubberies and trees so fine, the muddy pool now enlarged and reclaimed and another newly excavated, looked so glassy, as our carriage drove up to the portico. The arrangements of the garden were

significant of the brain that dictated them. Here and there attempts at landscape gardening had been made. The flower beds and grassplots were one and all constructed after the model of one or other of geometrical figures. This mathematic bearing was indeed the weak point in the design. He was a Positivist even in his search after beauty. There in the midst of that geometrical disposition of vegetable life, his young boy was required every morning not only to make himself practically acquainted with the principles of garden culture, but also with the properties of mathematical figures.

The rooms of the house were all furnished more with an eye to solid comfort—such as he understood it—than to luxury. If he allowed himself any luxury it was in the matter of books and scientific apparatuses. He formed a magnificent Library, loaded with the learning of many ages and different climes. Between the Library and the mathematical and optical instruments, he expended no less than fifty thousand rupees. Few were the Art treasures in the house. Among the pictures, an admirable likeness of Emperor Napolean in the first bloom of youth, and in the uniform of a General Officer, four water colour designs of the four seasons and two wood-land sceneries in oil were much admired. There were two life-sized portraits of owner of the mansion. Both were faithful copies of the original, but in the one latterly taken we missed the sap, the freshness and the bloom of the other of an earlier date. The action

of time coupled with the unceasing mental toil accounted for the difference.

After building, furnishing and embellishing, Dwarka nath discovered for the first time to his amazement that he had beggared himself. The case would have been greatly different if he had known how to protect his interest; but he was singularly unskilful in the management of his private affairs: they were necessarily looked after by another; but here again he was singularly unlucky of his man. The consequence was that he was quietly relieved in various ways of a round sum far exceeding a lac of rupees. But although he discovered at last how his confidence had been abused, he could not be persuaded to take any legal steps for his protection, far less to bring the delinquent to justice. The fact was the man was a relation of his on his mother's side. Lest he might hurt his mother's feelings, he bore all with heroic equanimity. Deprived thus of this comparatively slender accumulation of his years of practice, he began anew as it were.

Reduced now to a fixed income, which large as it was, was saddled with various charges incedental to his position in society, and to his hospitable and charitable disposition, he saw that he must surrender all hopes of leaving a fortune after him. He became, in consequence, extremely anxious for the education of his son, when he evidently regarded as the representative of his mind, if not the inheritor of his profession at the Bar. He resolved to spare no expenses, nor pains to secure to his son a first-class training.

Besides the usual staff, he secured the services of Mr. Rees, an ex-professor of the Presidency College on a pay of Rs. 200 a month, for teaching his boy classics and mathematics for 3 hours a day.

In the alternate reading of classics and mathematics with his tutor, the rapidity of his boy's comprehension was quite commensurate with the wishes of his father, who hoped much, at no distant day, to send his son to Cambridge, where he should fathom still further the depth of pure mathematics and study the *Principia* with the Dons of that famous centre of learning—a wish alas! he was not destined to see realised.

During his career at the Bar he had not much time at his disposal for private study, each day bringing with it a multiplicity of claims upon his attention that left no portion of his long working hours unappropriated. It was different now. Heavy as the duties of a High Court Judge were, especially under the eye of a Chief Justice with a passionate love of work like Sir Barnes Peacock, he ordinarily required not a moment beyond his court hours to get through his daily work. His facility in forming his opinion and delivering judgment was remarkable. As soon as the arguments were closed, he would, except on rare occasions, there and then dictate judgment to his Bench Clerk. Such spare hours on hand as he thus possessed, it is nothing surprising that a man of his temperament should turn into account. He made up his mind to prosecute two new languages *viz.*, French and Latin. To French he was

induced to pay greater attention at first. Some years back, a cursory glance which he had taken at the positive philosophy of Auguste Comte, had made an impression on his mind. He now resumed its study in right earnest, and soon he was so fascinated that he felt a strong regret that he could not read it in the original, instead of through the cold medium of translation. Accordingly he set about in right earnest to master French. It is noteworthy that without much assistance of a teacher, and with the aid of such books as afford help to beginners he made a remarkable progress in course of a year. His practice was to look over a passage, to make himself master of the meaning of unknown words with the help of the Dictionary and then render the passage straight way into English. This method he adhered to, and thus he acquired an almost unrivalled power of putting his thoughts, without premeditation into words well-selected and well-arranged. When he made his way into the language, he began to read with the greatest enthusiasm the whole series of Comte's works "Cours de Philosophie" in 6 volumes; "System de Politique Positive, on Traite de Sociolgie instituant la Religion de l' Humanite" in 4 volumes; "Catechisme Positiviste on Sommaire Exposition de la Religion Universeli and others. These studies he varied now and then dipping into Voltaire's "Essai Surles Moeurs" and his "Dictionarie Philosophique." In time he became so very fond of the French authors that his demands for fresh works could hardly be supplied by Messrs. Thaker, Spink & Co.

of Calcutta. His Library contains on less than one thousand volumes of well-selected French works.

From the remarks made by him in pencil, it is evident that he had gone through most of them very carefully. Shortly after he translated a French mathematical work *viz.*, Analytical Geometry of Auguste Comte into English. It was published at the time in "*Mookherjee's Magazine.*"

His introduction to the writings of Aguste Comte in original is an era in his life, producing a complete revolution in his opinions on the most important subjects. This event exercised a greater influence upon him than any other that occurred in connection with his spiritual culture. A new current of ideas flowed on his mind; new modes of interpreting the past and reading the future dawned upon his soul, and Dwarkanath was completely kindled with enthusiasm towards his new teacher. He now opened communications with Dr. Richard Congreve (the High Priest) and other Positivists both here and in England. The letters thus interchanged during a period of 3 or 4 years are too valuable towards the illustration of his character to be omitted. But as they are not all available, I content myself by placing before the reader so many of them as have come to my hand.

WANDSWORTH, 12, MOSES 82,

12th January 1878.

DEAR SIR,—Our mutual friend Mr. Lobb, encourages me to write to you. It would give me great pleasure to enter into correspondence with one who is a sharer in the same belief and hope, in the Positivist belief and in the hope that belief holds out. Let me thank you first for what you say of the translation of the Catechism. I am thankful to find it has been of use to you. It is profoundly interesting to find our doctrines acceptable to men of your country and in a position such as yours, and to us in the West it is, you can honestly tell, how great, an encouragement to meet with sympathy out of the limits of the Western World. A steady communication between those who are sympathisers in the service of Humanity is most desirable and it is this which I would wish if it suit you to begin by this note. If there is any want of form I know you will excuse it. I write to you as I should to any Western Positivist, believing that the common faith will override any differences in mere expression. Mr. Lobb tells me that you are willing to subscribe to the Positivist fund. The first Hindoo contribution is a great want, and I should be pleased if through him I were the medium of communicating it to the centre at Paris. If you send your first subscriptions through him, then you might send subsequent ones to me direct, as most convenient to you. I confine myself at present to the more immediate points of interest, as my object is to open, if you are willing, a communication with you. That once established other things may follow. I doubt not, though you speak hesitatingly, that with time much that you now think sealed to you will become quite clear. Almost all of us here have advanced too late to a full mastery of

the whole, but by study and thought we can all advance; and in every religious system, so far as it is true, there is much which the living by it makes intelligible though at first it was not so.—Believe me to remain, yours very faithfully,

RICHARD CONGREVE,
SOUTH FIELDS,
Wandsworth, London.

To
THE HON'BLE JUSTICE DWARKANATH MITTER,
Bhowanipore, Calcutta

On receipt of the above, Dwarkanath entered into a correspondence with Dr. Congreve. But as no copy of that letter was retained, we can only guess at topics it dealt with from the following reply returned to it.

WANDSWORTH S. W. 28, ARCHIMEDES 82,
22nd April 1870.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of 21st March reached me last Monday April 18th. It was a great pleasure to me in every way, and I would not lose any time in answering it. If breathes throughout a firm conviction of the truth and utility of the Religon of Humanity; and it is with the greatest satisfaction that I find such a conviction in one of your position and antecedents, outside of the Western world, and if in one, then surely if not immediately and actually, still certainly at no distant period in more; and if the convictions which you have, spread and influence more in the East, it is quite certain that the reaction on us in the West will be most valuable. So our mutual sympathies may be quickened to the advantage

of the common cause on which East and West are really one, if their past makes their course somewhat different. You may count confidently on the warmest sympathy from all Positivists in Europe, as also upon such co-operation as we can give—a co-operation gradually increasing as our numbers and means increase.

Reviewing your letter which lies before me, you mark well the two-sided action of Western thought upon your social state, its enlightening and at the same time its revolutionising power. We have the same contrast here, and may have it still more painfully forced on our attention. We share consequently in your evils. Many minds in our present state will take of Positivism only that portion which emancipates them from the old and will refuse to take that other portion which would involve self-discipline and control. Your remarks on the prospects of Christianity come with peculiar interest just at present when a certain sensation has been awakened in London by the arrival and language of Keshub Chunder Sen (I believe this is the name as our papers give it) who is a Bramho, and who is much quoted by the vaguer Christians as really favorable to Christianity. They clutch at every straw of comfort in their decaying state. There has come lately also an utterance quite in keeping with your judgment on the prospects of Christianity from the Bhuddhists of Siam in a little book translated by a British resident in that country, which shews the complete alienation from any Christian revelation which you express occupying another great branch of the Eastern world. Our papers publish letters, I see, to the effect that Bramhoism is by no means very powerful in Hindoostan, but that all its abler disciples more

and more tend in quite a different direction that of Comte or Mill. I read with great interest your remarks on what is called natural Theology, as also those on the attributes of God. Both questions for you are evidently judged and disposed of. There is no need to return upon them. You have wholesomely cleared out your mind from their weakening influences, as also from the peculiar compromise offered by Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is most refreshing to think that all these subjects are met and set aside with such vigour by you. You see clearly that the admission of invariable laws either excludes God or degrades him, and the first is at once the more respectful and the more logical process. No attempt to solve the problem has any hope in it. If I comment at all on what you have written, it is to shew that I have carefully read it. It puts me in possession in the clearest way of your views. I take it as expressing the arguments which influence you and which are to my mind quite sound. In treating Bramoism as in treating Christianity practically we must aim at being as relative, as sympathetic as possible—allowing for what of truth and beauty there may be on the ideas, as also for the power the Theist or the Christian theories have exercised in the past. This is the easier in proportion as we see the more clearly the intellectual weakness of the systems. I am glad to hear you have subscribed to the Positivist Fund. It is most desirable that it should steadily increase on a solid basis. This is why on all fitting occasions I put forward its claims, as in the two addresses which I send with this begging your acceptance of them. They may be as a token of the pleasure I feel in opening a correspondence with you. I

shall have the greatest satisfaction in announcing your adhesion to our Positivist's centre.

You may be most useful to me in keeping me informed of the movement in India and its progress so far as you trace it. Are you in communication with others who share your convictions or do you stand alone and merely hear that there are others. It is most desirable that wherever possible, disciples of the Religion of Humanity should be in connection with one another. But I do not know enough of your circumstances and position to know how far such connection is possible. Would you when will give me such information on these two points as you may be willing to do, that I may appreciate your situation. You will not, I am sure, think me intrusive in this request, as you say the direct action of the Positivist. Priesthood must be waited for. It must be in its full form a comparatively slow growth. We must do what we can to fill up the gap which is much to be regretted, and there is much in our power. By historical and social studies such a sense of the value of the Religion may be spread and it may be by others as by yourself be so completely adopted that some will be led to master the knowledge for its further propagation. It is in this direction of religious, social and historical teaching and reading that in the immediate present our main effort should be made so to obviate the revolutionary tendency of ordinary education and the solvent proverty inherent in the newly scientific instruction if limited to that. Let me here, ask you, your own views of what may be done in this respect. May we not hope to see some one or two of your countrymen of ripe age, engaging and able to engage in a vigorous study of the scientific basis under the impulse of a religious connection so implanted. What kind of works

finds readiest access with you? But I could multiply questions and must not. Rather let me wait for your subsequent letters, which if far between it will be well on both sides to make as regular as we can, so they will afford us the means of making ourselves clear as to our feelings and action. I conclude this by thanking you very cordially for your kind expressions towards myself and assuring you that I wish to do all in my power to help you. We in England, owe you much—more than we can perhaps give. I cannot but look on it as evidence of a noble feeling that you can write to an Englishman as you have done to me. (On the Education my second address may help you,)—yours most truly,

RICHARD CONGREVE.

THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER.

BENARES.

To Dr. CONGREVE.

HONORED SIR,—I am really ashamed to ask you to forgive me for this long and protracted silence. I have been so unwell both in body and mind since the breaking out of the late unfortunate Franco-German war that I could not make up my mind to write to you though I can confidently state that I did not allow a single day to pass without thinking of you at least once. It may appear strange to you that I a native of Bengal should have suffered so much for an event which took place thousands of miles away from my home, but I can assure you from the very bottom of my heart that it has caused me far greater pain and misery than any other event in the whole course of my life. Indeed I must confess to my great shame that for sometime at least it shook my faith in Positivism to its very foundation, so much so that the Religion

of Humanity appeared to me nothing more than a glorious dream. Thanks, however, to the irrestible logic of our immortal master a careful reperusal of the Positive Politique has restored my mind to its original state, and I am now satisfied more than ever that the peacefulness of Universal Love is sure to establish itself sooner or later in spite of all the Birsmarcs that the world can produce.

What do yo think are the present and future prospects of poor but to me still dear France? If we are to believe half of what is said of her in the English newspapers, there seems to be no hope for her future recovery. The Celt, they say, never knew, and is by his very organization incapable of knowing what progress is. I of course do not attach the slightest weight to such nonsencical stuffs. If the teachings of History can be relied upon, and if the subordination of the egoistic to the altriustic instincts be the true test of Human advancement, Celtic France has maintained and will continue to maintain her superiority to Teutonic Germany in spite of all her disasters and shortcomings. Nevertheless it is impossible to deny that her present condition is extremely deplorable. That the noblest country in the world should thus allow herself to be repeatedly driven backwards and forwards between anarchy and retrogession is sufficient to break the heart of every sincere well-wisher of Humanity, and what makes the spectacle infinitely more distressing is that she should continue to do so after it has been conclusively demonstrated to her by the noblest, the wisest and the greatest of her children that progress and order are by no means antagonistic to each other the former being nothing more than the development of the latter. Do you think

that there is any chance for the Bourbons? If so the enemies of France will have a long time to triumph ovcr her misfortunes. The report of the recent French elections shows that the Conservatives are in the majority. Who are these men and what is their political creed. I hope they are not Bonapartists. I believe there is not a single honest and intelligent man now living in France who is not thoroughly convinced that his glorious country owes all her recent misfortunes directly to that selfish and incapable dulard who is now doing penance at Chiselhurst and indirectly to his insensate uncle whose highet idea was that the world was the appointed quarry of the Bonapartes and their myrmidons. Do you know any thing about the real character of M. Gambetta? He does not seem to be a Positivist, but at the same time I cannot help thinking, notwithstanding all the abuses that have been heaped upon him, that his name is the only redeeming feature in the history of this disastrous period, and I am almost inclined to believe that if France had half-a-dozen men like him, she would have been spared the most humiliating of her misfortunes—the capitulation of Paris and the cession of Alsace and Lorraine. But I must drop this painful subject, or it will break my heart.

Will you kindly let me know something about the progress our Religion is making in Europe. I read somewhere in the papers that a rupture has taken place between the Positivist of Europe and America. Is that a fact? If so, what is the point of difference. As for my unfortunate country, I am afraid we must wait for some time to come before her children can be made to accept the sublime truths of the Religion of Humanity. A perfect indifference to all questions connected with

religion is the prevaling order of the day, and with some four or five exceptions that I am aware of, the best of our educated youths are incapable of understanding, far less of appreciating what disinterested benevolence is. "Enlightened self love" as they call it, is the ultimatum of their thought; and beyond it every thing appears to them more than a fanatical delusion. I must say however that this melancholy state of things is not exclusively due to the inherent defect of our national character. The fault lies principally with our education which is too imperfect to yield any better results. Positivism teaches that the moral progress of a nation is nothing but the resultant of its mental and material progress and I regret to say that in both these respects our condition is far from what it ought to be. Our legislators are under the impression that society is not governed by any inherent laws of its own, that it is entirely at their disposal, and that they can alter it in any manner they like by a single stroke of their pen. Our educators on the other hand, and I am sorry to say that with a solitary exception here and there the great majority of them do not even know what education is, seem to think that the only function of a teacher is to assist his pupils in getting up parrot-like a few unconnected and unintelligible formulæ, selected from the worst books possible, in order that the majority of them might come out as B. A.s and M. A.s at the end of a given period of time, and his own salary increased in proportion to the number of successful candidates. The higher authorities think that the subject of education apart from the question connected with the reduction of expenditure is too unimportant to deserve any serious consideration; and if they interfere at all, they do so only to add to the number of our

Inspectors and Sub-Inspectors whose sole business is to waste immense quantity of stationery in drawing up *colour de rose* reports at the end of every official year. At present, the cry is for mass education. High education, they say, has had enough care devoted it, and the result is any thing but satisfactory. By some strange oversight, the masses have been altogether neglected; and as their education is the first duty of the state, and there can be no education without funds, the people must be taxed right and left to enable the Government to discharge this hitherto forgotten obligation. I have already given you some idea of the state of *High Education* in our country, and you can very well imagine the glorious harvest which *mass education*, if conducted on the same plan is likely to yield. The old bonds established by theocracy which are still keeping society together will of course be the first thing that will be knocked in the head; and we shall have throughout the length and breadth of this vast country no other principle to guide us than that sublime creation of modern Political economy, namely, the principle of competition "open" or "understood."

The state of our judicial administration is equally unsatisfactory. Perjury and forgery have increased to an awful extent, so much so that there is scarcely a single case in which both parties are not guilty of producing a mass of false evidence, oral or documentary. The usual explanation of course is that the Indian is too black to be honest, as if the vices above referred to were indigenous to the soil of this country alone. One need not however go very far to ascertain the true cause of this deplorable state of things. The introduction of a judiciary system altogether unsuited to the requirements of the people, the general incompetency of the judicial functionaries most

of whom are totally ignorant of the manners, customs and languages of the people, and an undue haste to dispose of cases without sufficient deleberation are quite sufficient to account for it, without arttibuting any peculiar depravity to the national character. Then again the Legislative Mill is going on incessantly. Laws passed yesterday are repealed today, and the result is that the most studious member of the profession is unable to keep pace with the rapidity of legislation. People will forge and perjure themselves so long as they find it their interest to do so, but our legislators seem to think that a rapid change of laws is a panacea for all evils.

Our financial position however is the worst of all. You know very well that the people of the country have no voice whatever either in the matter of raising the revenue or in that of spending it. This privilege, perhaps, we as a conquered people have no right to claim. But we are certainly entitled to see that the burdens imposed upon us are in proportion to our means, and that whatever is taken from us is not absolutely wasted if not spent exclusively for our benefit. But alas ! matters are every day becoming worse and worse. Two sources of taxation, the imperial and the local, have been opened simultaneously and the whole country is groaning under an accumulated burden of taxes which it is by no means able to bear. The moral consequence of such a disastrous state of things can be more easily imagined than described. I will give you only one example. The Income Tax requires that every person summoned under that Act should file a statement of his annual income supported by a solemn affidavit as to its correctness, and you can very easily imagine the number of false affidavits which are being daily filed in our Income Tax Office, when such serious apprehensions

in that direction are felt in a country *like France*. The people are trying their best to understate their incomes as much as they can, and the Government officials are equally assiduous in assessing them at the highest amounts up to which it is possible to go. When we came to the department of expenditure, the picture is equally gloomy. Our Commissariat and Public Works Departments which swallow up very considerable portions of the public revenue are two gignatic shams. A man has but to enter either of these departments, by the assistance of some Alladin's lamp which outsiders cannot discover, and he is sure to come out with his lacs. A Commissariat Gomastaship is one of the most coveted of employments, and the universal belief is that the higher posts are *de facto* mines of gold. Palatial buildings erected yesterday at enormous cost are condemned today as unfit for habitation, and the public is again to be saddled with the cost of demolishing them. Appointments are created for which there is not the slightest necessity, but the most pressing public demands are overlooked on the ground of want of funds. Such a penny-wise and pound-foolish system of policy, if allowed to go on unchecked, will ultimately end in the total ruin of the people, for there certainly is a point beyond which taxation cannot go, notwithstanding all the devices and manipulations of Political Economy. Curses though not loud but deep are to be heard in almost every part of the country, and I can venture to say without the slightest fear of contradiction that the British Government has never been more unpopular than it is at the present moment. A sad want of sympathy with the people and their feelings seems to be one of its chief characteristics; and I regret to say that there are good grounds to support the charge.

While giving you the above picture, I do not wish for one moment to deny the inestimable blessings which England has conferred upon us. The very fact that I am able to write to you so freely is sufficient to show that all things being taken under consideration, we are far better off than our ancestors were under the best of Mahomedan Emperors. I can even say that there is not an intelligent man amongst us who does not from the bottom of his heart wish for the continuation of the British power, though he may now and then cry out against it. All that I mean to say is that England herself has effected a vast change in our feelings and ideas, and if she is not prepared to adopt a more sympathetic line of policy, and give up all idea of governing such a distant and heterogeneous empire as this by telegrams and Political Economy no one can say where our miseries will end. A foreign Government is one of the strongest of social forces ; and if the Governors are not disposed to sympathize with the governed, the latter must give up all hopes of happiness as chimerical.

Have you heard any thing of M. Laffitte the Director of our Religion. I hope he is quite well. I will remit to you my last year's *subsidi* as soon as I go down to Calcutta, as also a sum of Rs. 3 which has been contributed for the same purpose by Babu Gooroodass Banerjea who is employed as a teacher in the Kishnagur College. Allow me further to subscribe a sum of £50 in aid of the translation of the *Positive Politique* which you and some of your illustrious friends have undertaken. I will remit the amount to you as soon as I can.

I am extremely sorry to hear from Mr. Lobb that you have been unwell. I hope you are all right now.

In conclusion, I have a somewhat awkard request to

make. Some time ago, I received a letter from your brother-in-law Mr. Geddes requesting me to subscribe something in aid of the translation above referred to. I have already told you that my mind was then in a terrible state of confusion, and I am ashamed to say that I have not acknowledged it up to this time. Will you kindly intercede with him on my behalf and ask him to excuse me for my rudeness. I would have written to him direct but I cannot muster courage to do so.—Believe me to be, your humblest and most devoted disciple,

DWARKANATH MITTER.

P. S. I wish to say a word in explanation of the word "disciple" used by me. You know there is a custom amongst us Hindus according to which every man after arriving at years of discretion is required to adopt a spiritual guide. I think that this is a very salutary institution and as I consider you to be in every respect worthy of filling the position of a spiritual preceptor, I shall consider it an honor if you allow me to regard you in that light.

DWARKANATH MITTER.

MECKLENBURGH SQUARE, LONDON W. C.

24, HOMER 84, *21st February 1872.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I received on Monday two drafts one for £49-4-5, the other for £2-6-0, the first being your subscription towards the translation expenses of the *Politique Positive*, the second a joint subscription from you and Baboo Gooroodass Banerjee to the subside sacredotal. Both I hereby acknowledge and will send you in due time M. Hardcraft's receipt for the latter. Will you meanwhile notify to your friend that I have received it. So far for

immediate business with this additional remark that the translation will yet be some time before it appears. We hope to get to press in October, this is our hope, and it will of course take some time, to pass it through the press. It is a heavy labour but my collegues in it are advancing.

I am extremely pleased that you liked Mr. Geddes and I feel much indebted to you for your cordial greeting of him. He is one who insensitive to all kindnes and he felt, I assure you, the kindness of your reception. He is under a sad trial in being parted from his wife. I hope that you will some day make her acquaintance also. It would, I am sure, be a mutual pleasure. She is one of our best Positivists.

I have been long in your debt—how long your letter does not tell me. It bears no date. I see but I am sure it is a long time. You then like myself suffered in health from the Franco-German calamity. It nearly upset me with its long excitement and lamentable ending, combined with the deep disgrace of England's conduct. I can quite understand your suffering and look on it as a clear proof of your practical realization of the unity of Humanity. We need not feel our confidence shaken though the immediate future is very pregnant with suffering. Yet the triumph of brute force and all the evils which we have seen are susceptible of being led to other issues than the immediate actors dream of. It is a poor satisfaction, but I make no doubt that in the end it will be found that Germany loses most in the struggle. Her present moral degradation is intense. You, I see, have not been blind to this fact, and there is no ground for the popular persuasion so aided by those who at present are interested to of her superiority. She has greater learning in the ordinary sense, dictionary learning, if I may use the

expression, but she remains none the less really behind France, and her best sons are aware of this, I am sure. The present state of France is very gloomy, so bitter is the hostility of the two parties into which she is divided, the theological and the revolutionary, and our doctrines are not yet strong enough to count in the scale." She suffers for all,—that is the simple fact to which we must cling. She is in advance in the process of decomposition and pays the penalty, and her sufferings will save the others, if they are wise, but I have not hope, but confidence that the end of her suffering, though not near will be a better state for herself and the recognition by others of her good services. Our papers are a terrible spectacle of low morality and almost equally low intellect. I am sure you are right in your estimate of the French superiority. Be this as it may, for us, it is the great task immediately to bind up the West bringing each element into union with the others. My own political prognosis is favorable to the Republic; but it is I am aware most uncertain. Still the other powers against her are weak and the logic of events in her favor. What can the others hope but a slight tenure of power and a new Revolution. But any solution immediately seems possible. Still the easiest is a form Republican and which shall gradually move towards a real Republic. The danger is that the desire of order become too infectious and lead to a new complete provisional sacrifice of the interests of progress. Every election goes as yet in favor of the Republic. The honestest public man seems the Count de Chambord. Gambetta ia personally an enigma rather, still he is a power, and we look to him with hope, but I imagine with no real knowledge. He has a certain knowledge of Positivism it is thought. His organ in the Press has spoken in a

way which implies this. Had there been two such in the war, the issue would have been different. It is the consciousness of this that constitutes his social force. There is no rupture between the American and European Positivists, the former are rather incomplete and given to odd ways, but on the whole as yet we get on quite amicably together. You will see in my address for this year evidence of this. Your country must wait. It is much that we have such first fruits as you. What a heavy responsibility rests on Mr. Mill for misleading people as to Positivism. Every where it is the same story—governments at sea with good intentions only to guide them, and teachers teaching at random and too generally as a matter of self-interest. Clearly the European world is not competent as yet to give really valuable instruction to the Eastern. Is it in your power to speak to your countrymen on these Educational topics, keeping clear the distinction between instruction and education? I of course can only ask the question, but your remarks lead me to it naturally. Evidently all the instructions should be subordinate with you as elsewhere to Education in its higher sense, and as so should probably in your country be considerably controlled,—so as not to loose by a foolish dissemination at random of knowledge, not to loosen prematurely the moral securities which your religious state still has in it. Your picture is very dark, but I feel sure, not too dark. Mr. Torrens' recent book "Our Empire in Asia" is one among many signs that here we are aware of the black outlook. Your conclusion is I see as is Mr. Torrens' that we should hold on. You will see from my discourse when you receive it that I am of a different mind. Slowly but surely we should I am convinced. We are bound as a duty to relax our hold—leaving your Bengal last. That we cannot continue is

I feel certain. That we ought not, because we are really unable to do what we should is perhaps the most practical way of stating the conclusion. This is but a poor answer to yours but I cannot write as much as I would. We are going on very steadily here. Our lectures in full working, our society meeting regularly, with great difficulty in our way but still making progress I believe. In France, they are starting a review which under the circumstances I think we should support. I have asked them to send you a prospectus, you will see if it suits you to take it in. I do not enlarge on our condition but you will see my estimate in the address, we are more solidly based here than in France in some measure. They on the other hand have most communications with and support from the workmen. This is a great point in their favor. We have all of us at the best *however* in need of a *robust* patience—for in relation to the emergency of the need our advance is distressingly slow.

Many thanks for your letter. Do not, I *pray*, let so long a time elapse without writing. A half-yearly letter might be a possibility at any rate.—Yours most fraternally in the faith and service of Humanity,

RICHARD CONGREVE.

We had on Monday last two *Presentations*.

To

THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER,

Calcutta.

17, Mecklenburgh Square, London W. C.

11, Archimides 84, *4th March 1872.*

My Dear Sir,—The papers I enclose need no comment. I trouble you with the acknowledgement for our second Eastern confrere. You may like to see also the simple programme of what we are doing in London. Just at this moment we are very busy owing to the agreeable circumstance of M. Laffitte's visit to us, which naturally occupies much my time and attention. He is giving three lectures on the first philosophy at the School as a kind of evidence of the sympathy which exists between the two Western nations—so far at any rate as the Church of Humanity is *concerned.* I am behindhand in one matter in sending you my address of the first of the year. I am not quite sure whether Mr. Lobb will have sent it you or not, I will however certainly send you shortly a copy.

M. Laffitte is on the whole very encouraging on the state of France. Their sufferings have been great, but he thinks the moral result has beeen good, that it has done a real service to the town populations, most of all to the Parisians, more widely and more extensively Republicans than ever. He believes in the continuance of the Republic in its present form for some time but probably in an improved form in the hands of M. Gambetta and a staff of kindred spirits. I see all around me proofs of the fact that the waves of last year are the starting point, the baptism as it were of a new movement forward with a more intelligent aim and a larger policy than before. I think I see all our own body regaining their courage where it had at all suffered, and one most important feeling spreading in us and still more outside of us—that whether

we are right or wrong,—we and no others offer a solution which is worth a trial to all who are not convinced that the old doctrines are yet susceptible of directing efficacy. Much therefore is satisfactory with enormous difficulties,—not one of the least of which is that of how to act towards India,—what if Japan and China act in their rccent alliance and on a strongly defined policy,—will such an event not make itself in Burmah and the quasi-independent states of Hindoostan. Evidently we cannot destroy those two great Empires and they, if not destroyed, must in their present state gradually advance towards a greater relative equality. There is an outlook—a prospect of greatest interest.

With my best wishes.—Yours ever in sincere fraternity.

RICHARD CONGREVE.

THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER,

Calcutta.

17, MECKLENBURGH SQUARE 20, FREDRICK 83,

24th November 1871.

MY DEAR SIR,—The bearer of this Mr. James Geddes of the Bengal Civil Service will have great pleasure in making your acquaintance. He is the husband of my wife's sister. Had she been able to accompany her husband, I should have much wished her to see you. But ill-health prevents her going at present, and therefore my introduction, if I may make so bold as to introduce any one to you to whom I am only known by letter, applies to Mr. Geddes alone. He is a complete Positivist as is his wife, and anxious to cultivate all possible sympathies with those who share in our faith. I hope and think you will not regret the opportunity of making his acquaintance.

All who know him here value and esteem him. It is long since I have heard from you. I have been hoping for your annual subscription and even more for some news of you and some communication on between fellow-labourers in the same cause. I have been myself in poor health or I might ere this have written to remind you of our existence and work here. I hope shortly to send you the Circular for 1870 which not unnaturally considering all that has happened is somewhat late. Salut et Fraternite.—Believe me to remain, yours very truly,

RICHARD CONGREVE.

THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER,
Calcutta.

17, MECKLENBURGH SQUARE, LONDON,
28, DANTE 82, *12th August 1870.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I call your attention to this address which henceforth is mine. We have lately moved into London in order to be more in the centre of things and nearer at work.

Next I have to acknowledge your remittance of £5, as I think I may have said, it is peculiarly welcome as coming from the East. This recognition of our great movement by an Oriental is a real course in its history, and will I am sure be as such at our centre in Paris. This feeling is wholly independent of the amount. Had that been our minimum of £3, it would have been much welcome but that we are not rich enough not to welcome the larger sum. In many respects our subscriptions fall short of our wants, most so in regard to M. Laffitte's position—so that we should all do what we can, and if in course of time, you would centralise other similar efforts

in India, it would be a good service. August is the best time for receiving subscription as in all ordinary years I go to Paris early in September. This year the war and revolution may make a difference.

My best thanks for your letter. We must regret but cannot wonder at the relative preponderance of Mr. Mill. This but for a time however. His own writings supply in some degree the antidote, and his inorganic tendencies are becoming more felt. Then the translation of the *Politique Positive*, if we can effect it, will do much. I send you some circulars which you will perhaps find means of circulating. Any who would take copies could do good service by sending in thier names to Trübner or his agent in Calcutta. The *Appil aux Conservateurs* is in a way to be translated. Friends have undertaken it, this might be peculiarly useful in India, where a true conservative policy is above all places desirable and its size gives it an advantage. Your remarks on Bramoism and Christianity interest me very much. Such movements are in your country only subsidiary and in some respects the latter has a tendency to be purely disturbing without the compensation offered by the former in its connection with the Vedic traditions of which you speak. Both, however, might be as well spared,—but we cannot secure that and must work in outlook of both, and ready to profit by both. To form a number of the higher minds in conjunction with our movement in the West and ready to propagate its results and action and to guide opinions so far as it is possible, such seems to me the true policy for you in the centre of Hindoo Positivism. With you as elsewhere the system must spread from above. It is a doctrine des class. In Paris, it will soon, I feel sure, have large working men's support

but at present only in Paris, however contagious such a result would be. You seem to me to see clearly this line and to be following it. Individuals will gather round you, and from here we will keep you acquainted with what is being done. (An article in the July Fortnightly by Mr. Harrison on the subjective synthesis might have a value for you.) Do you know the synthetic subjective. The two first chapters are valuable in the highest degree generally.

I have left myself but little room for your last question. Our total number will be very disappointing to you. Were I to fix it at some thing bellow one hundred—if we take those who have fully accepted our system,—I should still be putting it too high. But that would not give you a true measure of its power, which is very considerable, and outside of those who accept it fully, there are numbers who accept its political and social guidance. In Paris, it is making real progress popularly. Here it is mainly confined to the more highly educated. In America it is superfically examined and with interest which does not at present possess much. My hopes in England have been better. This year we have taken a good room in London where we shall have regular meetings of a religious character,—historical lectures on Positivist principles and, soon I hope, strictly scientific teaching, besides meetings for conversations on the questions of the day and meetings of the London Positivist Society. We have had this year three complete Positivists (you see our numerical weakness) and another is in comunication with me. It is important not to over estimate our movement, but I was never better pleased with it.—Yours very sincerely in faith,

RICHARD CONGREVE.

17, Mecklenburgh Square, London W. C.,
11, Shakespeare 84, *19th September 1872.*

My Dear Sir,—You have I believe received the numbers of the Revue Occidental as they have appeared. Will you allow me to ask if you are disposed to become a regular subscriber or to take a share or shares in it. Each share is £4 or 100 francs. The subscription is marked in it at 15 P. I cannot but think that it is an effort really worth supporting as tending to connect our body and if it succeeds in living, tending also to constitute an usual form of propaganda which need not supercede any other. Perhaps you will kindly consider the matter and let me know your decision. It has a difficult task before it—that of living for the first year, but I think from what occurred in Paris that with a considerable effort here in England, an effort which some of our friends are willing to make, we shall pull it through the first year. Its success must depend on regular subscribers.

Our meeting in Paris was cordial and pleasant, and the numbers were satisfactory especially of women. Indeed we seem really advancing there amongst the workmen. They here constitute our chief difficulty. In other respects we are making our way good—the foundation seems solid, and all the various movements are helping to admit attention to our doctrines.

For yourself I hope you continue in good health and fair spirits. I am afraid Mr. Lobb is in a very suffering state. Mr. Geddes at Poori is on the other hand very well. He writes that Positivism is very much discussed in English circles in India. What a hindrance in our path is the school of Mill, the semi or intellectual Positivists.

I enclose one of our quarterly Prospectuses. It may interest you to see what amount of regular work we are doing. All such communications tend to keep the body in rapport throughout the various sections.

With every good wish.—Yours very sincerely,

RICHARD CONGREVE.

THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER,
Calcutta.

17, MECKLENBURGH SQUARE, 16, BICHOT 84,
17th December 1872.

MY DEAR SIR,—I never like to delay an acknowledgement of money received and therefore send you a few lines. When I get from Paris the formal receipts I will transmit them to you with a longer letter, a fuller answer to your interesting communnication. Meanwhile let me say to you that I have received two cheques on the Agra Bank one for to £2-7-3, the other for £3-0-0, representing your subscription and those of Baboos Kissen Ghose, Nuffer Chunder Bhutto, Uma Churn Roy. I am most pleased to find that under your auspices the number of adherents to our Faith is on the increase and I trust that you have the satisfaction of finding an enlargement in the circle with which you are in sympathy. Isolation has been and still is too common with us. It is a great thing when it ceases.

I can and would gladly arrange about the Positivist Publications, at least I think so ; but would you tell me which of them you want, or I might be sending you duplicates. Through Trübner's Agent at Calcutta the thing might be managed. I will communicate your wishes to

the direction of the Revue Occidental. I hear from the Publisher that it is making satisfactory progress.

M. Laffitte's lectures on the first Philosophy were not published. The war interrupted that as much other useful work.—Nor can I find the means of publishing my own lectures which are of much less importance. I do not write them so that they may produce such effect as they may and pass.

So much for the present. I am, I thank you, not strong but with great care manage to get through my necessary work.

For the great kindness of your letter my best thanks are due—I am sensible this is but a poor return, but I hope at no distant period to write again. At present the preparation for my annual address presses hard on me. With best wishes for the new year.—Yours most sincerely,

RICHARD CONGREVE.

P. S.—Mrs. Congreve is with Mr. and Mrs. Geddes at Pooree. If it should be possible I shall hope that she will see you, if she on her return pass through Calcutta. She is a most thorough Positivist. She landed at Pooree November last.

Mr. Congreve again writes under date the 15th January 1873.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am anxious to send you the enclosed for yourself and your fellow-contributors. I indulge a hope that when in Calcutta which will be soon after you receive this Mrs. Congreve will see you. But I cannot tell whether that can be managed. I shall much envy her the privilege if she does so. She is at present with

her sister Mrs. Geddes at Pooree. I forget whether I have mentioned this before.

I think Mr. Mill's influence is on the wane—not at all what it was, though still very great. People are becoming better acquainted, though slowly, with the facts relative to his view of Comte's system and life, and such a knowledge does not tend to raise their estimate of Mill's candour nor of his ability. I do not think the time far distant when almost instinctively the man thoughtful will see that they must stand for the old or the new Religion and the smaller objections must be pushed aside as really not relevent to the great issue. Meanwhile what trouble we are all in under all our material prosperity, and in this I mean all the countries of Western Europe equally. France suffers but in degree. She is relieved by Bonaparte's death from one trouble and danger. Had he lived to return by the aid of the army, our body or some of its most prominent members would have been quite unsafe in France. Other changes and what are not possible, are not, I believe, so immediately dangerous. There is a sense of uneasiness becoming more general here as to our relations in the East—especially just at present with Russia. I would not so care were it not that it spoils our action and views, * * * but should we come to a war with Russia, we shall feel how shortsighted in our interest was our policy in regard to France. * * * I make little doubt that the Prussian Court will be more than merely favourable in feeling to Russia. Their organs breathe great enmity to England.

Our Positivist movement is not so good as it shall be. It is very difficult to account for its slowness. There is just enough to keep us going.

Gambetta has been speaking in honor of Mr. L—an odd thing after his previous language against him.

* * * *

We may feel sure that France cannot whatever her sufferings have a real down-fall. She is more powerful as an agent on European thought though now outwardly unsuccessful and draws more sympathies. The Germans feel this, and are greatly annoyed at it. The publication on the first Philosophy has been, as so much else, interrupted by the war, and is not in the way of being resumed. My own lectures are not written but spoken from notes. Whatever I publish,—and it can be but little at present, it costs me so much,—I shall be happy to send you.—Very sincerely and with all respect,

RICHARD CONGREVE.

17, MECKLENBURGH SQUARE, LONDON,
28, GUTENBERG 85, *9th September 1873.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I send through Mr. Geddes a few lines to express my great pleasure in finding that you are in relation with him and Mrs. Geddes. I think the intercourse cannot but be mutually pleasant and useful—based as it is cn a real community of faith. Mrs. Geddes is one of the most devoted and now one of the oldest Positivists—one whose every feeling has been for long years enlisted in the service of Humanity—and that in times which offered no attraction externally to one who was so devoted. Her support and countenance has been to me one of my greatest consolations. It would be much both for India and England if such sympathy, so resting on a common faith, could become more common. It is a great thing to have begun them and shewn that real sympathy

between the two populations is a possible thing. I am afraid you are not well in health. Pray take care of yourself, it is but due to our common cause that you should do so. We seem really approaching actions on the matter of the translation of the *Politique Positive*. It has been too long about but our existence has been so modified by the disturbance of European peace that the delay was inevitable.

With my best wishes I beg to remain,—Yours ever very sincerely,

RICHARD CONGREVE.

THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER.

17, MECKLENBURGH 15, ARISTOTLE 85,

12th March 1873.

MY DEAR SIR,—I send through Mr. Lobb this short acknowledgement of your remittance—two cheques on the Agra Bank one for £4, the other for £15.

I will forward you in due course Dr.———'s receipt—you will see from his circular that your aid is very welcome. It must remain uncertain for some little time whether the money he requires can be raised. I hope so—for the Revue will do us good service.

I indulge the hope that you and Mrs. Congreve may have met in Calcutta, but as yet I have not heard of it. A meeting with you would be of great interest to her.

I am on the eve of going to meet her on her return to Europe, and shall be absent from home till the month of July. Health and Fraternity.—Yours most sincerely.

RICHARD CONGREVE.

THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER.

SAN REMO, ITALIA,
15, CEASAR 85, *7th May 1873.*

MY DEAR SIR,—With the enclosed I send a line or two. I always found much. writing difficult when away from home. Besides on principle I want to rest as much as possible during this occidental holiday. I was greatly pleased at Mrs. Congreve's having the pleasure of your visit. I should have been doubly sorry had she not seen you—sorry for the cause in your health—I hope you are re-established—and sorry for her sake.

It was very good of you under the circumstances to go and see her. She speaks with the greatest pleasure of your conversation with her. She has brought such a real love of your climate—suffering as she does from the cold even here in July, I do not wonder at the charm India has for her. Her interest in the many questions which concern your country is not perhaps increased but made more definite. Relations out there naturally produce this result. I wish we could see you in Europe—we will do all we can—it is not very much to make your visit agreeable, should you have it in your power to come. It would be Eastern and Western Positivism face to face. On the whole, situations in Europe is becoming slightly more favorable to us and the acceptance of our doctrine. But the difficulties of European Politics are such as to demand great calmness in judgment—so many dangerous rocks ahead.—Yours fraternally in the service of Humanity—with Mrs. Congreve's very kindest remembrance,

RICHARD CONGREVE.

THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER,

From Mr. Lobb, the late Principal of the Kishnaghur College, Bengal.

4, HARRINGTON STREET,

27th November, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,—Mr. Fegrido (at Messrs. Thacker & Co's.) was asking to me about a book which you had ordered, and which he had not been able to supply. He showed me your list and what is wanted is evidently the Synthése Subjective in one volume published by DUNOD, Quaides Augustino, 49, Paris.

This first volume contains the "Systémede Logique Positive, on Traité de Philosophie Mathematique." It is the only one which Comte lived to complete.

With kind regards.—I am yours sincerely,

S. LOBB.

4, HARRINGTON STREET,

1st December, 1869.

DEAR DWARKANATH,—Would you kindly let my servant have the article on Utilitarianism which I sent you last Sunday, as I expect the *Bengalee* peon will call upon me today, and I wish to give him the MSS. when he comes.

Have you formed any opinion as to the merits of Utilitarianism. I must confess I cannot make it out. There seems to be no one consistent system which gathers round itself a large following of disciples. The only point on which they seem to be all agreed is that happiness is the test of right.

Lecky seems to me to have brought out very well the fact that in every man there is a moral *germ*, an inherent tendency to good. This I regard as thoroughly

in accordance with Comte's views. The Utilitarians are angry with Lecky, because he has adopted the ordinary (?) of *utility*, a view which has been adopted not only by Lecky but by nearly every philosopher who has criticized the Epicurian doctrines. What I maintain is, that the view is in the main correct, and that the Utilitarianism of Mill and his school is quite a new affair—which, so far as it has any value at all, is due to the Humanitarian conceptions of Comte.

I have a Utilitarian friend who is evidently very angry with me for the article in last week's *Bengalee*. He tells me it is *illogical* and *unsatisfactory*, and treats me with a long lecture upon the beauty and efficacy of Utilitarianism.

You must let me know your opinion on this question next Monday.

If you have time to read Lecky's book (*History of European Morals*) I think you would be repaid for the trouble. It seems to me that whatever Mr. Lecky's mistakes about neo-utilitarianism may be, the Editor of the *Fortnightly* has been most unjust to his general merit.—Yours sincerely,

S. LOBB.

THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER,
Bhowanipore.

KISHNAGHUR,
1st February, 1870.

DEAR DWARKANATH,—I am ordered to hold myself in readiness for Kishnaghur. I am to be there not later than the 10th.

I hope I shall see you before I go. I had wished to have discussed some points with you in the *Philosophie*

Positive, but the time now left I fear is too limited to admit of our doing much together. Try and write to me occasionally, when you have a few leisure moments. Never mind about the letters being short. You are the only Positivist friend I have in India, and I can assure that it is very cheering now and then to interchange a few thoughts with one who has so much in common with my own sentiments as yourself.

My sister, I am sorry to say, remains very unwell, and I am afraid she may at any moment have a relpase.

I shall look out for you on Sunday.—Yours sincerely,

S. LOBB.

KISHNAGHUR,

8th October, 1869.

DEAR DWARKANATH,—As I did not think you would object, I have taken the liberty to put your observations on the war in the form of an article, which I have sent to the *Bengalee* as I should like it to appear on the 15th.

I have not mentioned your name. The article is headed "*A Bengalee Positivist's view of the War.*" I think it will read very well.

Of course I should not include the remarks in my pamphlet unless I obtain your express consent. Do you object to my telling Babu Bacharam (the Manager of the *Bengalee*) when I next write, who is their author.—Yours sincerely,

S. LOBB.

P. S.—As Dr. Congreve see the *Bengalee* he will read the article I have put together from your letter, and will I am sure be pleased with it. There can be no objection I suppose to my telling him that you are the author.

If you, however, have the least objection to the remarks appearing in the B*engalee*, let me know at once, and I will countermand my instructions. They are written out in my own handwriting, and their authorship can be known to one but myself, unless of course you do not object to my indicating to Bacha Ram who is their real author.—
Yours sincerely, S. LOBB.

KISHNAGHUR,
12th May 1870.

MY DEAR DWARKANATH,—I was very pleased to receive your kind note some little while ago. Have you yet heard from Dr. Congreve? He will I am sure be very pleased to be in communication with you.

I see Keshub Chunder is starring it at fine rate in London. I never can quite make out what his real opinion of Christianity is.

I attempted a few remarks last Saturday, in the *Bengalee*, on the question of Perpetuities. I wonder whether you would agree with me.

Are you at all behind the scenes in the matter of education. There seems to be a danger of our Department being dis-established. I suppose it must come some day, but I hope they will do it gently. Before demolishing it, they should do away with such flagrant abuses as the Ecclesiastical Establishment, the annual Exodus to Simla &c. &c.

When I see the utter stupidity which obtains among the educational grandees of India, I often think it would be not much loss to the country if University *were* suddenly to collapse. Fancy for the *Honor* course in History.

History of England from 1760 to 1832. On what principles, in the heavens above or in the earth beneath,

this particular slice of the particular history of a particular country should have been chosen I am unable, after most strenuous efforts, to imagine.

The heat here is growing very intense. I intend to close the College for the summer vacation on Saturday.—

Ever yours sincerely,

S. LOBB.

KISHNAGHUR,

7th October, 1870.

DEAR DWARKANATH,—I was very glad this morning to see your handwriting once more and was much interested with the contents of your letter. I am about to publish my articles on European Policy in the form of a small pamphlet. If you will allow I think I could put the contents of your letters into printable shape. I should of course have the substance intact making only a few alterations for the sake of style. I should propose to put your observations in an append x simply remarking that they had been addressed to me by a Bengalee Positivist, and were inserted as likely to prove interesting to many readers. Your name would not be mentioned. This anonymous publication in which I indulge is in direct contravention of a fundamental principle of Positivism. I think, however, that in the case of officials in this country there is a good deal to be said in favor of this anonymous practice. In the *first* place our *names* belong primarily to the Government so that any thing to which we affix our names has a kind of official sanction. This it is desirable to avoid when maintaining Positivist opinion, at least I think so.—In the *second* place every one can know who the writer is if he takes the trouble to enquire, so that secrecy is impossible.

I think it, however, very advisable that your countrymen should as a rule be induced if possible to sign their names to what they write. This practice of stabbing in the dark is very injurious every where, but it is immensely dangerous in a country like this—where all the disorder of our Western civilization is so readily welcomed, and all its higher attributes so little studied. Pardon me if this observation seems at all hard. I know there are many exceptions, and noble ones too—but you will allow I think that modern ideas have not altogether penetrated India in their best form.

I don't fear for France. She is going through a dreadful period of suffering, but I feel convinced will come out triumphant. The countrymen of Condercet and Dauton and Hoche and many a other splendid hero will never yield to the federal Lords of Prussia, be they drilled and disciplined as they may. Europe certainly ought now to intervene and extinguish the Prussian lust for slaughter and conquest. I am not certain about M. Maquin. There is a Positivist of that name: he is a working man and one of the finest fellows you ever set eyes upon. I had the pleasure of meeting him in Paris in September 69. I think I sent you a little pamphlet which he had written. I hope the new minister of agriculture may be a Positivist: it would be a happy augury for the future. I don't know Mr. Gedde's address, but if you enclose the letter to Dr. Congreve, it would find him, as Dr. C. is in communication with him. Dr. C. is much pleased with him and regards him as a great accession of strength to the Positivist cause. Did I tell you that Mr. Cotton, out here, is a Positivist. I fancy there are others who, though not of us, sympathize more or less with us.—Sincerely yours,

S. Lobb.

KISHNAGHUR,
16th January, 1871.

MY DEAR DWARKANATH,—I don't know whether I have mentioned it before but in case not I write now. It is about the Subside. Guru Dass wants to subscribe to it and perhaps others might like to do the same. Would you mind receiving any such subscriptions from your countrymen and forwarding them from time to time to Dr. Congreve. I would rather not undertake the task myself as it might give rise to unpleasant remarks if it were known.

The *Indian Mirror* seems rather fond of attacking me, and I don't wish to lay myself open to their insinuations. I am not in the least ashamed of my principles, or even making them known, but as I don't approve of the kind of propagandism of which I am suspected—it is best not to expose myself in any way to the charge of it.

Have you heard from Dr. Congreve lately? I have not had a letter for some few mails. I expect the war absorbs all his time and energy.—Sincerely yours,

S. LOBB.

KISHNAGHUR,
21st October, 1871.

MY DEAR DWARKANATH,—I am sorry to hear you give so poor an account of yourself. Ill both in body and mind. This is sad indeed.

Dr. Congreve's address is as it always was

DR. R. CONGREVE,
17. Mecklenburgh Square,
London, W. C.

Do write to him? He will be very pleased to hear from you. Tell him freely your ideas about the position of England in this country, and influence which Western civilization has on India. I do not wish that he should depend on my representations alone. I may take a distorted view, but every day increases my belief that the position of a European, as ruler, in this country is thoroughly false. It is not that I would bring to an end the contact between the East and the West,—that would be impossible; nor do I think it possible for a long while to come that England should resign the sceptre of Hindoostan. But the country decidedly wants rest, we afflict it with our ceaseless restlessness and change. We shall break down utterly, if we don't take care on the taxation business. The masses of the people will stand any tyranny rather than a tyranny which interferes with their pockets. Then look at our miserable legal system, can any thing be conceived more thoroughly immoral than the system of Western Advocacy which we are doing our best to introduce into this country. I ask you as one conversant with these matters, are not our law-courts hot-beds of corruption, and is not the love of litigation contaminating and thoroughly perverting the national mind. Why not let the people settle their own disputes as far as possible. If we simply keep the peace and develop the wealth of the country in a quiet way, it ought to be enough. We of the West are not ourselves settled enough to think about evangelizing and moralizing such countries as India and China. The people I think had better progress according to the inherent capacity for development—and you must remember that to us Positivist this development is present in some degree every where, spontaneous where not systematic.

I don't like to talk about poor France. She is in the hands of mere hucksterers and money changers at present, but I do not despair of the future. As you most justly observe "Progress is now in the hands of Anarchists and Order in those of Retrogressionists." But our Positivism has already sown the seeds of Reconcilement between these two opposite movements, and I fully expect that erelong those seeds will start forth into a rich and abundant harvest. I don't exactly know what they mean by *conservoutiers* probably men who would not be averse to the restoration of the Orlean's family. I shouldn't myself have much objection to seeing the Comte de Paris President for life of the Republic. But I do hope that the heriditary principle will, as a caste principle, be frankly abandoned. It is to France that we must look for the solution of all our social and political problem.

Tell me when you next write your candid idea as to influence of our English education on the *generality* of your countrymen,—not on a few select minds like your own, but on the ordinary Bengalee. Has it improved the *morale* or not? By the *morale*, I mean functions 8, 9, 10, 16, 17, 18, in the cerebral Hierarchy.

I don't know of any recent Positivist publications except the little tracts that have appeared on the war which I think you have seen. I generally sent to the *Englishman* what private information I obtained about political events. I suppose you know that Dr. Congreve has been very ill for many months and quite unfit for any work. The sister desires to be kindly remembered to you.—Ever yours sincerely.

S. Lobb.

KISHNAGHUR,
24th October, 1871,
17, DESCARTES 83.

MY DEAR DWARKANATH,—I find I have not answered your letter quite thoroughly.

According to the last accounts which I received M. Laffitte was very well. He delivered the usual address on the 5th September (24 Gutemberg), the anniversary of Comte's death. He dwelt, I am told, at considerable length, on the situation in France. I should like to see his discourse but I fear it will not be printed. If you write to Dr. Congreve occasionally you will hear from him more French news than I can give you.

Talking of Positivist publications did you see Mr. Gedde's Lecture on Modern Industry. He was rather too strong to suit my taste. When Mr. Geddes is out here—which will be in less than a couple of months—Positivism will muster pretty strong in India.

I know scarcely any thing about the Positivist movement in America. From an article which I saw in *Saturday Review* some two years ago, I should say the movement was rather a wild one. Dr. Congreve told me in one of his letters—not of a recent—that the Americans were coming more into harmoy with the European body. Every thing American is slightly wild. I expect they acknowledge no competent leader.

Will you when you next write give some little *résumé* of the state of English Education in Bengal under the old Council as compared with its state since the Establishment of the University. Can you refer me to any good book or books on this subject. I have an idea that the old system was much the better one. Any general remarks

that you can give me on the influence of English Education and as to its probable effects on the future of Bengal will be welcome. I want the subject treated in the light of our Positive doctrines, and not metaphysically.

I wish you could sometimes give us the benefit of your powerful pen in putting questions before the public in a positive form. You are the only Bengalee I know that is not steeped up to his ears in Metaphysicism; even those who loudly proclaim themselves to be emancipated are really as good bondsmen as the rest, the iron has eaten deeply into their souls. Can there any thing more surely a mark of metaphysical state than the constant and universal appeal to Government to remedy all social and political wrongs. The Government is looked upon as a short of Almighty Father that has only to say :— Let there be light and immediately there is light.

Hoping that in your next you will be able to give a better account of yourself.—Believe me, yours very sincerely.

S. Lobb.

THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER,
(Judge of High Court, Calcutta.)
Benares.

Extract from a letter from Mr. Lobb, dated 1st April 1873, to Dwarkanath.

Might not the break of your old social and religious organization have something to do with it. (Epidemic fever). The old Brahminical ceremonials must have had a very salutary hygienic effect, and must have pre-disposed the subject in many ways. In loosening the old bonds, we are producing a general laxative effect, which, although primarily intellectual and moral, reacts with

considerable force upon the physical organism. It is very strange that the rise of cholera exactly synchronizes with the establishment of European influences in this country. I believe these epidemics too are quite common. You find very little disease among tribes whose mental unity has not been disturbed. I sadly fear that the longer we English govern this country, the worse the state of things will become. Hinduism ought not be broken up prematurely. The precious primary Education (if carried out) will add immensely to the existing confusion. The equilibrium will become more unstable than ever. It is a sad look out, but our rulers are as blind as bats."

Mr. Lobb forwards with the letter quoted above a slip cut from the *Englishman* containing the views of another English Positivist on kindred subjects.

"Fundamentally it appears to us, that there is little or no difference between Government and Missionary action in the matter (Education). In both cases, the system pursued utterly destroys all respect for the old organization; and in both cases the old beliefs are replaced by a tenebrous rationalism which demoralizes the individual and tends to produce disorder in the community. Though we do not undervalue the benefits derived from the Western civilization we are, at the same time, not blind to the evils attendant on an over hasty forcing of this exotic. We respect too strongly the doctrine of historical continuity. From a study of the past it is our endeavour to guide the present in the interest of the future. The future should ever, in our opinion, be the legitimate offspring of the past. We regret, therefore, that one tendency of our existing educational system has been palpably to undermine the social feelings of attachment—

reverence, obedience and respect. We notice—to take a particular case,—that the admirable nature of the old relationship between the *Guru* and his disciple has died out. And, generally, we observe in the minds of our educated natives, whether belonging to the careless many or the earnest few, an undisguised contempt for the simple beliefs of their forefathers and the venerable traditions of their people. We notice, too, a deplorable tendency to exaggerate the value of modern at the expense of ancient achievements. In truth, it needed not experience to convince us that shallowness and scepticism and conceit must be the inevitable accompaniments of an education like ours which is wholly negative and which rests on no acknowledged moral basis.

* * * *

"Whatever change may eventually be effected, tho change from Hinduism to Christianity is, in our opinion, the most improbable."

On the envelope of the letter are to be found the following remarks in the handwriting of Dawarka nath.

"The people of this country have been treated by our rulers as a *corpus vile* on which they had full power to experiment as they pleased."

CHAPTER VI.

Positivism.

FROM the foregoing letters it is abundantly clear that "the Religion of Humanity" was the creed of Dwarkanath's soul in all sincerity, and to carry the results of its teachings into practice was the Alpha and Omega of Dwarkanath's being. His devotion was noticed by all who knew him. Alexander the Great did not set half the value upon the poetry of Homer which he used to carry under his pillow that this Bengali Judge attached to the writings of this modern Frenchman. To him was Comte what the Bible is to the Christian, the *Koran* to the Mahomedan, the *Dharma Shastras* to the Hindus. This Religion of Humanity is a recent discovery, and its founder is still comparatively unknown. Nevertheless the Positivism plays such an important part in the life of Dwarkanath that it is impossible to understand the one to any purpose without knowing something of the other. It may, therefore, not be amiss to have a glimpse of every-day life of the great Frenchman during the closing years of his life before giving a brief exposition of his doctrine.

"Auguste Comte rose at five in the morning, prayed and meditated and wrote until seven in the evening with brief intervals for his two meals. Every day he read a chapter from the "Imitation of Christ," and a Canto of Dante. Homer was also frequently re-read. Poetry was his sole relaxation, now that he could no longer indulge

his passion for opera. From seven to nine (and on Sundays in the afternoon) he received visits especially from working men, among whom he found disciples. On Wednesday afternoon he visited the tomb of Madame de Vaux. At ten he again prayed and then went to bed. The hour of prayer was to him an hour of mystic and exquisite expansation. Nothing could be simpler than his meals: breakfast consisted only of milk; dinner was more substantial, but vigorously limited. At the close of dinner he daily substituted for desert a piece of dry bread, which he ate slowly, meditating on the numerous poor who were unable to procure even that means of nourishment in return for their work."

The following quotation from the 'Preface Personelle' affords a further insight into his character and habit of thinking on one important subject at least.

"I have always thought," says Auguste Comte in his work cited above, "that with modern Philosophers, necessarily less free in this respect than those of antiquity, reading is hurtful to meditation, modifying both its originality and unity. Consequently having in my past youth rapidly amassed all the materials which appeared to me necessary to the great elaboration whose fundamental inspirations I felt within me, I have now during twenty years at least (he is writing in 1842), imposed upon myself, on the score of cerebral hygiene, the obligation of reading nothing whatever bearing on my subject except such new scientific discoveries as I deemed useful—an obligation which if sometimes irksome was more frequently pleasant. This severe rule has presided over the whole execution of my work, and imparted to its conception, precision, range, and consistency, although

in some minor matters it may have left it behind the actual state of advance of the several sciences. In the second and chief part of my work I have found it even necessary, in consistency with my hygienic principle, the efficacy of which a long experience has fully confirmed, to abstain scrupulously from the reading of the daily and monthly journals, both political and philosophical. So that for four years I have not read a single journal except the monthly publication of the academy of science, and of this sometimes only the table of contents, degenerated, as it has become more and more into a mere display of trifling academie miscellanies. I wish to impress upon all true philosophers, how such a mental *régime*, otherwise in harmony with my solitary life, is necessary in a time like ours to elevate the views and give impartiality to the sentiments by bringing into view the true bearing of events, so apt to be obscured by the irrational importance attached to every transitory interest by the daily press and the parliamentary tribune."

A slight description of the *cultus* of the Religion of Humanity founded by Comte may here be given.

The Religion of Humanity has an elaborate *cultus*, private and public. The former divides itself into personal and domestic worship, each of which has its special rites. The objects of personal worship are the guardian angels of the family—the mother, the wife and daughter—as respectively the highest representatives of Humanity. The existence of Supreme Being (such as is recognised in this Religion) is founded entirely on love, for love alone unites in a voluntary union its separable elements. Consequently the affective sex is naturally the most perfect

representative of Humanity, and at the same time her principal minister. Nor will Art be able worthily to embody Humanity except in the form of woman. The three types, the mother, the wife and daughter, form the ideal of Humanity. (Hindooism had long before anticipated Comte by introducing into one of its numerous systems the worship of *Sakti, Kumari* and mother.) Together they represent the three natural modes of Human continuity—the past, the present, and the future—as also the three degrees of solidarity which bind us to our superiors, our equals, and our inferiors. The principal angel, the mother, is of course common to both sexes. Women must worship husband (quite in conformity with our religion) and son, on the same grounds as men worship wife and daughter. Worship is equally due to these types of the family, living or dead. Death only exalts the character of the worship, which then becomes *subjective* instead of o*bjective.* Generally one of the three types has become subjective, while one or both of the others remain objective. The two iufluences, subjective and objective, are normally mixed, and our homage is more efficacious from the mixture, for it secures a better combination of strength and clearness of imagery, with consistency and purity of feeling.

Each man should pray to his angels three times a day—on getting up, before going to sleep, and in the midst of his daily work. 'The worship of Humanity raises prayer for the first time above the degrading influence of self-interest.' Our first prayer should

be the longest of the three, lasting for an hour, chiefly communicative, but in part also effusive. In the other prayers effusion occupies the chief place. The total length of our daily worship should reach two hours; it need not exceed this, even in the case of those 'who find it useful during the night to repeat the prayer appropriated for midday.'

So much for the personal worship of Humanity. The domestic worship is embodied in seven sacraments under the successive names of *Presentation, Initiation, Admission, Destination, Marriage, Maturity, Retirement, Transformation,* and lastly *Incorporation.* The first gives a systematic consecration to every birth. The parents present the child to the priesthood, and come under solemn engagement to fit it for the service of Humanity. The second sacrament has the name of *Initiation,* as making the entrance into public life, when the child passes at the age of fourteen from the training of its mother to that of the national priesthood. Seven years later comes the sacrament of *Admission,* when the preparatory priestly education is completed, and the life service of Humanity is opened to the youth. His choice of a profession, however, may be still delayed till his twenty-eighth year, when the sacrament of *Destination* sanctions the career which he has chosen. Those who may be unfitted for its service by extremely defective organization, which education has failed to correct, are to be condemned to a perpetual infancy—a sentence to be passed by the priesthood. Marriage follows the choice of a career

and it is one of the most important of the sacraments. Men can only be admitted to it when they have completed their twenty-eighth year; women when they have reached the age of twenty-one. These limits of age must not be lowered for either sex, save on very exceptional grounds. Marriage when once entered upon is indissoluble, save in one case—the condemnation of one of the married persons to loss of social position for an infamous offence. In no other case is divorce to be allowed. The full development of the Human organism, which is fixed for the age of forty-two, is celebrated by the sacrament of *Maturity*. This is a critical period in the Positivist theory of life. Up to this time life is still of a preparatory character, and the faults into which we have fallen even of a serious character, are not beyond reparation; but from this time forward we can hardly ever repair any faults we commit, either in reference to ourselves or others. It is well, therefore, that a solemn ceremony should be imposed upon the servant of Humanity at this grave stage of his career. Twenty-one years after the human organism attains to its full maturity, or at the age of sixty-three comes the seventh sacrament of *Retirement*. Our active service to Humanity is then completed; we retire from the stage of pulic duty, and in doing so exercise one last act of high authority, by naming our successor, subject to the sanction of the priestly authority. Then comes the last ritual by the name of *Transformation*. Positivism surrounds the dying with the sympathy of a 'just appreciation, and mingles

the regrets of society with the tears of the family.' It generally holds out, too, the hope of subjective *incorporation.* It must not, however, be in a hurry to encourage such a hope. This the final sacrament does not come till seven years after death, when the finished life stands out at length from all the accidents of temporary passion, and may be finally estimated according to its true value. Then, 'if the priesthood pronounces for *incorporation,* it presides, with due pomp, over the transfer of the sanctified remains from the common burial-place of the city to the permanent resting-place in the sacred wood that surrounds the temple of Humanity. The incorporated dead are thenceforth glorified. They become subjective members of the sacred existence.

The public worship of Humanity as formulated by Comte may be briefly touched here.

The symbol of the Positivist Deity is a woman of the age of thirty, with her son in her arms. Such a statue is to be fixed in each temple of Humanity, and a painted representation of the same figure is to be carried on banners in solemn procession. In all parts of the earth temples of Humanity will arise, but they must all turn towards Paris as the metropolis of the sacred race. At first and provisionally, the old Churches may be used as they are gradually vacated, in the same manner 'as Christian worship was carried on at first in pagan temples;' but ultimately the influence of Positivism upon architecture will be felt, and more appropriate buildings will spring up for human worship. While one side of the processsional

banner is to be blazoned with 'the holy image' in white, the reverse side is to glow in green with 'the sacred formula of Positivism, Love, Order, and Progress.' Positivism has also its sacred sign. Instead of crossing himself, the Positivist will touch in succession, for the three chief organs, those of love, order, and progress. The two first adjoin one another ; the last is only separated from the other two by the organ of veneration, the mutual cement of the whole, so that the gesture may be continuous. When the habit is formed we need not repeat the words, the gesture is enough.'

The worship of Humanity has also its calendar. The year is so arranged as to present an incessant series of festivals in honor of all the great epochs and characteristics of Human life and history—marriage, paternity, the filial relations, the fraternal relations, women, the priesthood, the patriciate, the proletarial, fetichism, polytheism, monotheism. The days of the week, as well as the names of the months recall the most illustrious heroes of Humanity ; 'Moses begins the year ; Bichat ends it. It is reckoned in thirteen months of twenty-eight days each, with a complementary day, devoted to the festival of the dead and an additional day in leap-years for the dovout remembrance of holy women.'

To regard Auguste Comte simply as the author of a new Religion would be to do injustice to his position as a scientific thinker. It would be impossible for readers unacquainted with his "Cours de Philosophie Positive," on the basis of which his

CHAPTER VIII.

His siezure with an attack of Cholera and his sojourn at a Suburban Villa.

In April 1868, Dwarkanath Mitter was siezed with an attack of Cholera which had proved all but fatal. His family physician and personal friend, Dr. Mohendrolall Sircar, since famous as founder of the Indian Association for the Cultivation of Sciences, attended him. Dr. Sircar, though a distinguished graduate of the Calcutta Medical College, had recently embraced Homœpathy, and treated the case according to that system. When the disease took a serious turn, there arose on the part of the family and several friends, a strong protest against the mode of treatment he was undergoing; but the patient's courage and faith in his friend's skill disarmed all opposition. His faith, as the sequel showed, was not misplaced. Within thirty-eight hours, a cure unattended with pain was effected, the patient lying all the time in a profound trance as it were,—the effect of medicine employed. When he recovered and was convalescent, he found his strength brought down alarmingly low. He was advised to try a change, if possible, or at least to reside at a locality where he might enjoy fresh river breeze unpolluted. Accordingly a house at Cossipore (now forming one of the suburban villas of the Maharajah Sir Jotindra Mohun Tagore K. C. S. I.) was engaged, and thither he removed and stayed for months with his family. Happening then to be on privilege

leave I was asked by Dwarkanath to share his company for the first month—a request which was gladly complied with.

Here Dwarkanath had the rare privilege of a country retreat in the heart of the town as it were. Here he enjoyed the great river running past, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden and other advantages to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him most grateful repose and recreation after the laborious duty of the Bench, and enable him to return to work with renewed vigour and zest. Here under the broad *Channdee* of a marble-paved Ghaut, erected by the late Babu Prannath Chowdhry of Satkhira, Zemindar, we used to spread our carpets every evening, and sat and mused and conversed, passing many agreeable hours, watching the rise and fall of the river, and numerous boats plying up and down, and occasionally catching in the passing breezes "strains that might create a soul under the rib of death." On the terrace of a temple of Shiva hard by, was then sojourning an ascetic—an up-country *Mohatma,* with whom now and then Dwarkanath entered into conversation on theological subjects. This Yogi used to call Dwarkanath by "Jungi Lord." On one of these occasions Dwarkanath made an observation in reference to ascetic life which I vividly recollect. "Pious mendicancy" said Dwarkanath, "so much unbearable in the eyes of the political economists, was in its day and is still in a country like ours, full of charms. It offers to a multitude of mild and contemplative souls

the only condition suited to them. To have made poverty an object of love and desire, and to have raised the beggar (as he is called by the men of modern civilization) to the first place in public estimation was a master stroke which political economy may not perceive but to which the true moralist cannot remain indifferent. Humanity, in order to bear its burden, needs to believe that it is not paid entirely by wages. The greatest service which can be rendered to Humanity is to repeat often that it lives not by bread alone." Of course I quote from memory.

A few days after our arrival at the Villa, Dwarka nath perceived on the palm of his hand a kind of cutaneous erruptions. As Dr. Sircar was then absent from town, he sent for another Homœpathic Practitioner. The Doctor came and examining the hand of the patient asked him if he had ever a disease not quite unknown among the young men, specially of a fast turn. The moment the question was put, Dwarkanath was observed to give a start, and rising from his chair paced rather hurriedly up and down the hall; while the excitement clearly perceptible on his countenance and manner seemed to increase every moment. When fully worked up with his feelings, he made a halt before the Doctor and cried with a wave of his hand. "There, Sir, let there be no such strange question again. What! Am I the person to carry such a stain on my character.?" Then he repressed himself and saying "that will do;" while the Doctor could hardly stammer out an excuse for his hasty diagnosis, he bowed the luckless physician

out, not forgetting to order his Sircar to pay his fee at once. No sooner was he gone than Dwarkanath called for some scented water, and after moistening his temple with the same, resumed thus: "A clever man to be sure to insinuate thus, and so I say," turning to his maternal uncle and *factotom*, "a strict quarantine against that man, I 'll never see his face again."

While sojourning with him at the Villa one night after I had gone to bed and had just fallen asleep, I was suddenly aroused by Dwarkanath, and after listening to his excuse for the untimely disturbance, was taken by him to the veranda facing the river and there sitting on a chair kept listening to his discourse till day break. We both of us had no idea of time as it slipped by (though the tickling of the clock was within ear-shot) till all of a sudden the booming of the gun at the dawn from the rampart of Fort William aroused us to a sense of it. He descanted chiefly on the past of our country. I need scarcely say that his handling of the ancient Hindoo period exhibited a succession of sketches vivid and striking. I shall not make the ineffectual endeavour of reproducing the whole of this discourse, but a portion of it might perhaps be given as a feeble specimen to assist the imagination in realizing the original. Great as was his enthusiasm, it was never so charmiug.

"His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face."

Plunging into the brightest period of Hindoo antiquity, he began to dwell at length on the improvements

then made in almost all branches of Mathematical knowledge. In the *Surjya Sidhanta*, continued he, is contained a system of trignometry which not only goes far beyond any thing known to the Greeks, but involves theorems which were even not discussed in Europe till the sixteenth century. In referring to the originality and antiquity of Hindoo Astronomy, he maintained that observations taken of upwards of three thousand years before Christ and which are still extant, *extorted* admiration from some of the greatest Astronomers in Europe, such as Cassim, Baily and Playfair. In such hoary antiquity and labouring under great disadvantages, the Hindoo Rishees of whom Parasara was the first or father of Astronomy, made wonderful progress in that science. Compared with the results arrived at by other nations after the lapse of so many centuries, the Hindoo system might now be considered incomplete in certain respects, but the skill shown by the Hindoo Astronomers in treating the points which they have taken up, is simply beyond all praise. The points thus treated afford evidence of very extraordinary proficiency. The invention by the Hindoos of the decimal notation gave them a great advantage over the Greeks in the science of numbers. But it is in Algebra that the Hindoos most excelled their contemporaries. Bramha Gupta, Bhaskara Acharjya, and Arya Bhatta are the Mathematicians to whom the discovery, development and culmination of that science are attributed. What can be more remarkable than that a particular solution given by Bhaskara Acharjya (in A. D. 1150) is exactly the

same as that hit upon by Lord Brounker in 1657; and that the general solution of the same problem was unsuccessfully attempted by Euler, and only accomplished by De La Grange in 1767, although it had been as completely given by Bramha Gupta in the sixth century of the Christian era. But the superiority of the Hindoos over Greek Algebraists is not only conspicuous in their discoveries, but in the excellence of their methods, (*Bija Ganita* is altogether dissimiliar to that of Deophantus) and in the perfection of our Algorithm or notation. One of our most favorite processes (that called *Kuttaca*) was not known in Europe till published by Bachet de Mezeriac about the year 1624, and is virtually the same as that explained by Euler. The *Kuttaca* is a quantity such that a given number being multiplied by it, and the product added to, or subtracted from, a given quantity, the sum or difference will be divisible by a given diviser without a remainder. Our application of Algebra to Astronomical investigations and Geometrical demonstrations is an invention of our own, and our manner of conducting it challenges up to this day the admiration of the world. In Algebra the claims of the Arabs had been set up against us, but it has since been fully established that Algebra had attained the highest perfection it ever reached in India before the first dawn of culture of the sciences amongst that people. The first Arabian Mathematician translated a Hindoo book in the reign of Khalif Almansur A. D. 773. Leonard of Pisa first introduced Algebra into Europe; he learned it

at Bugia in Barbary, where his father was a scribe in the Custom House by appointment from Pisa; his book is dated A. D. 1202. Whatever the Arabs possessed in common with the Hindoos, there are good grounds for thinking that they received it from the latter nation. The Geometrical skill of the Hindoos is shown, among other forms, by their demonstrations of various properties of triangles, specially one which expresses the area in the terms of the three sides, and was unknown in England till published by Clavious in the sixteenth century, and by the knowledge of the properties of the radius to the circumference of a circle which the Hindoos express in a mode peculiar to them by applying one measure and one unit to the radius and circumference. This proportion which is confirmed by the most approved labours of Europeans was not known out of India until modern times. There is indeed no nation in the world which can contest the priority of the Hindoos in Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry or Astronomy. The peculiarity of our methods, irrespective of other proof, gives every appearance of originality to our discoveries.

Dwarkanath concluded his discourse by reciting from memory the following passages from Cowper:—

"Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth asked ages more.
Thus genius rose and set at ordered times,
And shot a day-spring into distant climes,

Enobling every region that he chose
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he arose;
And, tedious years of Gothic darkness past,
Emerged all splendour in our isle at last.
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then show far off their shinning plumes again."

Dwarkanath was not well disposed towards the Economists and the Utilitarians. "What we have to study," said Dwarkanath in a letter to Mr. Lobb, a portion of which has come into my possession, "are precisely those which are presented by our instincts, which are called feelings when passive and propensities when active. Every utilitarian judgment is the result of an intellectual process which has no connection whatever with the operation of our feelings, and no number of judgments however refined or multiplied can make up a code of ethics. The intellect can never acquire the sovereignty of our nature; for it is utterly destitute of that motive power which the heart and the heart alone possesses. If there were no instincts in our cerebral organization, the intellect would have just been as much inactive as our practical qualities, and no utilitarian Philosopher can deny that if we set aside the satisfaction of our instincts, all discussions on utility would be reduced to a meaningless jargon. If we have no instincts to satisfy, the idea of usefulness is a mere chimera, and every one who denies the existence of such instincts is bound to confess that all his speculations are chimerical. I do not dispute for one moment that the intellect has a necessary reaction upon the heart, nor do I deny that the reaction is of the highest importance

to us in the development of our feelings" (a portion here is lost and I then come across another loose page which runs thus) "but it is impossible for them to deny that those conclusions are the necessary results of the very principle upon which their whole philosophy is based. They all maintain that what is useful is right, and it would follow as a matter of course that in judging of human actions, the only question which we have to determine is the usefulness or otherwise of their results. Some of them might say that they are ready to take the agent also into their consideration but if utility is our standard of right and wrong, a reference to the agent is wholly unnecessary. Then again if the agent is at all to be taken into consideration, we must take him as a whole, that is to say, as a feeling, reasoning and active being, and not merely as a speculative and active machine. If this be admitted, we can no longer mistake the source from which our notions of right and wrong are to be derived. Can any one deny that our feelings are the only motors of our activity, whether theoretical or practical, and if this is once conceded, does it not necessarily follow that every question of morality is essentially a question of feeling. The phenomena we have to deal with in moral science are moral phenomena, that is to say, the phenomena of our feelings,—whereas all that the Utilitarian philosophers have to offer are some isolated consideration on a quite different phenomena, namely, those which we call intellectual. For what after all are these so much abused considerations of utility? Are they

not the results of purely intellectual operations and do they not therefore belong to an order of phenomena altogether different from that with which we have to deal in moral science. No man who sets himself up as a competent Judge on questions of morality can say that such a science is not possible, and if it is possible can there be any doubt that the phenomena." (It is a pity that the remainder is not forthcoming.)

It has been shown in the early portion of this narrative how many needy men and boys found board and shelter under Dwarkanath's roof, and the diminution of his income as a Judge did not lessen their number. But these objects of his interest did not exhaust his active charities. There were from several quarters continuous demands upon his purse; and though, some of them were sometimes unreasonable, he was never tired of responding to them to the limit of his means. Among the evidences of his open-handed charities I shall adduce here only one instance.

"My Lord,—It is my intention to start by the first steamer in October next that I may be able to be in time for the terms which re-open in November. I trust your Lordship will have the pleasure of acceeding to my request by favoring me with Rs. 100 in addition to what has been already subscribed. I need scarcely say that I never shall be able to go unless your Lordship does me the favor solicited. I anxiously wait for a reply.

I remain,
My Lord,
Yours faithfully."

* * *

"My Lord,—I deeply regret to inform your Lordship of the death of my father. My regret becomes intensely painful as I am forced to fear that the melancholy circumstances will interfere with my plans of going to England to be called to the Bar. It certainly will be a mortal blow to me if my object be suffered to miscarry specially after all the efforts and pains I took to carry it out. I have already secured a subscription of Rs. 1500 while the sum of necessary is Rs. 3000. Now I appeal to you once more and to whom can I appeal at this time of my distress with strong hopes of success but you, my Lord, whom the Supreme Being in all His wise Providence has been pleased to bless with singular magnanimity, kindness and generosity. I appeal that your Lordship may have the pleasure of favoring me with Rs. 400 in addition to what your Lordship has already subscribed. Should your Lordship be pleased to do me the favor I beg, I shall prevail on Babu Digumber Mitter subscribing the same sum. If this be done, there shall, my Lord, be every prospect of my success; otherwise I must die a victim to grief and disappointment. But I have centred all my hopes in your Lordship, and I commit myself to your Lordship sympathy and kindness.

I remain,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's Obedient and Humble Servant."

* * *

The young man who wrote these letters was in no way connected with Dwarkanath, and yet he received Rs. 1,000 in three instalments.

Dr. Sircar's Science Association not only met at first with marked approval of, but received powerful

support from, his friend Dwarkanath who headed the subscription list by putting his name down for Rs. 4,000—this led others to follow his example.

Promising schoolboys had free access to Dwarka nath at all hours. They always experienced a warm and cordial reception that knew neither diminution nor interruption. That his advise and instruction must have been valuable to them, it is superfluous to say. To those who shared his friendship, he was extremely attached. The death of any of his friends completely unmanned him. When I informed him on his return from Benares of the demise of Dinabandhu Mitter he was actually speechless for some time, his cheeks bedewed with tears. For the rest of the evening he was found unfit to bear company. He was equally rejoiced at the good fortune of his friends. When Baboo Unoocool Mookerjea was appointed as an additional Judge of the High Court, he rejoiced exceedingly and prevailed on his friend to take up his residence close to his house so that they might oftener meet.

The note quoted below will give a glimpse of one evening's enjoyment.

58, CHOWRINGHEE,

21st April, 1871.

MY DEAR DWARKANATH,—The King of *Turkeys* who is a prisoner at my Palace for the last three days will give himself up to the sacred fire—pray come and bless his soul at 7 o'Clock P.M. Dr. Nilmadhub and a few select friends will be present and read the *mass.* The matter was postponed for your sake yesterday, so you must come tonight.

Was any thing of matter with you yesterday or you did not go because there is an extra (*Balad*) bullock.

Yours very sincerely,
(Sd.) UNOOCOOL MOOKERJEA.

Sometime after his return to his Bhowanipore house, Dwarkanath lost his wife, who died of heart disease. All through the trying days and weeks that preceeded her death he never failed for a day in that watchful, sympathetic care which gives to husband's love a depth, an earnestness and a sanctity which even the passionate devotion of a lover cannot match. For all that, the precious, long-tried and dearly beloved wife, who was as it were a part of his being, was now taken away from him, and the pang felt by him can be better imagined than described.

Within a year from the death of his wife Dwarka nath married again. In taking this step he was influenced partly by the earnest desire of his mother and partly from the consideration that married life was one of the best safe-guards of character. A personal description of the Judge's new consort is given in a subsequent part of this narrative, dealing with the last scene, when fully developed into womanhood, she was on the eve of being severed for ever from her lord. Suffice it to say here that Dwarkanath escaped the too common fate of Hindu men bent on marriage, whether young or old, of wedding a child. He had the fortune to espouse a rather grown-up miss whom the custom of the land would almost esteem quite a young lady. And she was an accomplished lady too. This fresh married life, though of short duration, proved

equally happy with the former one. His youg wife "was loyal to him not only through principle but through passion." She bore him a fine healthy boy who was petted by Dwarkanath as his "little Mitterja."

Throughout the whole of February 1870, Dwarkanath was busy preparing for the approaching marriage of his only daughter (Bhovun) by his first wife with Upendra Dutt, the second son of that great philanthropist Babu Rajendra Dutt, the head of the well-known Dutt family of Wellington Square in Calcutta. The bride-groom elect, then receiving a first class training in St. Xavier's College, was unexceptionable in morals, and both in body and mind distinguished by youthful freshness and vigour. The marriage was celebrated with due pomp on the following month; and thence-forward the charge of his education was taken by Dwarkanath into his own hands; and both his son and son-in-law remained together under his roof, and his own supervision supplemented by that of the family Tutor, Mr. Rees.

CHAPTER IX.

His collision with two big wigs.

THE appointment of Sir George Campbell, who had only a few years back been a Judge of the Bengal High Court, to the Governorship of that Province was hailed by Dwarkanath as the advent of better days to Bengal. Some time after Sir George Campbell had assumed charge of his august office, Dwarkanath called upon him one afternoon, but the great man had gone out and Dwarkanath had to come back disappointed. On the following morning, however, he received from the Private Secretary to His Honor the following letter.

BELVEDERE,

The 4th April, 1871.

MY DEAR MR. JUSTICE MITTER,—I told Mr. Campbell of your having called and he has desired me to express his regret that he was not at home at the time. He will be very glad to see you at any time you like to honor him with a visit. If you will let me have a line at any time before you intend coming, it will enable me to save you from the annoyance of finding him out.

Yours very truly,

(Sd.) HENRY BEADON.

Private Secretary.

Accordingly Dwarkanath soon after called again, this time destined to find him at home, but none the less to be doomed to disappointment. He was

received by Sir George Campbell with due courtesy and politeness, but it was a cold courtesy—the politeness of mere formality. There was an entire absence of that cordiality and friendly warmth with which Sir George, while in the High Court, was wont to greet the "great tribune of the people," as he loved to call his Hindu colleague. It was instantly discovered by Dwarkanath that a change had come over the lucky Scot.

Dwarkanath was, nevertheless, occasionally invited by Sir George to dine with him, and when they met at the dinner table at Belvedere, their conversation was at times prolonged far into night; so many topics had they in common to discuss upon. But these social parties were not destined to be of long duration. Circumstances soon arose that created a breach between them. Let the *Hindoo Patriot* so well conversant with these matters speak to the cause of this breach. "Dwarkanath was," says the *Patriot*, "fearless in exposing and reprobating the abuses and caprices of power." He it was who first unmasked the evils of personal government in the now notorious Malda Case, though it was said that the bold onset he commenced and which was followed by Justices Kemp and Phear brought upon him thunders from Belvedere in a confidential communication to the Governor-General so much so that it was believed that should an opportunity occur Sir George Campbell for one would not recommend again the appointment of a native judge to the High Court. Whether such a communication as that referred to by the

Patriot was sent or not, it would be difficult to say—because Dwarkanath heard nothing of it from the Viceroy either officially or privately, but this much is certain that the Malda Case resulted in the break-up of the *entente cordiale* between these personages. The remarks made by Dwarkanath in his judgment in that case evidently touched the *amour propre* of the Civil Service, and Sir George Campbell, as the head ef that service, took offence at them, instead of admiring, as he should have done, the honesty of the criticism. The procedure of some of the local officers in that case excited Dwarkanath's decisive indignation. As a Judge anxious to preserve the purity of his ermine, he could not ignore the facts. And his feelings were too strong to have said less.

There is another instance of Dwarkanath's collision with a big gun, but this time with one of a different calibre, that is, with one of his colleagues in the High Court. A letter dated London from Mr. Justice Jackson explaining the circumstances was published in the *Hindoo Patriot* of the 6th September 1880 from which the following paragraph may be extracted.

"Para. 3. It is imputed to me that on the elevation of Dwarkanath Mitter to the Bench, I treated him with "gruffness," but altered my demeanour on discovery that Sir Barnes Peacock was his friend."

"Now the fact is that on the death of Justice Shumbhunath Pundit, I was among those who first and most energetically advocated the claims of Dwarkanath to the vacant seat, and I do not hesitate to say that I contributed not a little to his appointment."

"That being so I certainly received him with no gruffness, but it happened that some time after he became a member of the Court, a question came on for discussion before the Judges in chambers in which Dwarkanath and I held opposite opinions. He took offence at some observations of mine made during the debate, and replied in a manner which I considered improper, considering how much I was his senior, and I determined to have no intercourse with him (other than official) until he apologized. After some time he did apologize, giving me to understand that he would have done so earlier, but he felt an awkwardness as to the manner of approaching the subject. From that time to the last day in which I saw him before his death, our intercourse was marked by unbroken cordiality."

Now before giving another version of the affair derived, as it has been, from Dwarkanath himself, I may be permitted to premise that the question before the Judges in chambers being an open question involving in its solution a reform of the judicial machinery, it was not unbecoming on the part of Dwarka nath to have opposed his senior if he could not coincide with his views. Mr. Justice Jackson really seems to have thought that he had nothing to do but to declare his opinion to have it immediately received as one of unquestionable authority. That was his habit. Since the retirement of Sir Barnes Peacock, Sir Stuart Louis Jackson was wont to decide great questions of judicial administration in an authoritative manner and to press his notions upon his colleagues as undeniable facts. This it was impossible for Dwarkanath to have acquiesced in without at least

stating his view of the matter in discussion. In this case Dwarkanath differed greatly with Mr. Jackson. And in stating his grounds in support of the view taken by him, Dwarkanath addressed himself so entirely to the common sense of his brother Judges, with such down-right earnestness, and in a style so clear and forcible that he at once won them over to his view. This upset Mr. Jackson who thereupon came upon Dwarkanath in a way that could, to use one of our familiar expressions, have pierced through the shell of a tortoise. This onset provoked Dwarkanath to retort, under which his colleague winced. In the heat of subsequent debates they both went to unhappy lengths; and when at last they parted, they parted like two furious bulls.

For about six months from this date, they both, though sometimes sitting together on the same Bench, did not exchange a word. Things went on in this way when the late Mr. Justice Norman, then Officiating Chief Justice, catching hold of the hands of the two as they were passing one after another, brought about a reconciliation. There was no apology tendered on either side, unless it be that the civilities exchanged on the occasion were mistaken for such. It was not in the nature of Dwarkanath to harbour vindictive feelings; and if he had wrestled with his senior and held out so long, it was because he could not help doing it. "A clear unblemished character comprehends," says the writer by the name of Junius, "not only the integrity that will not suffer, but the spirit that will not submit, to an injury." As regards

the part said to have been taken by Mr. Justice Jackson in advocating the claims of Dwarkanath, it is only necessary to remind the reader that Dwarka nath never applied for the post, nor endeavoured in the least to create interest on his behalf. He did not seek the judgeship; it is well-known that he made a large pecuniary sacrifice in accepting it. He had scarcely any great reason to feel grateful, for least of all to a Judge of the well-known temper and bearings of Sir Louis Stuart Jackson. Nevertheless, Dawarkanath was by nature of far from a quarrelsome or supercilious disposition. He was courteous and affable to all—respectful to equals and deferential to superiors.

But "All's well that ends well." Let it, however, be said to the credit of Mr. Jackson's heart that from this time forward none stood so attached to each other in the High Court as Dwarkanath and Jackson. Every honest man will therefore forget the unfortunate differences that clouded their intercourse for a time but will only remember and admire their mutual appreciation and attachment which ended with the last breath of the Hindoo.

During the cold weather Dwarkanath used to take along with him both his son and son-in-law to hear the Lectures on Experimental Philosophy including Optics and Theories of Light delivered twice a week by that eminent man of science, Father Lafont, the Rector of the St. Xavier's College. He used to induce many of his poor friends to attend the lectures, paying himself their admittance fees. His attendance at the

lecture-room was punctual to a minute, and in order to make his son and son-in-law to go deeper into the spirit of those discourses, he made them on returning home reduce to writing from memory what they had heard at the Lecture-room ; and then explaining them those parts they did not understand. He was on such occasions found closeted with them in his favorite Library, sitting on his arm chair, with scientific apparatuses around him ; he explaining and the boys listening, till the difficulty was removed.

Passionately fond as he was of books, he would read nothing but solid standard literature. With the exception of the Waverley Novels of which he was a great admirer and a few others of sterling mark, he would never fritter away his time in reading novels nor allow his friends to do so. Hence his Library contained but few works of prose fiction. Of the great poets he was extremely fond. He got most of their striking passages by heart and could any time repeat them. Good English Poetry from Shelly and Longfellow was frequently read and re-read by him in latter days. In penetrating into the profound thoughts and etherial conceptions of the former bard Dwarkanath shewed a perfect mastery. *Queen Mab,* so beautiful and gorgeous and so abounding in the delicate and subtle traits of the poet's imagination, was Dwarkanath's special favorite. In Dwarkanath were combined dissimilar powers. A lawyer and Mathematician, he was no less remarkable for poetical susceptibility and fervour. Though not a poet

himself, he was a worshipper of poets and an eloquent and gifted expounder of poetical excellence and genius;

"*Looking* abroad through nature, to the range.
Of planets, suns and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;"

Dwarkanath was through all his life studious in his habits. He could never remain idle for even so short a time as half an hour. It was his practice to remain on his bathing tub for an hour in the morning. Even this much of his time he would hardly devote solely to his physical comfort. While lying there immersed for the most part in water, and his servant rubbing or scouring his body, he would still pore over his books,—this time vernacular popular literature issuing from the Burtolla Press. His splendid Library received every month a fresh addition in the shape of new or valuable works,—latterly mostly in the French language. The little bill cited below shews the supply for one indent—the last that he ever made.

14, HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
London, 1st September, 1873.

The Hon'ble Dwarkanath Mitter.

Bought of William and Norgate, Importer of foreign books.

			£.	s.	d.
1	To Comte Letteres ...	...	„	5	6
1	„ Hutheic ...	...	„	8	„
1	Congrève L' Inde ...	...	„	2	6
1	Luipisle Condolisation...	...	„	2	6
1	„ Discourses ...	...	„	2	„
	Postage of two letters to Calcutta ...		„	1	6
			£	1	2	„

The following letter shews how one of his orders could not be executed in Calcutta.

Hon'ble Dwarkanath Mitter.

Sir,—With reference to your enquiry we beg to say that "La Place's Mechanique" has been purchased by Colonel Tennent of the the Roorkee College.

Yours faithfully,

(Sd.) Thacker, Spink & Co.

Many of the choice works he went through are replete with notes traced by him in pencil. Some of them are profound; others cutting. I would cite here two or three as specimens.

കേരള സാഹിത്യ അക്കാദമി

HISTORY OF THE CAPTIVITY OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

By GENERAL COUNT MONTHOLON.

Vol. I. PAGE 123.

SUBJECT

Napoleon on his way to St. Helena from Plymouth.

"On the 9th of August, the admiral gave orders for getting under sail, and a few moments afterwards the whole squadron was under weigh, taking in order to get out of the British Channel.

"Several times did the shores of France appear before our eyes, as a vague and formless shadow appears in a dream, when the mind and thoughts are touched by a feverish impression; but, just as our hope of recognising or seeing distinctly some points of the coast was about to be realized, the cursed signal to tack was to us as the awaking which destroys the illusion of a pleasant dream.

"Once however, while the Emperor was taking his accustomed walk on the deck, the coast of Brittany threw off the clouds which concealed it, and presented itself to our eyes, as if to receive our last *adieux*. France! France! was the spontaneous cry which resounded from one end of the deck to the other.

The Emperor stood still, looked at the coast, and taking off his hat, said, with emotion:—

"Farewell! Land of the brave, I salute thee! Farewell! France—farewell!"

The emotion was electric; even the English involuntarily uncovered themselves with religious respect."

Remarks by Dwarkanath.

Our Country ought to take note of this emotion which ennobles a man and exalts a nation.

The same book and Volume page 85.

SUBJECT.

"It is true, however, that ever since the Emperor's sojourn in Malmaison his mind was impressed with the conviction of the grand marshall and Count Las Cases, that he had reason to expect a magnificient reception, and the extent and greatness of the popular ovation, would be increased by the testimony of esteem, which would be given by the Emperor in throwing himself upon the hospitality of England. During his sojourn at Malmaison he had said to Queen Hortense—"Give myself up to Austria, never!—she has siezed upon my wife and my son! Give myself to Russia, that would be to a single man; but to give myself up to England, that would be to throw myself upon a people."

Accordingly he gave himself up, and was betrayed. He was sent to St. Halena there to die by inches.

Remarks by Dwarkanath.

Wrong—a single man may be generous; a body never—they are ever led by passion or fear.

The subject quoted below is long but still worth reproducing.

FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON'S LIFE.

Lord Suffolk, Secretary of State, contended for the employment of West Indians, in the American War then raging. "Besides its policy and necessity," his Lordship said, "that the measure was also allowable in principle,

for that it was perfectly justifiable to use all the means God and nature had put into our hands."

This moving the indignation of Lord Chatham he suddenly rose and gave full vent to his feeling in one of the most extraordinary bursts of eloquence that the pen of history has recorded. "I am astonished," exclaimed his Lordship, "shocked to hear such principles confessed, to hear them avowed in this house or even in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to have encroached again on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself compelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such barbarity. That God and nature had put into our hands! What ideas of God and nature that noble Lord entertains I know not, but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorent to religion and humanity. What, to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honor. These abominable principles and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend and this most revered bench to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the Justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn, upon the Judges to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of Your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of

the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns the walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal thirsting for blood! against whom?—Your Protestant brethern—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name by the aid and instrumentality of those horrible hell-hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence of barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico, but we are more ruthless, to loose those dogs of war against our countrymen in Ameria, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity. My Lords, I solemnly call upon Your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the State, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of the public abhorence. More particularly I call upon holy prelates of our religion to do away with this iniquity; let them perform a lustration to purify this country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more, but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I would not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

Remarks by Dwarkanath.

"It is the heart which gives lesson to the head. Under the system of education now in vogue, England

is not likely to see another Chatham in their midst. The principles of political economy are eating into the vitals of the English nation."

In the fly-leaf of a work on Indian History Dwarkanath has left a racy criticism on two of the late Governor-Generals of India under the heading of "King Log" and "King Stork." For obvious reasons I refrain from reproducing them here.

Among his papers is a newspaper cutting treasured up with evident care. I well remember his interest in it. It appeared originally in *Blackwood's Magazine*, being the account of an Anglo-Indian Hunter's first encounter with a tiger. The story had made a deep impression on Dwarkanath. It was years since he first read it, but he kept the passage by and loved to speak of it. More than once he read it to me. I better give the passage entire. Long as it is, it is certainly most interesting. It will afford an opportunity of seeing somewhat more of Dwarkanath's inner thoughts.

The printed paper runs thus:—

"I had never seen anything in the shape of a tiger and was struck dumb with astonishment; not so my Hindoostani boy of about 14 years old. He was the son of a famous *Shikari*; and I believe he had never seen a tiger any more than myself; he knew me to be a griffin, and his little heart swelled with the proud consciousness of superior knowledge of wood-craft. "Suppose master please," said he, drawing himself up and assuming an air of much importance, "I show Shaib how to kill that tiger; I know

very well burra Shikar business." In my simplicity, I looked upon the daring little imp who talked thus confidently of killing a panther, with a degree of respect almost amounting to awe, and without hesitation put myself under his guidance. According to his directions I extracted the shot from my gun and loaded it with some bullets which I happened to have in my pocket. "Now then," exclaimed my young *Shikari* as he placed himself behind the shelter of a large stone directly in the front of a cave; "now then, I show Shaib how to make shikar come. Shaib make a tiger eat plenty balls; that proper shikar business." So saying he marched directly up to the entrance of cavè and began to pelt the tiger with stones, abusing him all the time in choice Hindoostani slang. Sure enough, this did make tiger come with a vengeance. The enraged brute, uttering a shrill roar, darted from the cave, siezed the body by the back of the neck, threw him over his shoulders, and dashed him down the hill like a thunderbolt. My blood curdled at the sight, but I instinctively fired, and I suppose hit the beast, for he instantly dropped the boy, who rolled into a dark ravine at the foot of the hill. The panther having disappeared in a neighbouring jungle, I descended into the ravine to look after little "Kedar." There he lay weltering in blood, dreadfully mangled and evidently in a dying state, but still quite sensible. The gallant little fellow never uttered a complaint, but fixing his eyes steadily on my countenance, as if he could there read his fate, asked in a faint tone of voice for some water. I was stooping down to collect some in my hat, when I was startled by a surly growl, and the noise of some animal snuffing among the brushwood, which closed over my head and almost excluded the light of day; it was

the panther, who had returned. My first impulse was to fly and leave the boy to his fate. But poor "Kedar," seeing my intention fixed his glassy eyes upon me with an imploring look which cut me to the heart, and made me blush for very shame. Kneeling by his side, I raised his head, wiped the bloody froth from his parched lips, and poured a few drops of water down his throat. This appeared to revive him. "You have not killed the tiger Shaib," speaking in Hindoostani; "I am sorry for that; I should have liked to have sent his skin to my father. But you will tell him, Shaib, that I died like a *Shikari*. I was not afraid for the tiger. I never cried out when I felt his teeth crouching through my bones. No! I struck my knife in twice. See! this is tiger's blood!" and his glaring eyes flashed wildly for a moment as he held up a bloody knife, which he clutched firmly in his right hand. "Father will be proud to hear of this. But my mother will cry very much, and her heart will turn to water when she hears that I am dead." And here, for the first time, the hot tears began to trickle down his cheeks. For a few minutes he remained motionless, with his eyes closed, and big drops stealing slowly and silently through the long silken eye lashes. But suddenly starting up, with his eyes bursting from their sockets, and gasping painfully for breath, he screamed as if in a fit of delirium. "The tiger has siezed me again! Save me, Shaib, save me! "cried he in a hoarse voice;" I feel his teeth in my throat! my breath is stopped! ah! ah!" he gasped like a person drowning—his eyes turned in his head till nothing but the white was visible—his jaws became firmly locked. A cold shudder ran through his limbs, and the gallant little "Kedar" fell back in my arms a stiffened corpse. I was young then, and unused to death,

and that scene has made an impression on my mind which will never be obliterated.

"The panther was afterwards discovered lying dead from the loss of blood caused by the wounds inflicted by "Kedar" with his knife."

Great was Dwarkanath's interest in that little hunting incident. It was by no means uncommon in the annals of Indian *shikar*, but Dwarkanath was neither a *Shikari* himself, nor a reader of sporting literature. The foregoing account casually met his eye and at once appealed to the native bravery of his heart. Since then little "Kedar" became one of the heroes of his admiration, nay one of the greatest of them. His enthusiasm for the poor fellow was unbounded. He went so far as to say that had the boy lived, he might have been a Napolean. The great Corsican certainly never exhibited greater daring or coolness in danger.

CHAPTER X.

"The last chapter of his official career."

THE progress of the late Franco-Prussian War Dwarka nath watched with intense anxiety; and his sympathy for France was profound. Striken down and exhausted, France to him was on that very account, the dearer. What was the state of his mind during the crisis, the following letter written to me at the time will show:—

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Nothing could have given me greater pain than the charge of neglect you have brought forward against me. That I am not very regular as a correspondent, I am fully prepared to admit. But I assure you from the very bottom of my heart that I am incapable of feeling coldness towards you, whom I have always looked upon as one of my best friends and whom I shall continue to cherish as such to the end of my life. Yours is a noble heart which no one who has *once* come in contact with you can cease to love.

The only reason why I did not write you so long is the unfortunate war, which has completely robbed me of my peace of mind. France who has taught us every thing that is good and noble in Humanity is about to be sacrificed to make a Prussian Holiday; and this is the thought which has been tormenting me like 'hell-fire' since the fatal day of Woerth. If she survives this attack, you will hear from me as often as

you like. But I sincerely trust that you will excuse me for my silence until the crisis is over.

Trusting that you are all right.

I remain,

Yours ever faithful and loving friend,

DWARKANATH MITTER.

BABOO DINABANDHU SANYAL,

Berhampore.

So great was Dwarkanath's interest in the war, particularly his anxiety about the fate of France, that he early arranged at some cost to himself to be supplied with the news from the seat of war with all possible expedition. If a telegram reached his place late at night, he would not excuse his servants if they neglected in the least to awake him for the perusal of the same.

During the period he occupied the Bench, Dwarkanath generally passed his Dussera vacation in some healthy place in the North-West Provinces. Benares and Lucknow were generally resorted to. But the vacation of 1872 he spent in Chinsurah. In chosing this place, he was actuated by other feelings than a regard for his health, and that could be discovered easily. He appeared then with all the lustre of a name endeared to the people of the place by his early connection with the College there. He was hailed with real enthusiasm. And well might the people be proud of one who reflected such glory on them and was so zealous of the credit of their common *Alma Mater*. The place evoked all the fond recollections of boyhood, and he visited all his

early haunts and old friends. He was *feted* there by all his college chums. Occupying a pleasant house on the margin of the river, Dwarkanath passed his entire holidays—two months, in the society of his early friends and gave them a succession of dinners. Before leaving the place, he, on the re-opening of the College after vacation, visited it and offered a gold watch and chain, for an Historical essay to be competed for, every year by the students of the highest class.

Some time after his return to Calcutta, Dwarka nath presided in association with his brother Judge Mr. Justice Phear at the distribution of prizes to the students of the Calcutta Oriental Seminary, the oldest great public school founded and maintained wholly by private enterprise. He was much pleased with what he saw of the improvements of the boys on the roll of this ancient institution, which sent forth such men as Shumbhu Chunder Mookherjea, Kristo Dass Paul and Shumbhunath Pundit and others of note. Before he left the school he had a private talk with its manager Babu Becharam Chatterjea and asked him of his free will to put his name down as a subscriber of one hundred rupees a month. I was not aware of this his almost princely charity until I heard of it while these sheets were going through the press. Babu Becharam who gave me this information ended with the remark that "a life so valuable to the community should have been so short!"

During the cold weather of this year Dwarkanath appears to have written some papers at the request

of Mr. Justice Phear. That this was so, will be evident from an extract given below :—

Extract paras. 2 and 4 from a letter dated 3rd July 1873, from the Hon'ble Kristo Dass Paul Rai Bahadur C. I. E. to Dwarkanath.

PARA. 2. "I have read with great pleasure the extract from Mr. Justice Phear's letter. I wish you Godspeed."

PARA. 4. "I return Captain Baring's letter. I am much obliged for your kind opinion of my humble self. With regard to the character of the evidence I might give before the Commission, I need hardly say your estimate is much exaggerated. I would have gladly gone to England for the sake of my poor country, if there were not insuperable difficulties in the way."

It was about this time, that Dwarkanath was confined to bed for some time with an attack of the Dengue fever, which then appeared in this country for the first time, and made a rapid circuit throughout the peninsula. Though he got well in time, the disease left some traces behind in his frame, which disappeared only with his life. Just as he grew convalescent, he attended the Court and was engaged for some days in hearing an appeal on which he has recorded a decision which alone might ensure his memory from decay for generations to come. On this subject, I would here cite the authority of the *Hindoo Patriot.* "Almost his last days on the Bench were," says the *Patriot,* "occupied with the trial by a Full Bench of the Great Unchastity Case in which he delivered a judgment which has been the theme

of his countrymen's admiration throughout the length and breadth of the land." In his decision of that case Dwarkanath has simply put forth a plain statement of facts and interpreted Hindu Law bearing on them; and the opposing arguments urged by his colleagues differing from him, stand openly refuted. In fact its argumentative effectiveness is largely due to its clear and compact statement of facts and lucid interpretation of the Hindu Law govering them.

The excitement of the case kept up his spirits and health for some time, but when the case was over, a reaction came over both his spirit and health. His glands began to swell, and he used to feel something like a shooting pain over his body—all which he attributed to the after-effects of the Dengue fever he had had on some time before. The Dussera vacation drew nigh and he began to make preparations for a trip to Oudh for the benefit of his health. On the very first day of the vacation he left Calcutta with a troop of friends. He took with him a lot of Sanscrit works and when starting told a friend of his, that he would now take to authoring.

CHAPTER XI.

The closing scene.

THE prospect of Dwarkanath's career was at the very brightest when, in November 1873, on his return from Oudh, he discovered for the first time that he had been attacked by a terrible malady—cancer of the throat, accompanied with the swelling of the glands. Sleeplessness had now set in, and his nights had been almost wholly restless. As the Court re-opened after the vacation, Dwarkanath attended to his duties on the Bench for a couple of days only and then applied for and obtained three month's privilege leave. I was at this time sent for and I remained with him almost all the time he stayed in Calcutta, ministering all I could to his comforts. A change now came over the habits of his living. He forsook all unorthodox fare and adopted in its entirety the old Hindu's simple diet. He also caused his room to be perfumed in the evening with insense (*Dhup*) which he held as purifying the air and destroying the unwholesome exhalations.

"The general diet of a civilized country," remarked Dwarkanath one of these days, "is never a thing either of accident or caprice; it is rather the stereotyped expression of what experience has proved to be the best. As a rule, it would be well to note what is the prevailing diet of a country we got into, and conform to it so far as we could without violence to our principles and inclination. Our medical men trained in the English system

generally ignore this fact and in prescribing unsuitable diet do an immense injury to our country."

During his illness Mr. Geddes of the Civil Service was a constant visitor, sometimes in company with Mrs. Geddes. One afternoon in my presence Dwarka nath spoke thus to Mr. Geddes. "The course of self-discipline prescribed by our law-giver Mánu consists of moral, mental and physical development, carried on in paralell lines, one being useless without the others. It is a system of drill scientifically devised." He concluded this by saying that "I attribute all what I suffer to the neglect of such rules. If I survive this attack I will turn over a new leaf." At which Mr. Geddes asked him what he meant thereby, and Dwarkanath repeated from memory the following passage from a letter from Professor Max Müller to my friend and neighbour Dr. Ramdass Sen—a letter that had shortly before been published in the newspapers. The passage runs thus:—

"Take all what is good from Europe, only do not try to become Europeans, but remain what you are, sons of Manu, children of a bountiful soil, seekers after truth, worshippers of the same unknown God whom all men ignorantly worship, and whom all very truly and wisely serve by doing what is just and good."

His agonies from the effects of his disease unrelieved by sleep began to increase as time wore on; some times they were fearful, but he struggled with all the energy of his character, all the power of his mind against sufferings which would have crushed another in no time; never yielding till death siezed him. By

the month of January 1874 it became too plain, that recovery was hopeless and what remained of life, could be but a slow and painful process of dying. The malady was making the most rapid and irresistible progress. He was now subject to occasional fits of stupor. Recovering from one of these fits of death-like trance, he heard that his mother whom he adored, had sprained her ankle in a hurry to come and see him. "O mother! are you hurt in your haste to see me," cried he and sobbed with bursting tears, followed by a deep groan, "are you coming to save your Dwari, bless me for ever, with one breath!" "O gracious God, I bless thee," she said and swooned and fell by the side of her son. I cannot describe the scene.

Letters of sympathy from his positivist friends began to pour in upon him, of which 2 or 3 are reproduccd here.

LONDON, 16 MOSES 86,
16th January, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,—It is with the greatest sorrow that I hear of your illness and your suffering and I send you a line or two through Mr. Geddes to express my sympathy and that of all my family here, as also of your co-religionists. May it find you better and stronger. I cling to the hope that it may be so—knowing you to be ill I do not do more than just give expression to my feelings and hearty wishes for your safety. The fruits of the Eastern world every thing has made me deeply interested in your welfare.

Yours in all affection,
RICHARD CONGREVE.

THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER.

KISHNAGUR,
18th December, 1873.

MY DEAR DWARKANATH,—I am so sorry to hear from Mr. Geddes that you have been and still are so poorly. I can sympathize with you in suffering for I know myself full well what it is. Had I felt strong enough I should come to Calcutta to see you, but I am able to go about very little, and need to husband all my strength for the College work. Whether I shall be able to continue my work next term is very doubtful. I hope I shall hear of you occasionally. You may depend upon it, I shall not cease to think of you so long as you are in suffering. Constant wearing *mataise* is bad enough, but when pain is acute the matter is more worse, and more courage is needed for bearing up against it. I dare say you will agree with me that this is a sad world for very many—far far too many in fact—of us poor mortals. For my own part, I shall quit it without a sigh at any moment though I dare say that when the supreme hour is at hand I shall hardly have the courage of the great Antaine who calm to the very last, gave as his dying watchword "A Equanimitas." But these are doleful thoughts, and I ought rather to be dwelling upon topics of hope and encouragement. However, I am but sad myself, and you therefore must take the sympathy which I can give as the best which a fellow sufferer can offer. It may perhaps be some consolation for you to know that you are not alone in the dark vale of tears. I shall pray for you and trust that a strong constitution and sound brain may enable you to tide successfully over the present crisis. Let me grasp your hand in thought and I hope that you will grasp mine in return.

Yours fraternally,
L. LOBB.

P. S.—"My sister Mrs. Peachy desires me to be very kindly remembered to you."

THE HON'BLE DWARKANATH MITTER.

Mr. Lobb again writes under date the 27th December 1873.

"I have heard of you very frequently of late, and have now received a message from you through Mr. Geddes."

"My object in writing to-day is to give you a little encouragement. Putting together all I have heard I expect you are not so bad as some people make out. Don't let them frighten you. Death I should suppose would be nothing very terrible to a serene mind like yours, but still don't put any faith in the talk or chatter of Doctors and nurses. Some people take a long time in dying. I for instance have repeatedly given our good friends the Doctors the slip though I somehow think I shan't be able to frustrate their lugubrious vaticinations much longer. However you are a young man and tolerably strong, and I presume have had a temperate life. If so, you will be able to bear up against a good deal of illness without giving in. The first access of a chronic malady is always painful and perhaps dangerous. But when once this priliminary onslaught is over, the patient settles down into a truncated sort of existence, and may with care get on tolerably well for many years.

"What I expect you have to dread most is the meddling of the Doctors, who will be sure to make an utter mess of your complaint if you to let them have their own way. I know what I have had myself to suffer at their hands, and I earnestly warn you against them. There is Homœopathy which at least is a system that

can do no harm. It does good in many cases, but there are maladies in which it is quite as impotent as any other system. Mine is one of them. Of course I can pronounce no opinion upon yours. But from what I hear I expect that will be something like me, always having a thorn in your flesh. I have now taken my case into my own hands, and I find I can manage it toleraby well. I expect you might do the same with yours when once this acute attack is over. I find the best *regime* to. be careful diet and perfect rest. Let your food be simple and not greasy, and avoid any thing like excitement. I administer to myself occasionally some Homœopathic medicine, but I can't say that it has any but temporary effect. Still it just humours one, makes one feel that something has been done, that one chance has been given. This may be a very sorry fetisch perhaps, but if it gives satisfaction that is the main point. I am no believer—as you know—in our good friend *Absolute Truth.* Any thing that gives a man satisfaction conforms to my notion of Truth. Perhaps this is a vague definition, but you will understand what I mean.

"Now, *Courage Mon Ami! Point de desespoir*, more brave! Let me shake hands with you mentally, and with all the sympathy that a *pauvre diable* like me can offer, believe me."

Yours fraternally,

S. Lobb.

P. S.—"I wish I could have cautioned you a twelve month ago against the Doctoring business. I am a great heretic in this matter, as I suppose you know. But I can't help it."

There was no mistake on the part of Mr. Lobb that the Doctors would make a mess of Dwarkanath's

complaint; so they did. But a strong constitution and a sound head enabled him to struggle against the disease for months. At last, he was himself aware that his end was near, and while under this conviction he sent one afternoon for his wife; and the scene that took place after the interview is given below.

In a corner of the room where the patient lay, sat, unknown to the company sitting in the adjoining drawing-room, a young lady of seventeen. She was dressed in black-bordered *Saree* with a small muslin-frock fringed with gold lace and thoroughly bejewelled, turning over some photos presented that morning to her husband by Mrs. Geddes. As I entered the room in obedience to a signal made at the door by a boy servant, she looked embarrassed; but the significant look of her Lord reassured her; and she quickly regained her composure. Her face was so lovely in its pensive sweetness that one could not ignore her presence: her complexion was of light gold; her mouth small and vivacious though now tinged with a shade of melancholy; her nose, not classical certainly, but the prettiest imaginable; her eyes large and of a delicious dark; and to crown all, a mass of shinning and long tresses which adorned her head, swept from her back over the cushion on which she sat. This was the last wife of Dwarkanath. As soon as I entered the room I was beckoned by him to sit on the bed beside him. His face suddenly assumed a melancholy aspect; his eyes at once filled with tears; he gazed on her wife with a fulness of heart and then turned

his eyes to me. Then what occurred, it is not necessary to recite. Suffice it to say that what she now saw and heard from her husband, led her to anticipate the worst. She impatiently fell back on a pillow which soon got wet with tears, her large hairs getting disturbed and entangled by the constant movement of her restless head. I felt quite oppressed at the thought of all that was in store for the poor lady.

All through these dreary months, we were in the greatest anxiety and distress, and though what we saw and heard of Dwarkanath left little room for hope, yet we could not even bear to think of such a catastrophe. At times there was "a decided rally," which acted like a ray of sunshine through the gloom of despair.

Time wore on in agonizing alternations of hope and fear—a sentiment shared in by all who daily crowded his house either to enquire after his health or to minister to his wants—a sentiment which quickly spread through the land. Almost all the Hon'ble Judges of the High Court including the Chief Justice called pretty often at the Bhowanipore House to enquire of his health. Mr. Morgan, formerly a puisne judge of the Bengal High Court and since the Chief Justice of Madras was so attached to Dwarkanath that he availed himself of the Christmas vacation to take a trip to Calcutta principally to see him, and left the house with eyes filled with tears. Lord Northbrook, then the Viceroy of India, sent by one of his Aides-de-Camp message of sympathy to Dwarkanath.

At the end of January 1874, after a stay of 3 months under his roof, I was obliged through urgent private affairs to repair to my home. For the incidents of the mournful sequel of the scene, I turn from this time to the letters of my valued correspondent Babu Rajendra Dutt as well as to the information conveyed by his son who attended Dwarkanath up to the last moment.

CALCUTTA, WELLINGTON SQUARE,

7th February, 1874.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have received your kind letter. I am sorry you are laid up, but I hope you will soon get over your malady and be well again.

Our friend Dwarkanath as usual is again under the influence of the *devil*, and refuses food and medicine. He says he will kill himself, if he is not taken to his native village. As before, war is going on in the house, and one cannot say how long this hallucination will go on or how it will teminate. It is most deplorable that such a valuable life should be lost from the absence of decision in his councillers. It proves the evil consequences of not having some one to guide and hold the helm in times of trouble and distress. His death, I am exceedingly sorry to say, seems to be inevitable, though yet I think that if it could have been properly managed, if not cure, prolongation of life and immunity from suffering could have been ensured. You may have heard the treatment of the celebrated (*Chain*) quack physician, but as heretofore just as soon as there was slight diminution of the swelling, Babu————stepped in and began to administer his medicaments, but this time he had the

good sense to give him that medicine which he had heard we had given and under the influence of which our friend had derived so much benefit; and as a natural sequence he derived some benefit in some respect—not an undesirable thing in his present condition; it removed some of his impending sufferings and averted immediate death as was apprehended, but as fatality overrides, he would not give that a fair play and thus his vitality is now on the decline. It mortifies me much to think that he has not had proper treatment from the commencement of his malady and he shall have to die a victim to his whims and caprices and for not having a proper head to guide the management of his condition; but what is to be must be; and we as friends have to lament without being able to minister to the wants of his condition.

I shall always be glad to hear from you and wish particularly to know how you get on and when you are well.

Yours truly,
RAJENDRO DUTT.

BABOO DINABANDHU SANYAL,
Berhampore.

P. S.—"Upen tenders his *pronam* to you."

Upen (Upendro) was the son of Babu Rajendro and the son-in-law of Mr. Justice Mitter. This young man proved more than a son to Dwarkanath throughout his protracted illness.

A second letter from the aforesaid gentleman under date the 21st February 1874, discloses the state of affairs relative to the patient as follows:—

"As regards the present condition of our friend Dwarry I don't know what to say. It seems the devil

is in him and he is moved by that influence to do things contrary to all his friends' advise. He took to his head to go to his native village. When he went he was in a desperately bad condition, but from reports I get from Upen he is somewhat better though exceedingly weak and still not in a such condition as to afford a hope of his ultimate recovery. However change has done him some good in prolonging his life; for when here we were apprehensive of speedy dissolution—this he has escaped by his departure, that is, in my judgment, by being able to avoid the maltreatment he was having here. The cessation of medication for some days has done him some good; only if he had been let alone. But destiny accompanies him, officious friends and relatives force Allopathic remedies into his stomach whenever they can do so and thus thwart his relief. Poor Upen is asked, when the sufferings are great, to alleviate them by Homœopathic remedies, which I am glad to say are still found efficacious showing thereby that however advanced may be the state of his malady, his system is still amenable to appropriate and correct medication.

"I am often called to go to him but my peculiar position as regards my Cuttack business does not permit me to comply with that requisition for which I am exceedingly sorry. I am trying and shall go to Augunshi as soon as I can manage to go. I cannot really tell you that our friend has any hopes of recovery but if he is permitted to take Upen's medicine without interference he may recover, but as you know there is no chance for this since several members of the family think that *our Uncle friend* is a great practitioner and what he says is gospel truth."

The fact of the matter was that after months of suffering, borne with patience, he found no relief, and

felt disgusted with the medicines he was plied with, and longed for a change. "I shall never," said Dwarkanath one day in a tone full of pathos, "live to see many days; let me go back to my dear, dear Augunsi, and lay my bones on the place where I drew my first breath. I do not think I could rest in peace elsewhere." The attraction of the human clay to the spot whence it had received its first nutriment is so potent in the human breast!

His dying wish it would have been inhuman not to have complied with; and complied with it was without much loss of time. On the 16th of February 1874 at 1 o'clock P.M., Dwarkanath started for his native village. The tide was favorable, and the boats glided down fast. In a short time, the stately buildings, towers, and steeples glittering in the sun were left behind; the hum of the City of Palaces died on the ear; and they found themselves amidst villas, groves and cottages covered over with green leaves. The further they proceeded down, the more lovely the earth seemed to Dwarkanath; and his eyes glowed with enjoyment.

"Night was drawing on," says in a letter to me the son-in-law of Dwarkanath who was in the boat with Dwarkanath "as we reached the Ghat whence we were to proceed by land to Augunsi. The weather began to put on a threatening aspect, and the wind sang through the old trees! The owl too kept whooping from an old temple lying in ruins close by. Methought I heard the death knell in the screech of of the owl. This feeling came over me with the

force of conviction which never left me. The wind continued to sing a dirge in my ear; the steam of the river, as it flowed past, reminded me of joys past, never to return. Here we anchored our Budgerows for the night.

"With the morning the weather cleared up and my father-in-law and we all set out on a land journey of a few miles before we could reach our destination. As he approached close to his house, a large number of villagers surrounded him; and his face glowed with joy as he encountered their wistful gaze. From the day he reached home, the malady which had tried him so bitterly seemed to have let go its hold upon him but he grew every day weaker and weaker notwithstanding. Yet he kept up spirits, holding out hope, for his mother's sake, when hope was not, till at length "the golden bowl was broken," and he quitted his transient home. Two days previous to his death, he desired to listen to *kirtun* (a band of singers of sacred songs) and his desire was complied with. He listened to their songs for two hours very attentively and seriously. The day before his dissolution he made me read to him his favorite passages from Shelley's Queen Mab. The reading over, he took the book, and traced with his own hand in red pencil the following words in the margin "live for others." The passages thus read to, and marked by him are quoted below :—

Fairy. I am the Fairy MAB: to me 'tis given
The wonders of the human world to keep.

The secrets of the immeasurable past,
In the unfailing consciences of men,
Those stern, unflattering chroniclers, I find:
The future, from the causes which arise
In each event, I gather; not the sting
Which retributive memory implants
In the hard bosom of the selfish man;
Nor that ecstatic and exulting throb
Which virtue's votary feels when he sums up
The thoughts and actions of a well-spent day,
Are unforeseen, unregistered by me:
And it is yet permitted me, to rend
The veil of mortal frailty, that the spirit,
Clothed in its changeless purity, may know
How soonest to accomplish the great end
For which it hath its being, and may taste
That peace, which, in the end, all life will share.
This is the meed of virtue; happy Soul,
Ascend the car with me!

The chains of earth's immurement
Fell from Ianthe's spirit;
They shrank and brake like bandages of straw
Beneath a wakened giant's strength.
She knew her glorious change,
And felt in apprehension uncontrolled
New raptures opening round:
Each day-dream of her mortal life,
Each frenzied vision of the slumbers,
That closed each well-spent day,
Seemed now to meet reality.
The Fairy and the Soul proceeded;
The silver clouds disparted;
And as the car of magic they ascended,
Again the speechless music swelled,
Again the coursers of the air
Unfurled their azure pennons, and the Queen,
Shaking the beamy reins,
Bade them pursue their way.

The magic car moved on.
The night was fair, and countless stars
Studded heaven's dark blue vault,—
Just o'er the eastern wave
Peeped the first faint smile of morn:—
The magic car moved on—
From the celestial hoofs
The atmosphere in flaming sparkles flew,
And where the burning wheels
Eddied above the mountain's loftiest peak,
Was traced a line of lightning.
Now it flew far above a rock,
The utmost verge of earth,
The rival of the Andes, whose dark brow
Lowered o'er the silver sea.

Far, far below the chariot's path,
Calm as a slumbering babe,
Tremendous Ocean lay.
The mirror of its stillness showed
The pale and waning stars,
The chariot's fiery track,
And the grey light of morn
Tinging those fleecy clouds
That canopied the dawn.
Seemed it, that the chariot's way
Lay through the midst of an immense concave,
Radiant with million constellations, tinged
With shades of infinite colour,
And semicircled with a belt
Flashing incessant meteors.

The magic car moved on.
As they approached their goal,
The coursers seemed to gather speed;
The sea no longer was distinguished; earth
Appeared a vast and shadowy sphere;
The sun's unclouded orb
Rolled through the black concave;

Its rays of rapid light
Parted around the chariot's swifter course,
And fell, like ocean's feathery spray
Dashed from the boiling surge
Before a vessel's prow.
The magic car moved on.
Earth's distant orb appeared
The smallest light that twinkles in the heaven;
Whilst round the chariot's way
Innumerable systems rolled,
And countless spheres diffused
An ever-varying glory.
It was a sight of wonder: some
Were hornèd like the crescent moon;
Some shed a mild and silver beam
Like Hesperus o'er the western sea;
Some dashed athwart with trains of flame,
Like worlds to death and ruin driven;
Some shone like suns, and as the chariot passed,
Eclipsed all other light.

Spirit of Nature!" here!
In this interminable wilderness
Of worlds, at whose immensity
Even soaring fancy staggers,
Here is thy fitting temple.
Yet not the lightest leaf
That quivers to the passing breeze
Is less instinct with thee:
Yet not the meanest worm
That lurks in graves and fattens on the dead
Less shares thy eternal breath.
Spirit of Nature! thou!
Imperishable as this scene,
Here is thy fitting temple!

II.

If solitude hath ever led thy steps
To the wild ocean's echoing shore,
And thou hast lingered there,

Until the sun's broad orb
Seemed resting on the burnished wave,
Thou must have marked the lines
Of purple gold, that motionless
Hung o'er the sinking sphere:
Thou must have marked the billowy clouds
Edged with intolerable radiancy,
Towering like rocks of jet
Crowned with a diamond wreath.
And yet there is a moment,
When the sun's highest point
Peeps like a star o'er ocean's western edge,
When those far clouds of feathery gold,
Shaded with deepest purple, gleam
Like islands on a dark blue sea;
Then has thy fancy soared above the earth,
And furled its wearied wing
Within the Fairy's fane.

Yet not the golden islands
Gleaming in yon flood of light,
Nor the feathery curtains
Stretching o'er the sun's bright couch,
Nor the burnished ocean-waves,
Paving that gorgeous dome,
So fair, so wonderful a sight
As Mab's ethereal palace could afford.
Yet likest evening's vault, that fairy Hall!
As Heaven, low resting on the wave, it spread
Its floors of flashing light,
Its vast and azure dome,
Its fertile golden islands
Floating on a silver sea;
Whilst suns their mingling beamings darted
Through clouds of circumambient darkness,
And pearly battlements around
Looked o'er the immense of Heaven.

The magic car no longer moved.
The Fairy and the Spirit
Entered the Hall of Spells:

Those golden clouds
That rolled in glittering billows
Beneath the azure canopy,
With the ethereal footsteps trembled not:
The light and crimson mists,
Floating to strains of thrilling melody
Through that unearthly dwelling,
Yielded to every movement of the will.
Upon their passive swell the Spirit leaned,
And, for the varied bliss that pressed around,
Used not the glorious privilege
Of virtue and of wisdom.

Spirit! the Fairy said,
And pointed to the gorgeous dome,
This is a wonderous sight
And mocks all human grandeur;
But, were it virtue's only meed, to dwell
In a celestial palace, all resigned
To pleasurable impulses, immured
Within the prison of itself, the will
Of changeless nature would be unfulfilled.
Learn to make others happy. Spirit, come!
This is thine high reward:—the past shall rise;
Thou shalt behold the present; I will teach
The secrets of the future.

The Fairy and the Spirit
Approached the overhanging battlement.—
Below lay stretched the universe!
There, far as the remotest line
That bounds imagination's flight,
Countless and unending orbs
In mazy motion intermingled,
Yet still fulfilled immutably
Eternal Nature's law.
Above, below, around
The circling systems formed
A wilderness of harmony;

Each with undeviating aim,
In eloquent silence, through the depths of space
Pursued its wonderous way.

There was a little light
That twinkled in the misty distance:
None but a spirit's eye
Might ken that rolling orb;
None but a spirit's eye,
And in no other place
But that celestial dwelling, might behold
Each action of this earth's inhabitants.
But matter, space and time,
In those aerial mansions cease to act;
And all-prevailing wisdom, when it reaps
The harvest of its excellence, o'erbounds
Those obstacles, of which an earthly soul
Fears to attempt the conquest.

The Fairy pointed to the earth.
The Spirit's intellectual eye
Its kindred beings recognised.
The thronging thousands, to a passing view,
Seemed like an ant-hill's citizens.
How wonderful! that even
The passions, prejudices, interests,
That sway the meanest being, the weak touch
That moves the finest nerve,
And in one human brain
Causes the faintest thought, becomes a link
In the great chain of nature.

"The morning of the day of his death, he grew perceptibly better and took a stroll in his veranda; but his effort was beyond his strength; a relapse took place, and before evening his spirit passed away gently." That form which but a little before was animated with a soul which did honor to

Humanity lay stretched without a sense or feeling in it! That voice which had charmed thousands now lay hushed in the sleep of death! He died at 4 o'clock P. M. on the 25th day of February in the 40th year of his age.

It was a day of gloom at Augunshi; Dwarka nath had been so much attached to his neighbours, and they so proud of him. In fact, the nook of which the outside world had scarcely heard before, has since his death become a classical spot,—as the place of birth as well as of final rest of one of the most remarkable sons of India.

We cannot conceive how much we should feel, were it not lightened by the consideration that his death was a deliverance from a painful existence considering what he had gone through for many months past, one cannot call it a cessation of life but the conclusion of a lingering death. "Non erepta vita sed donata mors est." He expired, free from all pain, in a state of composure and tranquility which could hardly be expected from what he had so long suffered. May his spirit rise purified to a better and higher world to fulfil higher duties!

THE END.

APPENDIX I.

Extract from the Hindoo Patriot under date the 2nd March 1874.

"Bengal's brightest ornament has been snatched away! After a painful struggle for months the Hon'ble Dwarkanath Mitter has succumbed to the King of Terrors. To him death has given relief but it has left a void in the country which we at present see no prospect of filling up adequately. He suffered from the cancer of the throat, which no medical skill could heal, and the excruciating pains which nothing could assuage. Indeed, his suffering was so great that the very sight was painful. In sick-bed he had sympathizing visits from friends and admirers of all classes and creeds—the Viceroy himself through an Aide-de-Camp, the Judges of the High Court, his colleagues and friends and other numerous friends personally enquiring of his health—this warm and universal sympathy, coupled with his own fortitude of mind, carried him through for a long time in this sore trial, but at last his spirit sank, and he wished for a change of scene, which the Doctors thought might benefit his system. He loved to see his native village near Ampta, the scene of his early days and associations, and thither he went, as the sequel showed, to lay his bones. His loss is mourned by an old mother, a young widow, three young children, one quite a boy, troop of friends and admirers and the nation at large.

* * * *

"But he soon after passed the pleadership examination, and on obtaining the usual diploma joined the bar of the late Sudder Court. He was looked upon with

some coldness by the then leaders of the bar, but he was warmly taken up by the hand by Babu Shumbhu Nath Pundit, the then Junior Government Pleader, and afterwards his lamented predecessor on the Bench. But a man of sterling worth as he was, he did not long pine away in the cold shade of neglect. The sun of his fortune rose with the opening of the High Court. He then came in contact with minds which at once appreciated him. Sir Barnes Peacock was the first to recognize his rare talents and abilities. That eminent lawyer was so much struck with the grasp of mind, thorough mastery of general principles of law and Indian Regulations and Acts and forensic ability exhibited by this legal practitioner that he at once accorded him his powerful support; and the other Judges of the Court, Barrister and Civilian, were not slow to mark their appreciation of his worth and character. Dwarkanath became as it were a general favorite. Apart from his general abilities he was pre-eminently distinguished by his thorough honesty and unflinching independence. He and few of his co-adjutors, who had joined the bar with him, raised at once its tone and character. Hitherto the legal profession was shunned by the educated native, because it was considered synonymous with an immoral practice. Not that there were not able and honorable men among the old practitioners, for some of them were the pride of their country, but the general character of the bar as a matter of fact did not stand high in public estimation. Whether it was owing to the depressing influence of the old Sudder or the absence of English education and consequently of those high principles of self-respect and professional honor, which that education fosters, among the old Vakeels, it is not necessary to enquire. Suffice it to say that

the advent of the new Pleaders marked a new era in the History of the native bar, and at the head of this young band stood Babu Dwarkanath Mitter. The success and influence which the new men acquired encouraged other educated native gentlemen to follow the legal profession, so much so that it has now become with the educated classes of our countrymen the most favorite of independent occupation. The moral influence of their success has gone far and wide. There is scarcely one important district in the country, which does not number at least half-a-dozen educated Pleaders in the Local Courts. This healthy change was chiefly brought about by the early labours of Babu Dwarkanath Mitter and his compeers. As a pleader he had many good qualities to recommend him. He was patient, and would not open a case without bringing within his ken the four corners of it; he was quick-sighted and could at a glance catch its salient points; he was remarkably clear and clever in making a statement, and generally carried the Court with him by his impressive exposition of facts; he was gifted with oratorical powers, and not unfrequently succeeded in making effective appeals to the feelings of the Judges; he was courageous, and never shrunk from his duty however ably he might be opposed on the other side; he contested with leading Barristers with a freedom and ease which challenged their admiration; and above all he was thoroughly honest and independent, he would never stoop to take an unfair advantage of an opponent, nor would he give up a single point which he considered essential to a fair elucidation of his clients' case, however galling his firmness and independence might be to the Judge he addressed. We could cite many a passage in this brilliant chapter of his life, which reflected great credit

upon him, but by far the most memorable one was his seven days' argument in the Great Rent Case of 1865 before all the Judges of the High Court which brought all the armoury of his knowledge of Political Economy, English Law of Landlord and Tenant, Indian Rent Law and local custom to bear upon the vitally important question at issue. Day after day he rose at 11 A.M., and continued till 5 and sometimes 6 P.M., though exhausted in physical power, still unexhausted in arguments and resources. In that case he was opposed in opinion to the leading mind of the Court, was as a matter of course by a brisk fire of interrogatories by the Chief Justice, but there was a pleasure to witness the skill and ability with which this young Norval fenced with the Veteran. He officiated for a short time as Junior Government Pleader, and on the death of his friend and compatriot the Hon'ble Shumbhunath Pundit, another ornament of the Bar and Bench of the High Court, he was appointed his successor. He took his seat on the Bench of the High Court in June 1867, and thus held his office for nearly seven years. By this appointment he was a loser in a pecuniary point of view, for it was believed that he was then making much more than Rs. 50,000 per annum. But his elevation to the Bench for the second time vindicated the claims to and fitness of the educated natives for the highest office in the state. The unanimous testimony borne by the Judges of the High Court, the Government and the Public at large to the ability and efficiency of the late Hon'ble Shumbhunath Pundit had confirmed the wisdom of Parliament in opening the bench of the Highest Tribunal of the land to the children of the soil, but Babu Dwarkanath Mitter was destined to shed still greater lustre upon the native character. The exchange

of place from the Bar to the Bench brought him new responsibilites, which he discharged most conscientiously, thoroughly and efficiently. Indeed, we have had the most flattering testimony to his judical abilities from some of the leading Barristers of this city. One of them a severe critic, and very charry of praise, more than once described him before us as genius. Himself an eminent jurist, he often wondered how Dwarkanath without possessing that hard professional training which English Lawyers receive, could grapple so successfully with the principles of law and jurisprudence and meet so triumphantly the English Lawyer on his own ground. Calm, patient, so quiet and firm, he made a model Judge, and was respected alike by the Bench and the Bar. Sir Barnes Peacock almost doted upon him. He was in the hey-day of his youth, only 41 years of age,—but he was respected alike by the old and young for his abilities and independence. The *Weekly Reporter* contains many valuable and luminous judgments he delivered from time to time within the last seven years, and as it would be seen he not unfrequently differed from his brother Judges, but almost invariably his judgments were confirmed by the Privy Council. Almost his last days on the Bench were occupied with the trial of the appeal by a Full Bench of the Great Unchastity Case, in which he delivered a jugment, which has been the theme of his countrymen's admiration through the length and breadth of the land. Although occupying the highest official rank among his countrymen Dwarkanath knew no pride or vanity ; he was simple as child and carried his heart on his sleeves. It was to be regretted that he did not mix in public movements, latterly he could not do so by reason of his position as a Judge, but he took a warm interest in public questions

and was a vigorous thinker. He was Comtist by faith and he once ably expounded the Religion of Humanity in an after dinner speech at Sir Barnes Peacock's. He knew French and derived great pleasure from his French studies. He took a deep interest in the late Franco-Prussian war, and warmly sympathized with that brave and romantic nation, the French. He hated oppression, and in his judgment from the Bench, he always espoused the cause of the poor and the weak. An advocate of law and order he was fearless in exposing and reprobating the abuses and caprices of power. He it was who first unmasked the evils of Personal Government in the now notorious Malda Case ; though it was said that the bold onset he commenced and which was manfully followed by Justices Kemp and Phear brought upon him thunders from the Belvedere in a confidential communication to the Governor-General, so much so that it was believed that should an opportunity occur Sir George Campbell for one would not recommend again the appointment of a Native Judge to the High Court. But let that pass. A man of strong feelings he never hesitated in private conversation in expressing in strong language his opinions about persons and things. A man of the people he was also their champion, though his championship did not unfortunately receive public expressions. He was a voracious reader, but was a very reluctant writer, and the only literary contribution he made were the articles on Analytical Geometry in *Mookerjee's Magazine.* He was also a lover of Science and devoted a considerable portion of his time to the study of scientific works. For sometimes he regularly attended Father Lafont's Science Lectures at St. Xavier's College. He marked his appreciation of Science by subscribing the munificient sum of ~~Rs~~ 4000 to Dr. Sircar's

projected Science Association. He was a man of open-handed charity, and persons in actual distress seldom appealed to him in vain. Though placed so high in the social ladder, he was the same unaffected friend to his class-mates and compatriots. Frank and unassuming, though somewhat reserved to strangers, he was liked and loved by all who knew him intimately."

"Such was the man whose loss the nation mourns to-day. He was unrivalled in his department; indeed there is no other native in the whole Indian Peninsula, who can adequately fill his place. As we have had of late occasion to say more than once there is a blight upon Bengal. With her best men snatched away by death, and her children desolated by fever and famine the prospect before her is sad,—very sad. May Heaven help her!"

കേരള സാഹിത്യ അക്കാദമി

Extract from the Indian Mirror under date the 1st March 1874.

"BENGAL has lost one of her most noted sons. Never within our recollection has she suffered a loss equal in extent and magnitude to the one sustained by the death of the Hon'ble Dwarkanath Mitter. Every section of the community, we make bold to say, will take the mournful event in the light of a grave calamity. To his own immediate circle of relatives, friends and admirers his death will be an irreparable loss; the educated community has lost a brilliant ornament; the High Court one of its most distinguished Judges; and the country an able and eminent representative. The public mind was fully prepared for some time for this melancholy occurrence. Yet throughout the period of three months during which he was ailing, it was led to hope against every hope that by some mysterious dispensation of Providence he might rally and reoccupy the seat in the High Court which he alone of all natives was fitted to fill. That hope was not allowed to be fulfilled. It becomes our painful duty to take a cursory view of his life."

Intelligence of the death of Justice Dwarkanath Mitter having been received in Calcutta during the *Mohurum* holidays, the Hon'ble Sir Couch Knight, the Chief Justice and the other Judges of the High Court, on the re-opening of the Court on Monday the 2nd of March 1874 took their seats on the 1st Bench Hall where the Bar of the Appellate and Original Sides of the Court were assembled. Mr. Justice

Jackson, on behalf of the Court, addressed the Bar as follows :—

"Mr. Standing Counsel and Senior Government Pleader,—By desire of the Chief Justice, I have to express, in the name of the Judges of this Court, their sense of the loss which the Judges and the public service have sustained by the untimely death of Mr. Justice Dwarkanath Mitter. The reason why I have undertaken this duty is, that I am not only one of those who had the longest acquaintance with our lamented Colleague, but also the latest of the Judges of the Court who had the honor and the satisfaction of being associated with him in the discharge of our public duty. These occasions of deploring the loss of departed colleagues, which are becoming sadly frequent, have a peculiar and painful significance for my brother Kemp and myself, seeing that during the space of $11\frac{1}{2}$ years, or since the 1st of July 1862, we have witnessed the death or retirement of no less than 21 occupants of this Bench, of whom ten have been removed by death, and 11 by retirement, three of the former being native gentlemen who had been selected, and most worthily selected, from among the Native Bar, to take their places on the Bench. These three distinguished persons have all paid the debt of nature at a comparatively early age—the latest of them, also the most eminent, Babu Dwarka nath Mitter dying earliest of all, for he was only $38\frac{1}{2}$ years of age. I would wish first to speak of our lamented colleague in the character which has the most interest for those whom I see before me, I mean his character as a pleader of the High Court. Babu Dwarkanath Mitter made his place early amongst the leading practitioners of this Court; that he should have done so, is easily

understood as he was rich in the endowments which go to make up the successful advocate.

If we add to great natural ability, varied learning,—if we add to learning his unsullied integrity, in the possession of these great qualities, I do not hesitate to say that Babu Dwarkanath Mitter was undoubtedly the first of the many able men who have adorned the Native Bar in Calcutta. Having been admitted a pleader of the late Sudder Court in 1856, and having been subsequently enrolled as a Vakeel of the High Court, Babu Dwarkanath Mitter was qualified under the High Court's Act, for a seat on the Bench at the time when we were deprived by death of our lamented colleague, Mr. Justice Shumbhoo Nath Pundit, and I may say that he was chosen almost by acclamation to fill the place of that lamented Judge. Then began that closer intimacy and association which takes place between those united in a common duty, and which continued with great advantage to us, for 6½ years down to the present time. Babu Dwarkanath Mitter's career and conduct as a Judge, if I may venture so to say, amply justified the choice of Her Majesty's Government and the expectations entertained of him. His extensive acquirements, varied learning and rapid perception, his keen discrimination, his retentive memory, his clear good sense and his instinctive love of justice—all made him a most valuable colleague, and one with whom it was a real pleasure to share the labours of the Bench. Amongst his more brilliant, though less important qualities, was his surprising command of the English language; the readiness, precision and force with which he used that language are not common even among those who speak it as their mother-tongue, and were the theme of constant admiration. One fact I feel bound to state which is very

material to be known, and which I think does great honor to my departed colleague. Those who hear me are aware that the appointment to certain offices has for some time rested mainly in my hands; during a great part of that time my association with Mr. Justice Mitter was close and almost daily, and although he must have had many acquaintances probably some friends, and possibly relations and connections amongst the persons who were either candidates for these appointments or interested in the distributions of that patronage, I declare that during all that time, never so much as once did he attempt to influence my judgment in the appointment or promotion of any single member of the Subordinate Judicial Service. Only one instance, can I call to my mind, in which the name of a single individual was mentioned to me by Mr. Justice Mitter, and that was to suggest the grant of a very trifling boon to a deserving public servant. I may add never was there a man whose performance of his public duty and whose official conduct was less tinctured by class feelings, sectarian influences, or social prejudices than our lamented colleague.

It must not be forgotten that the man who achieved this eminent position, this remarkable success, was emphatically a self-made man—far beyond this, that being a *Koolin Kyest*, and so in native estimation regarded as respectable or gentleman by caste, he began life without any derived advantages whatever. Born in an obscure village in the District of Hooghly, and the son of a comparatively poor man who exercised the unhonored vocation of a *Mooktear*, he won his way entirely by the force of his own ability and of his own admirable disposition. In those days at the time when Babu Dwarkanath Mitter was young, it was always open to a lad of

conspicuous talents to make his way in the world by the aid of those scholarships which have been created by a wise and liberal Government for the encouragement of exceptional ability and conduct. Babu Dwarkanath Mitter used that opportunity, and by his brilliant career first in the Hooghly Branch School, then in the Hooghly College, and afterwards in the Presidency College Law Class, he laid the foundation of his reputation and secured for himself the success which he achieved in after-life. His success was, I may say, ensured from the very day he joined the Bar of the late Sudder Court, for in the Sudder reports as early as 1857, we find the name of Babu Dwarkanath Mitter appearing in frequent cases as one of the Vakeels engaged either on one side or the other.

I have only to add, Gentlemen, as regards my deceased colleague's private character, that it was only a fitting complement of his public character. His amiability, his generosity, and independence of character were known to every body, and that very quality which perhaps marred to some extent his completeness as a Judge, I mean the great earnestness and almost vehemence of his convictions, only added to the charm of his character in private life. He had that eagerness which proceeds from strong convictions joined with perfect frankness and fearlessness of character.

It is pleasing to know that more than one field of honorable ambition is open to able and deserving natives, and that this should be so, as long as men constituted like Dwarkanath Mitter can be found, is in every way to be desired."

In the absence of the Advocate-General Mr. Kennedy, Standing Counsel, spoke on behalf of the English Bar. He said :—

"I know enough personally, and I know still more from the general reputation in which Mr. Justice Mitter was held by the whole of the profession, to feel and express the loss which the Bench and the Bar have here sustained —a loss which I may almost call irreparable. Every word which has fallen from the learned Judge who has addressed us, meets with the fullest echo in the heart of every member of my profession. No Judge inspired us with more confidence for a high intellect, for none had we a higher respect, and there are few indeed, if any, who, we felt more certain, would take the most accurate, and at the same time, widest view of every question that was placed before him for decision. Of course there is one great advantage which he possessed in his knowledge of the language and habits of the people of this Peninsula, which other Judges could hardly possess. It is, I feel, a loss not only to the Bench, and not only to the suitors in this Court, but it is a loss to the community which, I fear, cannot be supplied."

Mr. R. T. Allan, the Senior Pleader of the Vakeel Bar addressed the Court on behalf of the Vakeels thus :—

"I understand, My Lords, that Babu Dwarkanath Mitter was educated at the Hooghly College, where he exhibited that great diligence and ability which served to advance him, afterwards so rapidly, in his career as an Advocate and Pleader of this Court. His qualifications as a Judge are well known to several of your Lordships, and have over and over again been eulogised by some of the learned Judges who have retired from the Court, and I especially might mention by the late Chief Justice, Sir Barnes Peacock. His qualifications shone with a

lustre as occasion required the display; and I think one and all will admit that the more difficult the case was, and the greater the legal difficulties which had to be encountered, the greater also were the efforts, industry, and talents which the late Judge displayed in the elucidation and determination of the case in question.

The learned Judge, Mr. Justice L. S. Jackson, has so graphically and feelingly referred to both his private and public virtues that very little indeed remains for me to say, but at the same time it would not become me, as speaking on behalf of the Appellate Bar, and I would not be doing justice to the feelings of those around me who were his intimate friends, if I omitted to make one or two allusions to his private character. That he was devoid of all pride, no one who was acquainted with him would fail to acknowledge, but in addition to that, it is not known how great was his philanthropy and his generosity to the poor. In his native village he established a dispensary, which he maintained at his own cost for a considerable period of time, and knowing the value and importance of education, he set apart a house of his own in which were lodged poor students, young men who had not the means of educating or supporting themselves, and he defrayed their expenses both of education and living out of his own pocket. These circumstances were not known up to his death except perhaps to his most intimate friends, and it was only from inquiry amongst those intimate friends that I became acquainted with the facts stated. But in addition to his public character as a Judge and an Advocate of the High Court, there is another aspect from which his life and character may be viewed, and which is familiar to many around me who were his intimate friends —I mean his geniality and sociality. His memory in

regard to these qualities will be remembered for long years to come.

I think I cannot conclude the few words I have expressed better than by referring to that which I think he would regard as a suitable description of his own career, for although generous, kind, and affable to Europeans as well as to his own countrymen, there is no doubt that his affections strongly tended, and naturally tended, to those of his own class; and I think the following lines would form a suitable epitaph, and such as he would himself have approved—

> Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
> "He served his country, and he loved his kind."

കേരള സാഹിത്യ അക്കാദമി

Report of the Public Meeting in Honor of the late Justice Dwarkanath Mitter.

AT a public meeting convened by the Sheriff of Calcutta at the Town Hall on Wednesday the 27th May 1874, to adopt measures for perpetuating the memory of the Honorable the late Justice Dwarka nath Mitter, Mr. Manickjee Rustomjee the Sheriff, in opening the meeting, read the following requisition and advertisement convening the meeting.

To

THE SHERIFF OF CALCUTTA.

SIR,

We the undersigned inhabitants of Calcutta and its subrubs, request that you will be so good as to convene a Public Meeting at the Town Hall on an early date, to take into consideration the measures to be adopted for perpetuating the memory of the late Hon'ble Dwarkanath Mitter.

We have the honor to be

Sir,

Your most obedient servants,

Ramanath Tagore.
Jotendro Mohun Tagore.
Degumber Mitter.
Komul Krishna.
Narendra Krishna.
Rajendra Narain Deb.
Grish Chunder Singh.
Jodo Lall Mullick.
Soobhul Dass Mullick.
Peary Chand Mitter.
Rajendro Mullick.
Debendro Mullick.

Obhoy Churn Goho.
Dwarka Nath Dutt.
Sree Nath Roy.
Ram Chund Seal.
Peary Mohun Banerjee.
Srees Chunder Dass.
Mohun Lall Mittra.
Peary Churn Sircar.
Issera Chundra Sharma.
Kristo Dass Paul.
Aushootosh Dhur.
G. C. Paul.

Kissen Mohun Mullick.
Heera Lall Seal.
Nogendra Chunder Ghose.
Sagore Dutt.
Damoodur Dass Burmano.
Madhub Chunder Sein.
Dwarkanath Mullick.
Prasanakumara Survadhikari.
Tariney Churn Banerjee.
R. T. Allan.
Unodaprosad Banerjee.
Mohendro Lall Sircar.
Jogesh Chunder Dutta.
Sambhu Chunder Mookhopadhya.
Moorally Dhur Sen.
J. Pitt Kennedy.
Charles Piffard.
H. A. Adkin.
W. M. Bourke.
W. M. Jackson.
Gasper Gregory.
W. C. Bonnerjee.
M. P. Gasper.
Ameer Ally.
G. S. Fagan.
James H. A. Branson.
F. J. Fergussion.
G. H. P. Evans.
M. Rustomjee.
C. M. Rustomjee.
H. M. Rustomjee.
Jugadanund Mookerjee and several others.

He then said :—

Gentlemen,—You will not like me to detain you with any observations of mine on the present occasion. The lamented deceased, though a Bengalee by birth, was one in whom all Indians took pride, and I feel a melancholy pleasure in having had an opportunity in convening this meeting to do honor to his memory. I will now declare the meeting open, and invite the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Kemp to take the chair.

The Hon'ble Justice Romesh Chunder Mitter seconded the proposition.

The Hon'ble Mr. Justice Kemp said :—

Gentlemen,—I have been requested, as the Senior Puisne Judge of the High Court, to preside over this meeting. I regret to observe that the meeting is not so numerously attended as I should have expected. I see that the Native Bar is very well represented here, but I miss many faces that I expected to see in an assembly that has met together to do honor to the memory of my late

lamented colleague. Two letters have been placed in my hands from gentlemen, who being unable to attend, have excused their absence. One is addressed to the Sheriff of Calcutta, by the Rajah Romanath Tagore, and it runs as follows :—

"Calcutta, 27th May, 1874.

"My Dear Manickjee,—In consequence of the weather, I am sorry, that I am unable to attend the meeting you have convened in honor of the late Justice Dwarkanath Mitter. I heartily sympathize with the object of the meeting, and if my health had permitted, I would have gladly attended and taken a part in it. I shall thank you if you will kindly announce this to the meeting.

Possessed of rare intellectual gifts, generous instinct, and high character, Dwarkanath was one of whom all classes of the native community were equally proud, and in honoring his memory, we are discharging a public duty.

Yours &c.,

Romanath Tagore.

To Manickjee Rustomjee, Esq.

Sheriff of Calcutta."

The other letter is from the Hon'ble Mr. Justice Louis Jackson; who excuses his absence on account of indisposition, but who states that the movement has his entire sympathy, and accords his consent to his name being placed on the committee.

Gentlemen,—You will be addressed to-day by several gentlemen, who were more intimate with our late lamented friend than I can boast of having been. They will inform you for what purpose we have met to-day. Three propositions will be submitted to your consideration. (The Hon'ble President here read out the three resolutions.) I am indebted to Baboo Annoda Prosad Banerjee for a

few particulars of the early life and education of our lamented friend. Dwarkanath Mitter was the son of Baboo Hurro Chunder Mitter, resident of a small town in the district of Hoogly. In his earlier years he was educated in the Hoogly Branch School, leaving which, after a few years, he went up to the Hoogly College, and there obtained the senior scholarship. He held the senior scholarship for six years, and having attended the law lectures, in 1856 he successfully passed as a Pleader. He entered the Bar of the late Sudder Court, where he distinguished himself as an Advocate of great ability, and soon came to be at the head of his profession. Not long after, on the death of the Hon'ble Shumbhoonauth Pundit, he succeeded him as Judge of the High Court, which position, however, he enjoyed for a very short time, and died on the 25th February 1874, at the early age of 39 years.

Our beloved colleague did not enjoy long life; his was not an honored old age; his was not a peaceful death; he passed away from this world after suffering much agony—and I trust that his memory remains embalmed in the affecticns of his countrymen. (Cheers). Dwarka nath Mitter was a man who owed nothing to adventitious circumstances of birth. He was a self-made man. His father, I believe, was a poor man. He had to trust to his own exertions, and how he rose in life, all of you know. He rose step by step, to positions of trust, of respect, and power; and in the midst of all this he bore a simple and unsophisticated heart. Gentlemen, as an Advocate the late Hon'ble Dwarkanath Mitter ranks the first amongst the Native Bar. In my opinion he was superior as an Advocate, than as a Judge. As an Advocate he was fearless, independent and always ready to support the cause of the poor—many times, I know, from my own experience

without a fee. (Cheers). As a Judge—and I speak with affection and respect to his memory—his only fault (and who amongst us is without faults) was, that he was too impulsive. He lacked what I consider a great gift in a Judge, and that is, impassiveness on the Bench. He was somewhat apt to take a case prematurely into his own hands; but when we consider the learned judgments he delivered from time to time—when we call to recollection that so great a lawyer as Sir Barnes Peacock differed from him with diffidence—when we remember that his judgments in the High Court on points of Hindu Law were accepted as remarkably correct—the little errors which arose from impulsiveness, and which I can only attribute to his being so long an Advocate, will be forgotten, and every body will remember what an eminent, and just, and great Judge he was. I now leave to other gentlemen the duty of proposing the different resolutions. I only wish to add that I hope that the form, that the subscription will take, will be such that the whole people of the country will contribute; that it will not be only that a few Rajahs and wealthy natives will put down a few thousand rupees; but that the poor will also put down their mite. If this is done, it will be grateful to his family; and I have no doubt it will be gratifying to yourselves to have a subscription in which all can join, to have, as it were a national subscription. (Cheers).

Mr. Montriou said that he had been entrusted with the first resolution, which was "That this meeting deeply laments the untimely death of the Honorable the late Justice Dwarkanath Mitter, in whom the country has lost an able, upright, and independent Judge, a man of high intellectual eminence, and a generous and benevolent member of society." He said that the friend and fellow-citizen whose

loss they deplored, and whose memory they had met to reverence and perpetuate, had, in the short compass of a very brief life, by his acts, by his charcter, by his attainments, by his goodness, and by the greatness of his life earned the gratitude and admiration of all,—not only of all now present, but also of thousands of his countrymen. He had not died in the fulness of his years, but was snatched away in the prime of manhood. He was in the heyday of ambition and hope; his friends and all who knew him, looked forward to a splendid future for such a life as his. But he was cut off in the midst of his career; and it was only the other day he (Mr. Montriou) learnt that the dire disease which struck him down had been lurking in his system for long years. Little did they think when they listened to his voice from the Bench, and even probably before, when they heard it at the Bar, that even then "there was a little rift within the lute that by and by would make its music mute, and ever widening, slowly silence all."

His personal knowledge of Dwarkanath Mitter was little else than was furnished by the opportunities of their common profession. Well did he (Mr. Montriou) recollect the period when he joined the Sudder Bar—well did he recollect the admiration expressed in private by Judges of his abilities; and he especially recalled the remarks of Mr. Abercrombie Dick respecting the accuracy and force of his logic. When engaged in the forensic arena, whether Dwarkanath was with him or against him, the speaker well remembered, how his zeal, his conspicuous ability, and honest pleading challenged the admiration of all and especially his own admiration. (Cheers). Those years of advocacy were his initiation to the position which he at last attained. He was then on the threshold of that eminence to which he was born, and

which was to come,—that position in which eventually he had passed through a short but brilliant career. With all deference to what they had heard from their Chairman respecting Dwarkanath's qualities as a Judge, he would say that the position of Judge was that which best became him, and few, indeed, who had opportunities of seeing him on the Bench but would bear witness to that fact. He could not dwell long on the days of Dwarkanath's boyhood—on the struggles or the triumphs of his youth—on his private acts of benevolence—on those rare intellectual tastes which occupied his leisure hours. The speaker would be followed by those who could speak of all this from personal knowledge and private intimacy. He shed brightness and comfort wherever he went, and earnestly laboured to diffuse the blessings of education and of health. He would make one observation as an Englishman and an alien—for Englishmen were aliens, and it was useless to pretend they were not,—Dwarkanath Mitter possessed all the characteristic virtues of an Englishman, not of an Englishman merely, but also of a Christian. It was an Englishman's boast to possess candour, courage and generosity. Such were indeed, the leading traits of Dwarka nath Mitter's character. Who could say that he was not open, candid, and sincere? His moral courage in the path of duty had already been alluded to by the Chairman. He was generous to a fault, that was why he had not died a rich man. In short, he displayed the virtues of a Christian gentleman, and although not of that creed of which he (Mr. Montriou) was an unworthy professor, he practised that good-will and benevolence which was taught by it—he was therefore in an exceptional degree worthy of being admired by all Englishmen. When he (Mr. Montriou) spoke of his qualities as a Judge, he felt he had

very difficult ground to tread upon. But he should not be doing his duty were he to be silent. No Government or Administration or Representative Power resembled the office of a Judge. A Judge represented an ideal, an unattainable one,—they could never hope to have a perfect judge. He would remark, that the best judges of Judges were not co-judges seated side by side—but the public were. The suitors could say candidly and well, why they valued a particular Judge, and what were their objections to another. Few, indeed, if any, were the objections raised against Justice Dwarkanath Mitter. He saw around him Advocates, English and Native, and he would ask them if they ever heard the slightest objections to a case being brought before Justice Dwarkanath Mitter. Was ever any one dissatisfied with Dwarkanath's decisions? Was ever any one disappointed in him? He thought not. That being so, there was something remarkable and worthy of admiration in him as a Judge. He was possessed of high intellectual gifts, but he was honored not for those alone, but for that unswerving rectitude of character which was a natural endowment, and which marked him for that peculiar office, to the standard of which he certainly came up as ever mortal being could. He (Mr. Montriou) would not detain the meeting with further remark but would move the resolution which stood in his name. (Applause).

Moharajah Sir Jotendro Mohun Tagore, K.C.S.I., in seconding the resolution, said:—

Gentlemen,—I have been requested to second the resolution which has been just now so ably moved by the learned speaker. Although I feel considerable diffidence in addressing a public assembly, I have readily complied with the request—and what Bengalee could have heart to decline taking a part in this day's proceedings; for we

are met here to honor the memory of one, in whom every Bengalee feels an honest pride, and whose loss every Bengalee sincerely mourns. Gifted with rare mental faculties, Dwarkanath used his opportunities to develope those faculties in a high degree; indeed, he was a bright specimen of what English education could do for a Bengalee mind, to which nature had been kind and bountiful. Dwarkanath did not lay claim to an aristocratic pedigree, but this was the intellectual wealth which had raised him to a pre-eminent position,—a position which no material wealth or adventitious rank could give. He was emphatically a *self-made* man; not the favored child of fortune, but the favored child of nature. Whether at the Bar, or at the Bench, we all know how he had distinguished himself by his independence, ability, and judicial acumen; but I need not detain you by repeating what has been so eloquently said by the learned speaker who preceded me. To his high abilities, Dwarkanath joined the Hindu characteristics of hospitality and charity; and withal he had a simplicity of manner which won for him the love of all who knew him, and made him the ornament of the community to which he belonged. Unfortunately for Bengal, she has not many such sons whom she can fondly look up to, and it is therefore the more deeply to be deplored that Dwarkanath has been cut off by the cruel hand of death in the heyday of his youth and vigor, and in the very midst of his brilliant career. When History's Muse will record the memorial of this ill-fated country, she will tenderly dwell on Dwarkanath's name, and with a smile and a tear, will she note that a life so bright was yet so brief!

Baboo Kali Mohan Das had great pleasure in supporting the Resolution. He had been acquainted with the

deceased Judge since 1860, and the result of his experience warranted him in saying that Dwarkanath Mitter was one of the best gifts of Providence to this world. He was born in humble position and had to complete his education amongst many difficulties, and he (the speaker) did not know of any other man who had risen to such a position by means of his own intellect. To the natives, the loss of Dwarkanath Mitter was not only the loss of an able Judge, but the loss of a man who had established their claim to that position which he so worthily filled. His private generosity was shown in the establishment of a school and a dispensary, both of which were supported entirely by him. As a Judge his qualities might be judged when so great a lawyer as Sir Barnes Peacock declared that he changed his views of a subject after hearing what fell from the lips of Dwarkanath Mitter. On another occasion his judgment on a point of Hindu Law anticipated that of the Privy Council. He had been a Judge for a few years only, and during that time he had been the admiration of all.

The Resolution was then put and carried.

Mr. Pitt-Kennedy said that he had been privileged to move the second Resolution which was "that in the opinion of this Meeting it is desirable that a suitable memorial be raised to the memory and honor of the late Justice Dwarkanath Mitter." It afforded him an opportunity of expressing that feeling of respect—he might almost say of veneration, which he entertained for Honorable Justice Dwarkanath Mitter. It had been his (Mr. Kennedy's) misfortune that he had not had the same opportunities as the previous speakers had of becoming acquainted with the private character of the deceased Judge. He knew him only in his public capacity as a Judge, and had

occasionally met him in society. But he had always been impressed with the great talents, and the high moral characteristics of Dwarkanath Mitter, and he would now ask them whether they did not think it necessary to raise a memorial to him. Their presence there was sufficient to prove the anxiety of his fellow-citizens to do honor to his memory. They were not to say just now what the memorial would be; for that would be decided afterwards by the committee. Whilst those present there lived, the memory of Dwarkanath Mitter was not likely to perish, but would it not be bright for the coming generation to have a memorial of him? Would it not be a beacon in the path of poor and struggling youths if there was amongst them something to point and say—"here was a poor struggling boy who was like yourself, and who raised himself to the highest position in the land, and at whose death all his fellow-citizens came to do him honor?" (Applause.)

Rajah Narendra Krishna, in seconding the Resolution, said:—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—In seconding the Resolution which has just been moved by the learned gentleman, I have scarcely anything to add to what has been said by the able speakers who preceded me. As a personal friend of the lamented deceased, I feel a melancholy pleasure in recommending for your adoption a suitable memorial in his honor to mark our appreciation of those high qualities which made him such an excellent Judge of the High Court. It is but too well known that though he had none of the advantages of birth and fortune, he attained that eminent position by sheer force of intellect and rare natural parts. During the few years that he occupied the Bench, his career was marked by

such intense love of Justice, unswerving integrity, and fearless independence of character, as to call forth warm eulogiums of his learned colleagues. It was no small praise to the late Justice Dwarkanath Mitter that his legal attainments, and his thorough logical powers were duly appreciated by that eminent lawyer Sir Barnes Peacock, and I presume our present worthy Chief Justice entertained the same opinion of him. Indeed the public had ample opportunities for judging of his unrivalled power of disentangling knotty points of law in many important cases. It was rightly said of him that greater the legal difficulties he had to contend with the greater were his efforts to overcome them. His talents and his acquirements were, I should say, of a superior order, but it is not for them alone that his memory is so dear to his countrymen. If it were necessary for me to allude to his private virtues, his geniality, his sympathy for the poor, and his innate goodness of heart, I could have dwelt at large on the possession of these good qualities by him. But his services to his country were of a public nature, and I am rejoiced to see that they are recognised in a suitable public manner, and they must thus be publicly recognised by us. In honoring the memory of such a man, I can only say that we are honoring ourselves.

Dr. Mahendro Lall Sircar, in supporting this Resolution, said :—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—If I had minded my own physical comfort I could not have been here this evening. Suffering for some time from an illness which requires absolute rest, and rest above all of the respiratory organs, I find it difficult even to breathe in the suffocated atmosphere of this crowded hall. Gentlemen, I cannot say I have come to this meeting—I have been drawn

into it out of pure respect for departed worth, out of sincere regard for a friendship, the warmest and the purest it was my lot to have enjoyed, but which alas! or the like of which alas! it will never more be my privilege to enjoy here on earth:

Gentlemen, I was going to plead my ill-health as my apology for being brief. But I have higher grounds for that. Even if I had been in perfect health, and even if I had the mastery of the exhaustive eloquence of my late lamented friend, I could not have expatiated on the many and sterling qualities of his mind and heart.

Neither do I think this to be necessary on my part, after what you have heard from the very able and eloquent speakers who have preceded me—speakers, all of whom are infinitely better judges of human worth and human greatness, and most of whom having had intimate professional connection with Dwarkanath are infinitely better qualified to measure his professional capacities than I could ever pretend to be. I hope however, Gentlemen, you do not understand me to mean that Dwarkanath's high qualities could only be understood by a long and profound study. Those qualities were too high to need that. Dwarkanath was too great to need a searching analysis to reveal his greatness. One could not come in contact with him even for a short time without at once coming to know and feel what he was. He had no inside and outside. His head and heart were clear, transparent, I had almost said, self-luminous, so that you could see without effort to their profoundest depths.

Gentlemen, Dwarkanath's true greatness consisted not in the greatness of his head alone, nor in the largeness of his heart alone, but in the fact that great as was his head, his heart was far greater, and that he always

subordinated his head to his heart. This was in my humble opinion the key to his astonishingly remarkable success as a Judge. This was the key to what has been called his impulsiveness on the Bench, which was more apparent than real, for in his capacity as a Judge he was always straight-forwardly right, though perhaps not always technically just. This was in fact, the key to his whole character, a character which, by reason of its excellences, ought to stand out as a model for all of us and for future generations to imitate. Was there no flaw, no fault in that character? I can recall to mind but one, and it was this that he was uncompromisingly hard upon the hard-hearted and the heartless. Would to God that were the fault in the character of all the children of men.

Mr. Allan proposed the third Resolution in the absence of the Revd. K. M. Banerjee. He stated that after what had been already said by the gentlemen who had preceded him, with regard to the many excellent qualities of Dwarkanath Mitter, it would be almost improper for him to occupy the time of the meeting any longer with any remarks of his own. It now devolved on him the pleasing duty of asking them to contribute to a fund with a view to perpetuate his memory. In this assembly he (the speaker) saw Judges, Rajas, Advocates and others, and he hoped he would not appeal to them in vain. As was stated by the Chairman the fund was not open to the great and distinguished alone, but all classes rich and poor, were invited to contribute to a memorial to the late lamented Judge. He would now propose :—

"That with a view to carry out the object of the above Resolution, a Committee consisting of the following gentlemen, with power to add to their number, be appointed for the purpose of raising a fund by public subscription,

and that the said Committee be empowered to choose and determine the form of the memorial: Hon'ble Justice F. B. Kemp, Hon'ble Justice Louis S. Jackson, Hon'ble Justice W. Markby, Raja Jotendro Mohun Tagore Bahadur, Mr. W. A. Montriou, Mr. Manickjee Rustomjee, Hon'ble Justice Romesh Chunder Mitter, Moulovie Abdul Luteef Khan Bahadur, Babus Annoda Prosad Banerjee, Mohesh Chunder Chowdhry, Sree Nauth Dass, Kristodas Pal, Hem Chunder Banerjee, Chunder Madhub Ghose, Kalimohun Dass, Pundit Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, Babus Shama Churn Dey, Mohendro Nath Bose Roy Bahadur, Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee, Mr. M. Ghose, Munshi Muhummud Yusuff, Mr. R. E. Twidale, Babus Rajendro Missry, Digambur Mitter, Durga Mohun Dass—members; Baboo Bhairab Chunder Banurjea, and Mr. M. L. Sandel—members and Honorary Secretaries.

Munshi Amir Ali, Khan Bahadur, in seconding the Resolution, addressed the Meeting in Urdu to the following effect:—I lament the death of the Hon'ble Justice Dwarka nath, and briefly desire to say that he was a man of abilities, and a most wise and thorough gentleman. During his *vakalut* all his clients had confidence in him, and during his Judgeship all parties were satisfied with his uprightness. His premature death is much to be regretted. The death of so worthy a man in the prime of life is much to be lamented. He is most deserving of a Memorial, and I should be glad to see a fund raised by public subscription for a Memorial to his memory.

Baboo Ashotosh Dhur, in supporting the Resolution, said:—

Gentlemen,—I have great pleasure in supporting the Resolution proposed by Mr. Allan and seconded by Moonshee Ameer Ali. I say, I have great pleasure, in as

much as my connection with the late Hon'ble Dwarkanath Mitter, which dates so far back as nearly twenty years, from the time he joined the Hoogly College, has enabled me to bear testimony to his extraordinary abilities and guileless character. Since his transfer from the Hoogly to the Hindoo College, I had the pleasure of his acquaintance. For a time he was a fellow-student with me in the same class, and I was often struck with the surprising quickness with which he mastered any subject. In the college he spent the greater part of his time in playing, or idle *gups*; still we found him first in the class, and quite up to his studies. He had a wonderfully retentive memory, and if I remember rightly, he completed the study of Alison's Modern Europe within the short space of a week or ten days, and successfully acquitted himself in an examination on it. His scholastic productions show that at an early sge he acquired great proficiency in the English language. Dwarkanath Mitter had no pretensions of high parentage. Born in an humble position, he was soon compelled to enter the world for his livelihood. After completing his scholastic education which in those days ended with the senior schoarship, he began life by accepting the post of an interpreter in the Police Court at a small salary. Little did he then know of the high honors which awaited him in his after-life, and which he deservedly won by the sheer dint of his own exertions. Dwarkanath Mitter's insatiable desire for learning prompted him to study the law, and he soon availed himself of the Committee examination, to pass as a pleader. After he had qualified himself as a pleader, the late Justice Sumbhoo Nauth Pundit, then the Junior Government pleader, whose acute sagacity at once discerned in Dwarka nath Mitter his sterling merit, induced him to give up the

certain income of the post of interpretership, and to enter the new arena of his life where he so successfully signalised himself. It may be said with truth that had it not been for Sumbhoonauth's inducement and promise to help Dwarkanath Mitter in his new sphere of action, we would not have heard the name of Dwarkanath Mitter at all. Thus one of India's brightest genius, whose memory to commemorate we have met here, would have died unknown and unheard of.

About the year 1856, Dwarkanath Mitter was enrolled as a pleader of the late Sudder Dewanny Adawlut. In those days, addressing the Court in English had but little advanced. With the exception of a few, most of the pleaders were ignorant of the English language, and Dwarkanath Mitter's accession to the Bar, was looked with great jealousy by his fellow-pleaders; but how long could such opposition last? Merit will always have its reward. The masterly way in which Dwarkanath Mitter handled his cases, and the eloquence and learning displayed by him in his addresses to the Court soon attracted the notice of the Judges, and he was singled out with unanimous voice, though there were many senior to him in practice, as pre-eminently qualified by his rare general and extraordinary talent to become a Judge of Her Majesty's High Court. The anticipations both of the Government and the learned Judges who selected him, were more than realised. Justice Dwarkanath Mitter's career as a Judge cannot be eulogised in more becoming language than has been done by his Lordship, Justice Louis S. Jackson, when expressing the sentiments of the Bench on the lamentable occasion of deploring the untimely death of Justice Dwarkanath Mitter. Justice Louis S. Jackson's opinion of Justice Mitter as to his judicial ability is entitled

to the greatest weight, as he is the only Judge now presiding in our High Court who was a colleague of Justice Mitter for a longer time than any other Judge, and who also heard him when he was a pleader, and therefore he had the opportunity both of hearing his addresses, and advising and consulting with him, whilst he was on the Bench. I would therefore prefer quoting here the opinion of his Lordship rather than give my own. His Lordship said—

"Baboo Dwarkanath Mitter's career and conduct as a Judge, if I may venture to say, amply justifies the choice of Her Majesty's Government and the expectation entertained of him. His acquirements, varied learning, and rapid perception, his keen discrimination, his retentive memory, his clear good sense, and his instinctive love of justice—all made him a most valuable colleague, and one with whom it was a great pleasure to share the labors of the Bench."

There is great policy and wisdom of Her Majesty in associating natives of this country in the responsible duties of the admistration of justic to a nation whose manners, habits and customs are peculiar to themselves, and so very different from those of the western nations. Some of the judgments of Mr. Justic Dwarkanath Mitter show what advantage he possessed over the other Judges by his intimate acquaintance with the Hindoo and Mahomedan law and local usages. The Mahomedan law of pre-emption, regarding the rights of pre-emption as against a Hindoo purchaser from a Mahomedan vendor, being in a very unsettled state, and three divisional Benches being unable to decide the qusetion, owing to conflicting rulings the vexed question was referred to a Full Bench of five Judges in which the Chief Justice, Sir B. Peacock, presided, and Justice Mitter was one of the Judges forming the Full Bench. The judgment of the Court was delivered by

Mr. Justice Mitter; and the Chief Justice, Sir B. Peacock, in expressing his concurrence with his judgment said,—

"I concur in the view which has been so forcibly and clearly expressed by Mr. Justice Mitter, and I am of opinion that the question must be answered in the negative. I must confess that when I came into court before the cause was argued, and even after I had left the court, my opinion inclined in favour of answering the question in the affirmative. I then considered that the right which is claimed by the plaintiff depended on a defect of title on the part of the co-parcener to sell his share of the property, except subject to the right of the plaintiff to purchase it, *i.e.*, his right of pre-emption. But I am now satisfied that the right claimed by the plaintiff does not depend on any defect on the part of his co-partner to sell, but upon a particular rule of Mahomedan law, by which neither the defendant nor the Court is bound."

Thus showing the complete mastery of Justice Mitter of the Mahomedan law, and how he convinced the ablest and most learned Judge who ever sat in the High Court of his errors.

Justice Mitter's knowledge of the Hindoo Law was equally extensive. When the question arose whether the enumeration in the Dáyabhága was exhaustive or not, a paternal uncle's daughter's son can succeed or not, it was referred to a Full Bench of five Judges, Sir B. Peacock presiding, and it was Justice Mitter who gave the judgment of the Court with an elaborate and lucid exposition of the Hindoo law. Although Justice Mitter was in the minority in the Full Bench case as to the forfeiture of the rights of a Hindoo widow if she became unchaste after her husband's death, nevertheless his judgment is, I understand, in accordance with the view of orthodox

Hindoos, and one which very forcibly conveys the Hindoo idea on this point.

Justice Mitter's knowledge of the local laws was equally great, and his exposition of them equally lucid. In a case which was referred to a Full Bench to determine whether the Collector had the power to decide the question as to what was the true length of the standard pole of measurement, and whether there was any appeal from the Collector's decision under the provision of Act VIII. of 1869 (B. C.), Justice Phear, in delivering his judgment, said :—

"Mr. Justice Mitter has so clearly and forcibly expressed the view which I hold in this matter that I would not have prepared a separate judgment had I previously had the advantage of reading the judgment which he has just delivered."

Gentlemen, I need not multiply instances to satisfy you that Justice Mitter had an extraordinary and rare talent. In him our country has lost one of its ablest and best Judges. The Government of India in deploring his loss, said, "*Justice Mitter was a most learned, upright, and independent Judge.*"

Justice Mitter naturally characterised himself as a Judge and won the golden opinions of his countrymen by his unflinching rectitude and independence, but he had at all times at heart the welfare and good of his countrymen. In his private life, Justice Mitter was equally commendable. He was very meek and sincere to his friends. We failed to find in him any vanity or pride when he was elevated to the Bench. He was the same Dwarkanath as he was at the school. There was no change in him. He was unostentatious in his manners, and was of a very liberal disposition. He lived decently, and spent a great portion

of his income in maintaining and educating poor boys of his country. He also tried to improve the condition of his native village by establishing a dispensary and a school.

Justice Mitter, after his elevation to the Bench, improved himself much by private studies. He learned French and Latin and partly Sanskrit, and his knowlege was of a varied character. We deeply lament the death of Justice Dwarkanath Mitter. In him we have lost one of our brilliant geniuses, a thoroughly conscientious and most able Judge, who never allowed fear or favour to weigh for a moment against what he thought was right or wrong. We have now met here to testify our our warm admiration and affectionate respect for him who has gone from us, but whose name will for ever remain dear to us; and as an appreciation by us of his high merit to commemorate his career in life who was an honour to our country, in such a way as his name may descend to our posterity, and be henceforth an example to future generations. I would, therefore, support the Resolution just now read to you, and sincerely hope that the subscriptions to be raised will be sufficient to enable the Committee to mark our sense of respect for the deceased in a substantial and suitable manner, and I trust all our countrymen will heartily give their support to carry out this Resolution.

The Hon'ble Moulovie Abdool Luteef, Khan Bahadur, proposed a vote of thanks to the Chair, and in doing so, took the opportunity of making a few remarks—expressive not only of his admiration, but of that of all communities, of the late learned Judge.

The meeting then separated.

BHYRUB CHUNDER BANERJEA,
M. L. SANDEL,
Members and Honorary Secretaries.

APPENDIX II.

THE ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY OF TWO DIMENSIONS.

Translated from the French of Auguste Comte.

By the Hon'ble Dwarkanath Mitter.

PART I.

General Introduction.

CHAPTER I.

FUNDAMENTAL NOTIONS.

Analytical Geometry, as founded by Descartes, is essentially destined to generalize, to the utmost possible degree, the various geometrical theories, according to their intimate subordination to certain analytical conceptions, by subjecting the different questions to as many uniform methods, necessarily applicable to all figures, suitably defined; whether we confine ourselves to Plane Geometry, which must constitute here our first and principal study, or to the Geometry of Surfaces, of which we shall treat afterwards. In order to appreciate better this characteristic destination, it is necessary, first of all, to recognise that the greater part of our geometrical researches, and specially those which are the most important, though they were most often limited, primitively, to certain special figures, are, by their nature, equally suited to all imaginable forms of line and surface. Such is evidently, for example, the determination of tangents, equally important in regard to all curves, as serving for the basis of their comparison with a suitable system of straight lines.

The same remark is certainly applicable to all questions directly relating to the measurement of extension, the final object of all geometrical speculations. Whether we seek to estimate the length of a curve, or the area which it encloses, or the volume which is generated by its rotation, &c., there is not a single figure which does not give rise to a similar research. Those questions which are truly limited to certain special figures, and which do not, therefore, admit of any real generalization, can rarely offer any but a very secondary interest, unless they constitute, as it often happens, some simple and particular modifications of a fully general consideration. This spontaneous generality of the principial geometrcal researches being thus clearly recognised, we are naturally led to desire for an equivalent generality in the corresponding methods. Now, it is in this specially in which lies the immense superiority of modern geometry, raised to the analytical state by the fundamental conception of Descartes. Before that decisive renovation, geometrical questions, geometrical questions could not, in fact, admit of any but some special solutions, in which the same problem had to be resolved *de novo* in all the known cases, without our being able, for want of a direct and abstract appreciation, to utilize, in any manner, that which was necessarily common to them all. For example, the methods employed by the ancient geometers to draw tangents to the Conic Sections, could not serve, in any manner, except as a mere logical exercise, to facilitate the same enquiry in the case of the Cissoid, the Spiral, the Cycloid, &c., each of which had ulteriorly to require, for that purpose, some new efforts, always particular, until the Cartesian analysis raised at last the whole system of geometrical speculations to its truly philosophical state, by institu-

ting a permanent harmony between the extent of the methods and that of the questions.

This grand conception, having hitherto penetrated, but very little, into ordinary instruction, Analytical Geometry is not commonly appreciated except as a mode of studying the Conic Sections under a new form; in which view, its real superiority, thus limited, would assuredly be very contestable. But, notwithstanding the vicious character of this exposition in which geometrical methods adhere too narrowly to the particular cases which alone are exclusively in view, it cannot alter the entire generality which spontaneously characterises all analytical theories, and which I shall endeavour to bring out directly, as constituting their principal value, both logical and scientific. In the ancient geometry, no question could ever be truly exhausted, since there always remained an infinite number of new cases, often requiring some efforts as great as those necessary for the institution of a new order of researches. The Cartesian geometry, on the contrary, by instituting a better economy of our speculative forces, regards as truly important, only the creation of some new general methods, applicable to subjects yet untouched, and whose specialization in particular cases cannot offer any but some secondary difficulties.

2.—According to such an appreciation, this final system of geometrical science must be rationally designated by the name of General Geometry, as proposed by me a long time ago in the first volume of my "System of Positive Philosophy." But owing to the high importance which we should always attach, as much as possible, especially in elementary instruction, to all expressions consecrated by long usage, unless they are radically improper, I shall habitually employ the ordinary name of Analytical

Geometry, carefully rejecting, however, the designation, too imperfect and unfortunately too frequently used, of Application of Algebra to Geometry. By explaining suitably the true signification of the word, *analytical*, we shall find in it, in fact, a *resumé* of the whole of the attributes which characterize the new geometry, though the expression spontaneously suggests only the nature of the means employed, without recalling sufficiently the aim, which is not indicated by it, except in an indirect manner, and that only, owing to the intimate and necessary harmony existing between the aim and the means employed. Even the equivocation, naturally attaching to the word, *analysis*, and its various derivatives, according as we consider it, in its special mathematical acceptation, or in its universal logical signification, cannot deprive it of such a destination; for it is easy to recognize, in principle, as we shall see more and more, as we proceed with the science, that the methods proper to the final generalization of geometrical theories are eminently *analytical*, according to both the senses of the term.

If we take at first the special signification, which is applicable to the whole of abstract mathematics, it is certain that geometrical theories cannot be suitably generalized, except by the aid of analytical conceptions, since the abstract part of each question is, at bottom, the only one which is susceptible, by means of a judicious isolation, of a truly uniform solution, in as much as it alone is really common to all imaginable figures. Whether we consider the determination of tangents, or that of areas &c., we can easily recognize that, the results being necessarily different in the different curves, no other than an analytical view can sufficiently separte, and suitably treat, that which the subject offers as essentially uniform

in the midst of an inevitable diversity. This natural aptitude of analytical conceptions can be extended even so far as to indicate some precious connections between some general questions truly distinct; and this assuredly constitutes the highest possible generalization, which could not have been obtained in any other way. Geometers have thus discovered, for example, from the very origin of analytical geometry, as I shall explain in its proper place, the fundamental identity of the various researches relating to the measurement of extension, which can be henceforth transformed into one another, whether they refer to rectifications or to quadratures, or even to cubatures. It was only by means of a common analytical appreciation that they could seize those relations, so remarkable, and so well fitted for the mutual perfection of the different studies. Under this first fundamental aspect, therefore, general geometry is very justly qualified as analytical.

But it is highly necessary that we should not allow this usage, otherwise fully legitimate, to lead us, according to a tendency, very common, to mistake the form for the substance, by viciously incorporating with analytical geometry certain speculations which do not really belong to it, in as much as they do not offer that generality, which alone characterizes it essentially, however extensive and indispensable might be in them the employment of the algebraical calculus. It is thus that so many geometers have so vainly denied to Descartes the originality of his grand conception, under the pretext that, long before him, algebra had already furnished certain geometrical solutions. We see them also, owing to the same misapprehension, very often annex, even now, simple trigonometry to analytical geometry, in spite of the judicious example of Legendre, who, in conformity to a decisive

historical indication, treated it as a sequel to elementary, geometry, of which it evidently constitutes the inseparable complement, in as much as it similarly relates to a problem, purely special, though otherwise of capital importance. Such a confusion which seems to be dogmatically consecrated, even now, in consequence of a vicious scholastic distinction between problems determined and problems undetermined, (as if all geometrical questions, whether relating to the determination of a point or to that of a line or of a surface, were not, each according to its own nature, necessarily determinable,) is radically opposed to all rational appreciation of analytical geometry. Viewed in such a light, it would even be impossible to distinguish it from the geometry of the ancients, in which they employed, almost from the very first stages, the algebraical calculus, though its office in that geometry was ordinarily less extensive, and though it was applied specially, under certain less suitable forms, based upon the theory of proportion, which constituted, at that time, as a logical process, the equivalent, very imperfect, of our modern algebra. We shall have frequent occasion to recognize, contrary to this vulgar opinion, that some geometrical theories can be eminently *analytical*, notwithstanding that the calculus intervenes in them but very little, whilst others, in which it plays a very conspicuous part, in no way deserve that name.

If we pass now to the second scientific acceptation of the word, *analysis*, and of its derivatives, conformably to universal usage and to the etymological signification of the term, an appreciation, still more misconceived, can enable us easily to perceive that, under this new aspect general geometry must be eminently analytical, in as much as it proceeds by *decomposition*. For the questions treated

by it, being almost always composed of a small number of uniform elements, whose effective combinations are, on the contrary, extremely numerous, no solution of a truly general character can be obtained, except by the abstract separation of the different elementary conditions, which alone are capable of being considered, each by itself, from a general point of view. On the other hand, the spirit of the ancient geometry was always essentially synthetical, for the various conditions of each problem had always to be considered in the aggregate, notwithstanding the accessary use of what was designated by the name of geometrical analysis. This analysis, however, ought to be considered, historically, as the first logical step towards the modern system, although the paucity of its algebraical conceptions, by which alone we can make the necessary separation and pursue the consequences thereof, had deprived it of its principal value among the geometers of ancient Greece. This two-fold appreciation enables us to see that the new geometrical method, instituted by Descartes, has, for it essential characteristic, the isolation of each condition of a problem, in order to subject it to a fully general solution, according to a suitable reduction of the concrete to the abstract. The word, *analytical*, has the special merit of re-calling, at least to the minds of those who are competent to form a correct idea of it, the fundamental spirit, which has been just now referred to, and which I shall hereafter endeavour to bring out more clearly on every suitable occasion.

3.—According to the preceding remarks, the radical revolution effected in geometrical studies by the advent of analytical geometry, must be considered as the most decisive step that has yet been taken towards the total development of that science, the philosophical constitution

of which had been, before that epoch, so insufficient and so precarious, notwithstanding some admirable discoveries. But we must also recognize it as the most decisive step that has, up to this time, been taken in the whole of mathematical science, abstract or concrete. For, by a necessary re-action, this fundamental connection between geometrical and algebraical conceptions, though instituted at first with a view to the perfection of geometry, (which has thereby made in two centuries more real progress than that accomplished during all the anterior ones), has been, perhaps, even more favorable to the perfection of mathematical analysis, the most powerful creations of which are in fact due to this happy logical influence. Not only has mathematical analysis thus found an inexhaustible alimentation and an interesting destination, without which the natural repugnance of the human mind to abstract speculation, would have rendered its progress extremely slow and otherwise sterile; but, further, by an influence more special and more profound, the intervention of geometrical considerations has often directly suggested to it some happy fundamental inspirations; as is fully borne out by the whole range of our mathematical knowledge in the present day. Such a scientific re-action is essentially proper to geometry, which will never cease in that respect to constitute the principal part of mathematical science. Rational mechanics, on the other hand, though it is as eminently analytical as geometry, is of a nature too complicated to exercise a similar influence. It has, no doubt, similarly furnished to analysis a new field and a new destination, but not any new light. Abstract equations can, without doubt, be conceived as representing certain movements, quite as well as certain figures, but the extreme

complication and difficulty of such a representation will always prevent it from being the source of any true analytical indications.

4.—Mathematical analysis can deal with magnitudes only; but in geometry, we have to deal with two other logical categories, besides magnitude, namely, figure and position. Hence the difficulty of introducing that analysis in geometry. This difficulty, however, is easily solved by reducing ideas of position to those of magnitude, ideas of figure being necessarily reducible to those of position, since the figure of a body is, as a matter of course, determined by the position of all the points of which it is composed. Much confusion and inconvenience would, however, naturally arise from the fact that, in analytical geometry, ideas of position alone are *directly* reducible to those of magnitude, in as much as the figure of a body is necessarily independent of its position. But this confusion and inconvenience can be easily avoided by the aid of some suitable general rules, which I shall explain in their proper place.

5.—All elementary ideas of situation being reducible to the position of a single point, the determination of such position must, therefore, constitute the fundamental basis of analytical geometry.

Now the position of a point is determined by what are called, in analytical geometry, its co-ordinates. If the point is in a given plane, two co-ordinates are necessary for its determination. If it is situated any where in space, three co-ordinates at least are required, as I shall explain hereafter when I treat of the Geometry of Solids.

I shall now proceed to show that, in laying the foundation of analytical geometry, all that its immortal

founder had to do, was to generalize the spontaneous indications of the common reason of humanity,—a fact, which whilst it goes to shew what mighty results can be achieved by a single stroke of true genius, even from the humblest materials imaginable, affords a striking illustration of the remark, so often made by me, that true science is, after all, nothing but the development of the universal good sense of mankind.

If we wish to define the position of a point, situated beyond the reach of our vision, we are necessarily obliged to fall back upon some numerical data. If the point proposed is situated in a line previously known to the two persons, between whom the communication is held, only one such datum would evidently be sufficient to accomplish the indication; for example, the numerical measure of the distance, more or less great, of the variable point from a fixed point in that line. This is necessarily the simplest of all the cases relating to the reduction of ideas of position to those of magnitude; but it is necessary to understand it thoroughly, for it is the basis of all others, more complicated. When the point required forms part of a given surface, that which always happens in plane geometry, the combination of two data of this character becomes indispensable, one, for indicating the line in which it is situated, the other, for distinguishing it from all other points in that line. The denomination of co-ordinates happily recalls the insufficiency of each of these two elements of determination, when considered singly, in as much as neither of them can be of any efficacy except when they are both taken together. Lastly, in the case, most extensive and difficult, when the point may be indifferently situated in any region of space, its situation cannot be characterized, except by combining

three such conditions of magnitude, as we shall specially recognize in the geometry of three dimensions

The couple of co-ordinates, employed for this purpose in plane geometry, can be drawn from a multitude of different constructions, of which it is important to understand the principal ones only. The one, which of all others, without being, under various aspects, the most natural, certainly deserves, upon the whole, the universal preference which it has empirically obtained from the very infancy of analytical geometry, consists in determining the position of a point by its distances from two fixed straight lines, very often at right angles to each other.

If the point M, (Fig. 1.), is situated in a plane at the given distances, a and b, from the two axes, O X, O Y, it will be evidently found at the single point where two straight lines, drawn

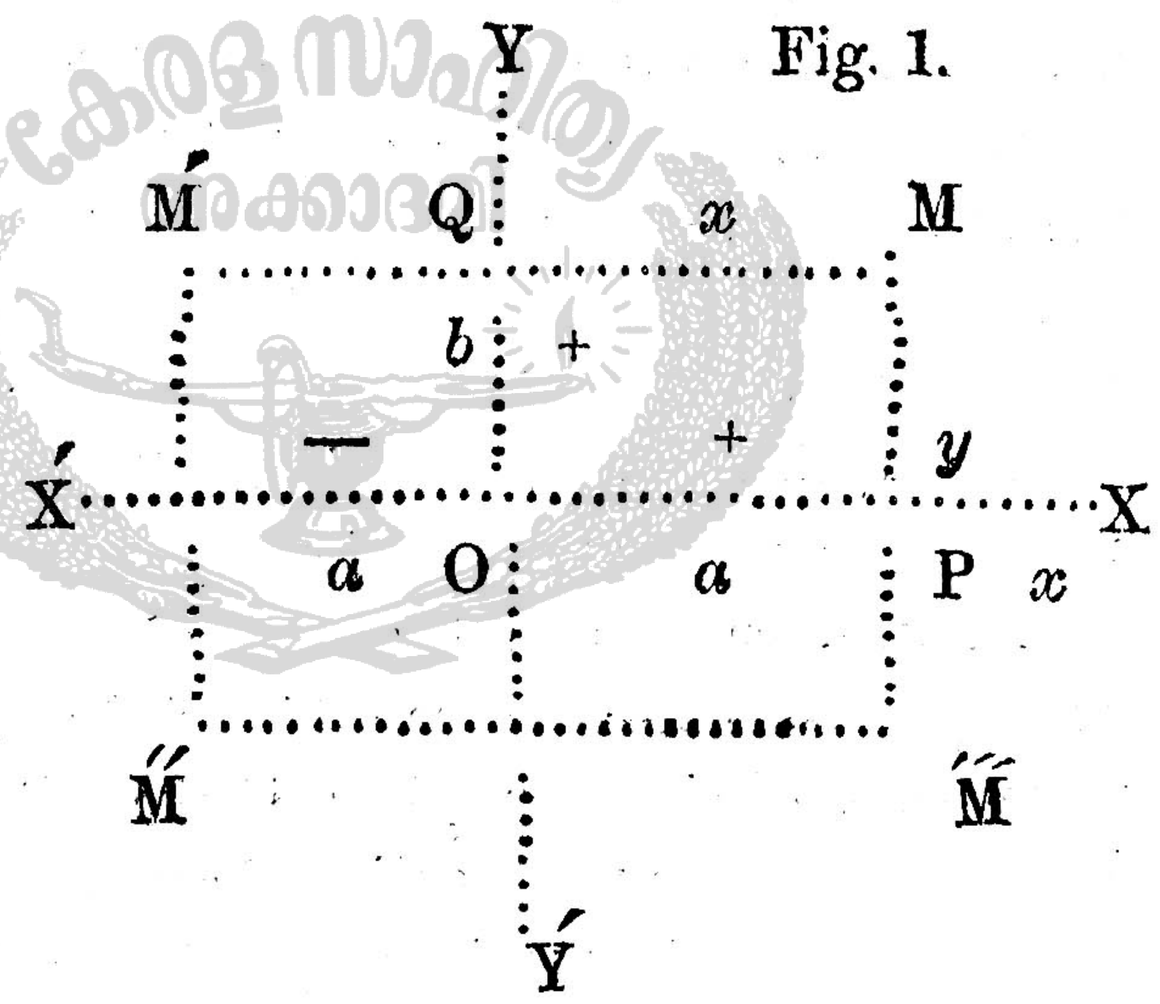


Fig. 1.

parallel to those axes at those distances respectively, intersect one another, and each of these parallel lines will contain it indifferently, according to the isolated consideration of the corresponding condition. One of the coordinates, M P, which we can usefully suppose to be vertical, usually bears the name of the ord inate, while the

other, M Q, which we should, on that hypothesis, consider to be horizontal, is commonly called the abscissa, without there being, however, any special reason to warrant this diversity between these two homogeneous elements. We can very much facilitate the comparison of these distances, which vary according to the different positions of the proposed point, by measuring each of them by O Q, or O P, along the corresponding axis, always starting, however, from the fixed point of intersection O, justly called the common origin of the two co-ordinates. Lastly, in algebraical discourse, an usage, very convenient, constantly designates each of them by the small letters, corresponding to the capital letters which mark extremities of the axes, respectively called very often by the familiar names of the axis of X and the axis of Y, according to the variable co-ordinate measured along it. If, as it sometimes happens, the two fixed straight lines are not at right angles to each other, the two distances are always measured in directions parallel to them, and, therefore, under an obiliquity equal to their mutual inclination, without the operation requiring any other modification.

In fact, in this first system of co-ordinates, ideas of magnitude do not seem at first fully sufficient to replace ideas of situation. For, if the point proposed is situated, as in the most ordinary cases, anywhere, upon the plane, in the four regions separated by the two axes, it can certainly occupy, with the same co-ordinates, besides the position, M, the three other symmetrical positions, M′, M″, and M‴ which would appear to be incapable of being numerically distinguished from it. But as one or the other of the two co-ordinates is, in these last mentioned cases measured in a direction contrary to the primordial one, this preliminary difficulty, which would have radically fettered

the development of analytical geometry, by obliging us for the sake of avoiding an inextricable confusion, to reject the most favorable system of co-ordinates, has been completely surmounted by the incomparable founder of the new geometrical constitution, by a happy general application of his grand discovery, in mathematical philosophy, regarding the spontaneous representation of the opposition of directions by that of the signs, + and −, in all relations between the concrete and the abstract and in the case of every magnitude, which measured in a fixed direction, admits of an inversion fully characterized. I shall hereafter have occasion to indicate expressly the true spirit of this fundamental notion, which has, almost always, been viciously understood. By restricting ourselves in this place to apply it suitably, it is easy to see that it immediately dissipates our elementary ambiguity. Provided that we always consider the sign + or −, of each co-ordinate, as well as its value, there will never be the least uncertainty regarding the region corresponding to the proposed point, which shall be thenceforth distinguished from the three others, by a proper combination of the two simultaneous signs.

The only other system of co-ordinates, which is sometimes used, in analytical geometry, instead of the preceding, is, perhaps, though much less suitable than it, the most natural of all, as presenting the simplest combination of the two primordial ideas of length and direction. It is this system which is usually designated as *polar*, in contrast with the first, which is commonly called *rectilinear*, though these two denominations are very vague in themselves. It consists in determining the position of a point in a plane by its distance from a fixed point and the angle which the direction of that distance makes with a

fixed straight line in that plane. The linear co-ordinate is, according to astronomical usage, ordinarily designated by the name of radius vector, but the angular datum has no special designation. Borrowed from celestial geometry, this system primitively emanated from a universal tendency, in the simplest geographical considerations, to compare spontaneously all terrestrial places by the combination of their distances with their directions.

The pointM, (Fig. 2), is easily determined in this system by the intersection of a variable circle, having for its fixed centre the pole, O, and of a straight line moving around that pole. The corresponding co-ordinates, which we shall usually designate by the letters *u* and *6*, determine for each position of the point, the one, the radius of the circle, the other the inclination of the mobile straight line to the axis *O 6*. It is to be remarked that the magnitudes only of these two co-ordinates are sufficient for the complete determination of the point, without it being necessary to attribute to them any signs, even for the purpose of distinguishing sufficiently the position, *M*, from its opposite M', at which the angle, *6*, always measured, as in trigonometry, in the same direction, has certainly a change of value by an increase of 180°. But we shall recognize very soon that this property of the polar system, far from constituting a ground of preference, is, on the contrary, very unfavorable to its analytical destination.

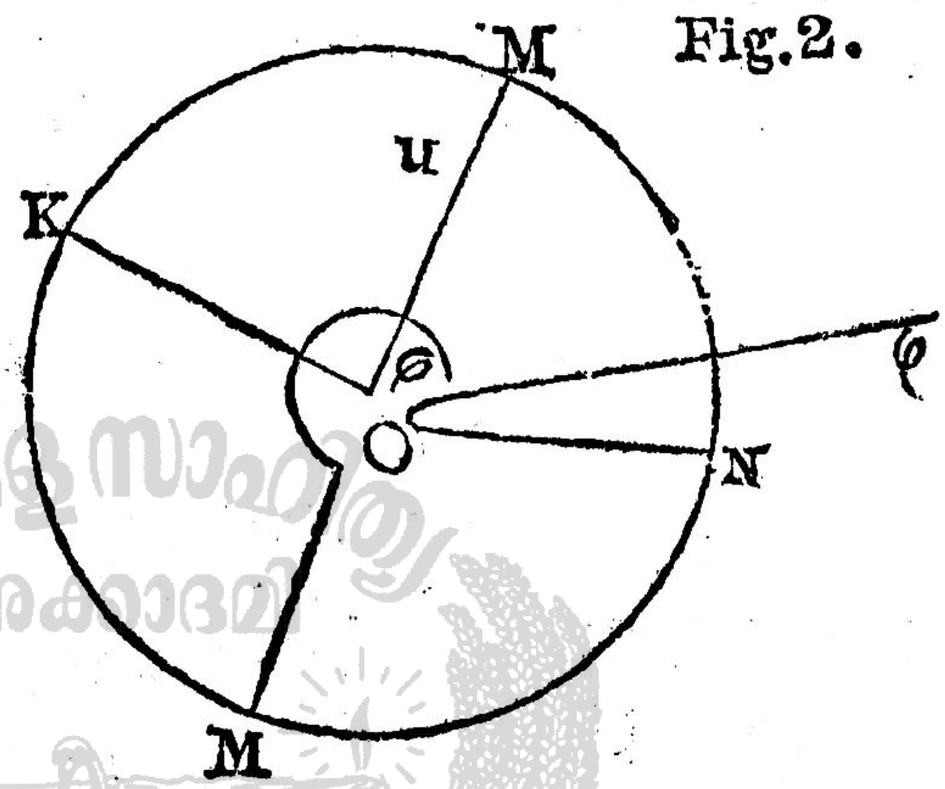


Fig.2.

Besides these two systems, the only ones ordinarily used, there exist evidently an infinite number of others; but their office is purely provisional or accidental. Their consideration has no other logical importance than to enable us to avoid the undue restriction, arising from scholastic usage, of this first fundamental notion. It is thus, for example, that we can determine the position of a point upon a plane, by its distances from two fixed points, by the intersection of two circles which have these two fixed points for their respective centres, but whose variable radii constitute the corresponding co-ordinates. In like manner we can employ the combined directions of two straight lines, which drawn from two fixed points would end at the proposed point, which in this case would arise from a rectilinear intersection, according to two angular co-ordinates respectively measuring the angle which each of these two mobile straight lines makes with the axis which joins the two poles. In one word, there is scarcely any plane construction which cannot, when suitably considered, give rise to one system of co-ordinates, or another, and often, to many if we consider in that construction the varions elements, linear, angular or even superficial, which are connected with the position of the point; and every binary combination of these elements would be severally sufficient to determine that position.

In any system whatever, the mobile point is always necessarily placed at the intersection of two lines, right or curved, all the determining conditions of which are fixed, except one only, which, by varying, indicates the corresponding co-ordinates. Thus, the various systems must, in the first place, be distinguished from one another by the nature of the lines employed in them. But this appreciation would not be sufficient, since many sysmtems,

very different from one another, often introduce lines of the same description. There are, for example, an infinite number of systems which would deserve to be called *rectilinear*, if we give that name to all those in which the point proposed is determined by the intersection of two straight lines, in as much as that name indicates, among others, besides the ordinary rectilinear system described in the first place, the system, doubly angular, which terminates our summary enumeration. We should therefore carefully consider, in addition to the preceding appreciation, the mode of variation of each of the two elementary lines, and regard, as truly identical, those systems of co-ordinates only which, whilst employing the same kind of lines, also make them vary according to the same law, so that all the fixed conditions of determination might be exactly common to the two cases compared.

6.—This indispensable preamble, without which geometrical ideas would not be reducible to those of number, permits us now to proceed to the direct exposition of the fundamental conception, upon which Descartes has constituted Analytical Geometry, by establishing an intimate harmony between lines and equations. When a point is arbitrarily moved in a plane, its two co-ordinates change, independently of one another. But if, in its movement, it follows a trajectory rigorously defined, of any form whatever, these two variables would no longer be found to be independent of each other. One of them, in fact, would in such a case, be sufficient to determine the point, by the aid of which the proposed trajectory would arise from the other variable which corresponds to the other co-ordinate. This last co-ordinate can then have, in such a case, only some values dependent upon those of the first, of which it would thus

become analytically, according to the language of geometers, a true function, assignable or unassignable, but characterized by a suitable equation between these two variables. Now as this equation represents exactly the condition of such a trajectory, it is justly called the equation to the corresponding line, since it constitutes a rigorous analytical definition of that line in no way suited to any other figure, in which the same value of the abscissa, giving a different value to the ordinate, the relation between them must also necessarily change. This inevitable correspondence between the line and the equation is even in certain respects too intimate, in as much as it is affected by the situation as well as by the figure; for, according to the principle stated above, the equation must evidently undergo some change, when the line is simply displaced, without undergoing any change either in figure or in magnitude, and hence the necessity of certain analytical rules, expressly destined to dissipate such a confusion, necessarily arising from the circumstance that ideas of position alone are directly susceptible of an algebraical expression. Thus, the equation to a line, in every system, is nothing but the constant relation which necessarily exists between the variable co-ordinates of the point by which the line is described, for the simple reason that the line is rigorously defined by a property common to all its points.

The general principle of such a correspondence cannot be suitably appreciated, if we do not consider the ideas of equation and of function in the most extensive manner, and if we do not carefully abstain from the confu-

last aspect, a very great difference between the various definitions of which the same line is susceptible. For example, the elementary definition of the circle, as the locus of a mobile point, which is always equidistant from a fixed point, immediately gives, from the simple theorem of Pythogoras, the equation, $y2 + x2 = r2$, between the rectilinear co-ordinates of any one of the points, with reference to two rectangular axes drawn through its centre. On the contrary, the transcendental definition of the same curve as a figure which, within the same contour contains the greatest area, requires the intervention of the highest analysis for the formation of the equation. The whole of our modern geometry presents, even now, many examples of curves, whose equations, properly so called, have not yet been formed and in regard to which we can moreover sometimes affirm with confidence that their formation would necessarily require the introduction of some new analytical functions. It is important to remark that this fundamental correspondence between lines and equations cannot, by its nature, offer any absolute character which would exclusively connect, in all cases, certain analytical relations with certain gemotrical figures. For, such a harmony is evidently dependent upon the system of co-ordinates selected. If then an inveterate habit leads us, for example, to connect intimately the ideas of a straight line and of an equation of the first degree or those of a conic section and of an equation of the second degree, it is entirely owing to the too exclusive use of the rectilinear system of co-ordinates to which those relations belong. In every other system of co-ordinates, the same lines would evidently have some new equations, whose analytical composition would often seem to be deprived of all analogy with those first mentioned, though,

in consequence of their common geometrical source, there must exist between them, in spite of all possible variations, a certain algebraical affinity, more or less difficult to be discerned.

Lastly, we must carefully point out here, as a matter of principle, the essential property of this correspondence between the line and the equation in each system of co-ordinates, namely, that the equation is necessarily independent of the various definitions of which the same figure is susceptible. Though the equation arises inevitably from the definition, it would not, however, vary with it, if the line does not undergo any real change, since the same abscissas must always correspond to the same ordinates, so long as the succession of the points is not effectively changed, under whatever new aspect it may be considered. Nothing is more proper, than this remarkable property, to shew how profoundly the equation characterizes the true invariable nature of the corresponding line, in the midst of the variety, almost infinite, of its geometrical attributes. At the same time, this necessary identity of the equation, from whatever definition it proceeds, must present, in analytical geometry an important habitual destination, by enabling us thereby to recognize, in a manner sure and uniform, the real equivalence of those definitions which lead to the same equation, and which, without this happy intermediary, would have often presented many obstacles to their decisive connection. (As a specimen this much may suffice.)

INDIAN

CONGRESSMEN

BY

G. PARAMASWARAN PILLAI, B. A.,

Editor, "Madras Standard."

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1899.

TO

THE MEMORY OF

Charles Bradlaugh.

Bradlaugh ! Thou should'st be living at this hour ;
India hath need of thee.

PREFACE.

It is not pretended that these sketches about some of the leading men connected with the National Congress movement in India, are either exhaustive or faultless. No order has been observed in the selection of the men; nor can the selection be said to be complete. If some sketches are longer than others, it is not because the men are not equally important but because I have either not known them sufficiently well or because I could not get the necessary information. My justification for publishing these sketches in this form is that none of those whose portraiture has been attempted has taken offence at my description and that some of my good friends have thought them worthy of a better fate than the generality of ephemeral publications in the *Madras Standard*.

G. P.

FLOWER'S ROAD, EGMORE,
Madras, April 15, 1899.

INDIAN CONGRESSMEN.

Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji.

If India were a Republic and the Republic had the right to elect its own President, the man who by the unanimous voice of his countrymen would be elected its uncrowned king is Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. No Indian is more loved, more honored, more esteemed throughout the length and breadth of India than he. Others there are who have an Indian reputation but their provincial reputation is even greater than their Indian reputation. To Mr. Naoroji alone is accorded the proud privilege of belonging to all India. Though born in Bombay, Bombay cannot claim him as her son any more than Calcutta or Madras. He is the dearest of India's sons, her greatest favourite, her chief source of pride. What Mr. Bonnerji is to Calcutta, what Mr. Mehta is to Bombay, that Mr. Naoroji is to all India. Well and truly has he been styled the "Grand Old Man of India." When other leading Congressmen were crawling in and out of their cradles and years before I had seen the light of day, Mr. Naoroji was engaged in sowing the seeds of political agitation in England on behalf of India. Four and forty years have elapsed! And the "Grand Old Man" is still at his post of duty, hearty and hale, grown grey in his country's service but not weary, still manfully fighting his country's battles, never losing courage but ever hopeful of his country's future. His task is unselfish. He

> "Comprehends his trust and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
> And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
> For wealth or honours or for worldly state."

Those who see Mr. Naoroji for the first time will feel disappointed. Though soon after his election as a Member of Parliament "F. C. G." drew him in the *Westminster Gazette* as the modern Colossus with one foot on Great Britain and the other on India between whose legs steamers and ships floated gaily, he is a small man with a short silvery beard, broad intellectual forehead, a Grecian nose and a pair of intelligent eyes gleaming behind his spectacles. Lord Salisbury has immortalised him as a "black man," but if you meet him in the streets of London you would never take him to be an Indian. In colour fair, in dress English, in behaviour a gentleman, there is nothing in him to show that he is the representative of a coloured race. Simple in appearance, Mr. Naoroji is simple in his dress, in his diet, in his tastes and in his speech. If Mr. Naoroji dressed, he did it because it was a social necessity or an index to respectability. If he ate, he ate to live. He lives on bread and water with enough of meat to keep him in good health. He neither drinks nor smokes. When he spoke or wrote, he paid no particular attention to words. Words were subsidiary to facts and figures and he hugged facts and figures as he hugged his life-breath. His rooms whether in the National Liberal Club or in "Washington House" in Anerley Park are strewn with books and papers of every description—chiefly volumes of statistics, histories, newspaper correspondence, and Parliamentary blue-books. Nothing that has ever been published about India has Mr. Naoroji missed. Every paper, every book receives his most careful attention. Open any and you find his pencil marks. None is a more careful reader, none a more patient thinker. He digests statistics more easily than his food. Converse with him and he soon takes you to the poverty problem in India, overwhelms you with figures, oppresses you with facts till you betake yourself to some other subject. He drags you back to the HomeCharges and he pulls out from

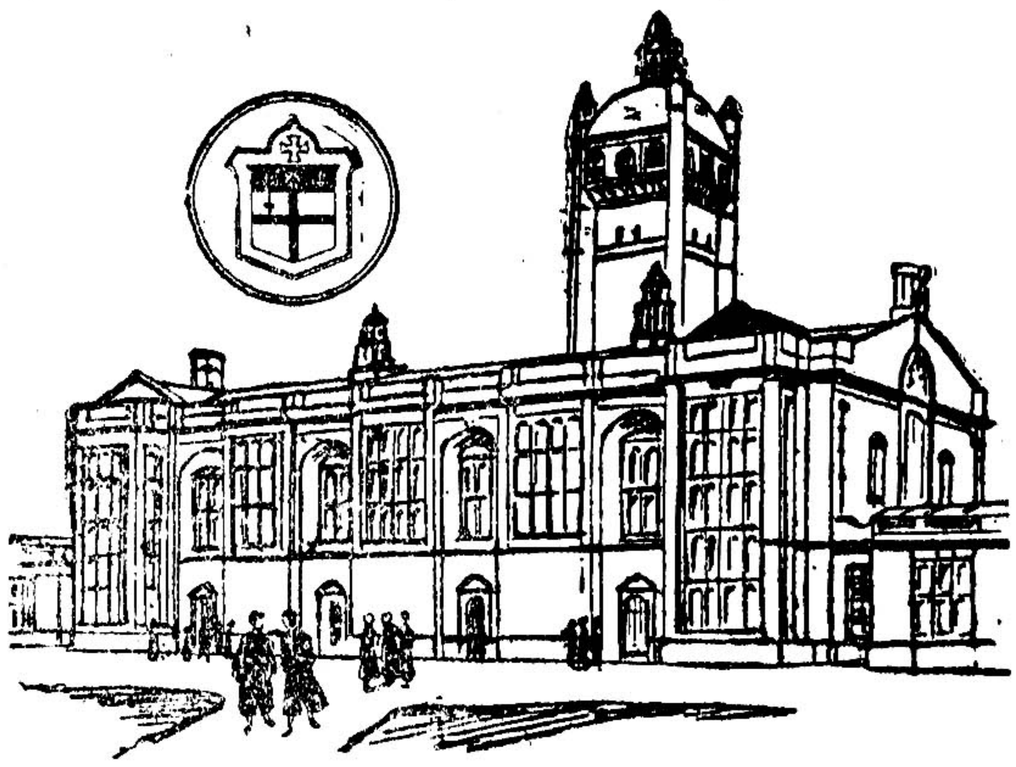
his piles of blue-books authorities on the point. Weary of foolscap you change the subject of conversation. Mr. Naoroji leads you again to incidence of taxation in India. Again, quotations are cited from speeches, statistical abstracts are spread on the table and turrets of books fall down and lie scattered in the attempt to pick out the pick of them. "Nothing is a greater error," Mr. Naoroji exclaims, "than to compare the incidence of taxation in England to the incidence of taxation in India. A ton of weight will crush an ant, but it will be easily borne by an elephant."

Mr. Naoroji is very properly known as the "Grand Old Man" of India. He has won this title by the age that he has attained and the respect he commands throughout India. But in character too he resembles the "Grand Old Man" of England. His, like Gladstone's, is a saintly character, spotless and above reproach. His courtesy to young men is also, like that of Gladstone, great. Gladstone was courteous to young and old, men and women and he paid them the compliment of believing that they were on his own intellectual level. His manner towards his intellectual inferiors was almost ludicrously humble. "He consults, defers, enquires, argues his point where he would be fully justified in laying down the law; and eagerly seeks information from the mouths of babes and sucklings." This is exactly what Mr. Naoroji does. Intellectual giant as he is on matters Indian, he welcomes the youngest politician in India, treats him on a footing of equality, argues with him, discusses with him, enquires for authorities and if he obtains anything new, carefully notes it down in his pocket book. In his person, India has realised one of her wildest dreams—the dream of an Indian entering the House of Commons and pleading India's cause, urging India's interests and advocating India's claims. There was ecstatic joy in India: there was pardonable curiosity in England. It looked as if it were in the fitness of things that the first Indian who carried on a systematic

agitation in England on behalf of India should be the first to enter the House of Commons. "The glory and credit of this great event—by which India is thrilled from one end to the other—of the new life, the joy, the ecstasy of India at the present moment are all your own," said Mr. Naoroji in his maiden speech in the House of Commons. And once a member, there was none more attentive to his business, more scrupulous about the performance of it than Mr. Naoroji. In his "Life in Parliament," Sir Richard Temple boasts that he was one of the few members of his time who took part in almost all divisions in the House and seldom "paired." If Mr. Naoroji chose, he could say something similar. In the House of which he was a member it was found, that barring the Liberal whips, he was the most regular attendant. During the Home Rule session when the largest number of divisions was recorded, Mr. Naoroji voted in all but three!

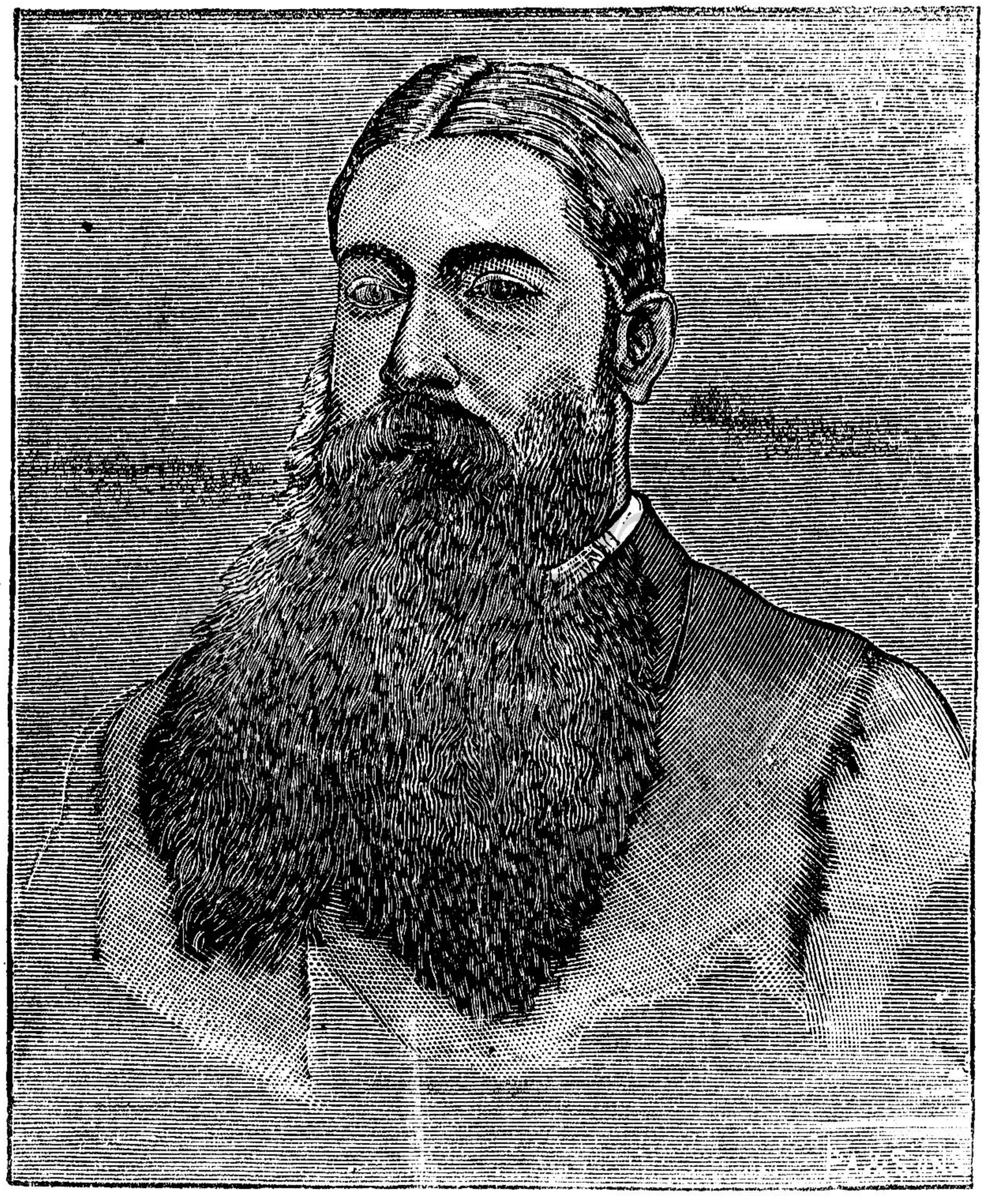
In the House, however, he remained only for a short time. It is in the country, in the constituencies, he has done greater work for India. Year after year some Indian goes to Great Britain and is on the stump for a time. But each of them is merely the comet of a season. The only bright star of India which has illumined the political firmament in Great Britain during the past many years is Mr. Naoroji. He loves his country with an intense, unselfish, patriotic love. His mind is absorbed in one great ruling passion, the love of his country. There is no more patriotic spirit, none more intrepid, none more pure. He feels for his country most strongly. There are moments when tears have been observed to trickle down his cheeks in rememberance of the sufferings of his countrymen. "The present day" Metternich used to say "has no value for me except as the eve of to-morrow." It is even so with Mr. Naoroji. It is India's future that goads him to action: it is India's future he wishes to brighten. And he works with an earnest, sincere, unselfish love for India. Old as he is, he knows no rest. Like the famous Flemish rebel

against the Spanish rule, he has taken for his motto "Rest Elsewhere." Having won the highest honors the people could confer on him—twice President of the Indian National Congress, once "member for India" in the English Parliament: having filled some of the highest offices a native of India could aspire to—Professor of Mathematics in a First Grade College, member of a Provincial Legislative Council, Dewan of a Native State: having founded some of the most useful institutions for the social and political amelioration of the condition of the people—the East India Association, the London Indian Society, the Bombay Presidency Association, the Framjee Cowasji Institute, the Iranee Fund, the Bombay Gymnasium and the Native General Library: and having given the most valuable evidence before Commissions and Committees—the Parliamentary Finance Committee, the Welby Commission and the Public Service Commission: old "Dady," dear "Dady," dear old "Dady" lives with one solitary object in life, to lighten the load of the heavily-laden.



Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee.

None has given a ruder shock to the South Indian conception of a Brahmin than Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee. In Madras where the great Brahmin population revel in semi-nudity, besmeared with ashes or painted with paste, men have rubbed their eyes to look and look and look again at the great Brahmin lawyer from Bengal. Tall, majestic, with a face once loved for its beauty now admired for its intelligence, supplemented by a long flowing beard whose black constituents are struggling to retain their mastery over their white neighbours, Mr. Bonnerjee looks every inch an English gentleman. No coloured turban covers his head. No thin, diaphanous muslin goes round his loins. No red shoes from Trichinopoly partially cover his feet. From head to foot he is dressed like an Englishman. Spotlessly dressed, *pince-nez* in hand, simple in speech, polished in manners he is the *beau ideal* of a gentleman. English in dress, English in habits, he lives English fashion. England is as much his home as India and every year he divides his time between his English home and his Indian home. For work in India, for rest in England, he flits from Calcutta to Croyden as one flits from Charing Cross to the City. As you enter his palatial residence in the great metropolis of India you hear a bell which demurely announces your arrival and stepping into his house, you find it is not only furnished English fashion but has all the quietness of an English home. And if you stay for dinner, you may find among the family group members of the two great races, Western and Eastern. Around the dinner table are often gathered the *elite* of the people of Calcutta, both European and Indian, Governors and Judges, lawyers and merchants, men of all professions and of all shades of



MR. W. C. BONNERJEE.

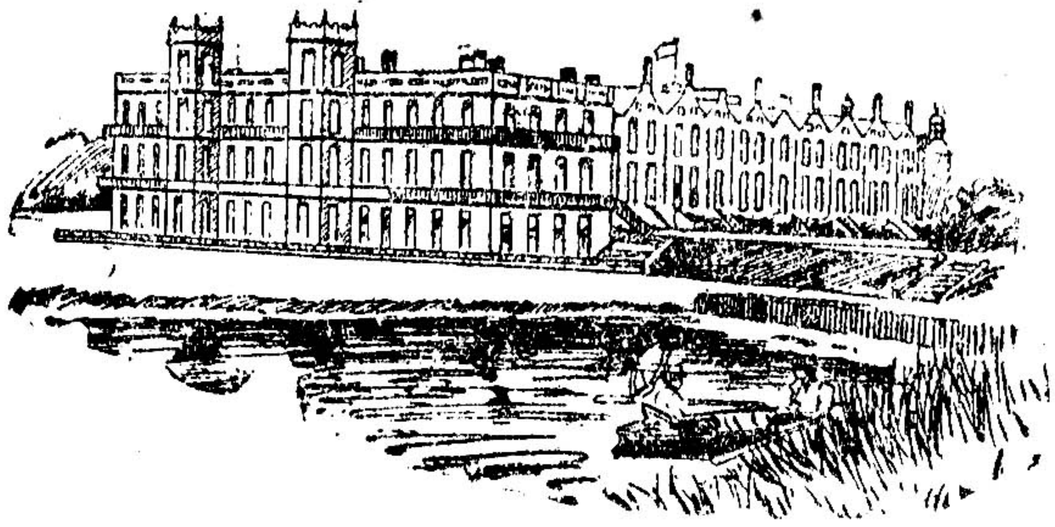
opinion, and on these occasions none can play the host better than Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee. It is then that he is seen at his best. Simple in words, brimful of information, Mr. Bonnerjee creates an interest in himself which is seldom effaced. What was said of Renan's conversation is true of Mr. Bonnerjee's. "It was the utmost refinement of performance on a fine instrument and without any stiffness or artificial display."

Able and clever, not all his wealth, not all his ability, not all the honors thrust on him have succeeded in turning his head. A man who has been twice President of the Congress could well be proud but he is not. A man to whom a seat on the High Court bench was twice offered may "play the god," but he does not. A man who has been twice chosen as a candidate for an English constituency may claim to be a superior person but he does not. He is, however, born to command. Throughout India, no Congressman commands greater respect from his countrymen than Mr. W. C.Bonnerjee. The word in season which at a critical moment does much to decide the result—the touch which determines whether a stone set in motion at the top of an eminence shall roll down on one side or other—this is what Mr Bonnerjee supplies to the Congress. His presence is a guarantee to good sense. When there is much wrangling and little work done, when there is some misunderstanding and it has to be removed, when a crisis has arrived and advice is needed, the appearance of Mr. Bonnerjee's tall and imposing form has always a miraculous effect. He is a living force at the Congress. It was he that captured brains and money for it. He captured brains when he captured Bradlaugh. He captured money when he captured Dhurbanga. He has had no small part in nursing the Congress baby. None has watched it with more anxiety. None has nourished it with greater care. He has had more to do with its shape,its growth, and its appearance than its father or mother. It was he that put it into its swad-

dling clothes at Bombay. It was he that pulled it out of its swaddling clothes at Allahabad. His position is unique. He has assisted it at its birth. He has nursed it tenderly. He has watched it with care. He has put it on its legs. He has supplied it with brains. He has obtained for it money. None has more constantly and more consistently been in charge of it.

When the Congress coach comes to be driven, there is but one man who will be called upon by the unanimous voice of the people of India to drive it and that is Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee. By ability, by temperament and by the confidence he inspires, he is eminently fitted to be in charge of the Congress coach. It is nine years now since I first formed this conception of Mr Bonnerjee. Nothing has occurred during these nine years to change my conception of him. But my picture of the Congress coach has been slightly marred by the removal of two familiar figures to whom I then accorded prominent place in it. For the rest, the picture is as real to-day as it was in 1890. Let me recall what I then wrote. "There is nothing so pleasing as to see two spirited, powerful and well-matched steeds yoked together to a carriage, dashing along in noble form, each proud of the other and the driver proud of both. Thinking of Mr. Eardley Norton and of Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee, I cannot help thinking of them as two such noble animals. Attached to the Congress coach, they stand snorting, sniffing, neighing constantly, pawing the ground, biting the bit, impatient to be led. Can any one find two other such Congress horses? But who is to drive them? Up mounts a tall and majestic form with a sedate face, supplemented by a hairy appendage reaching the breast. He lays aside the whip and holds the reins tight. Who is he? Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee, the Congress coachman. Who are the Congress syces? On either side of the Congress coach, active, energetic, ready to run, each proud of its own animal, stand two short forms, one dressed in white, the

other in black. Who are they? Mr. Madan Mohan Malavaya and Mr. Bipen Chunder Pal. Inside the Congress coach are seated numerous Congressmen of all shapes and forms, sizes and colours; but prominent among them in the centre are two, one of them seen beneath a white turban and the other concealed under a dark beard. The former is Mr. Salem Ramaswamy Mudaliar, and the latter Pandit Adjudia Nath. Crack goes the whip, dash ahead the horses, run breathless the syces, back pulls the coachman, 'not so fast' cries the turban'd one, 'Hip, Hip Hurrah!' vociferates the bearded. "A safe career to the Congress Coach!" Such is Mr. Bonnerjee. He is no great orator. But none is heard with greater respect or with greater attention at the Congress. His style is forensic. As at the bar, so on the Congress platform, he displays his great acumen, his analytical skill, his close reasoning, his clear-cut logic. His simple words uttered in forcible language, without gesticulation, without affectation go straight to the heart. Many are the brilliant victories he has won at the bar. In defence of poor men not able to pay, of patriotic men not able to plead, he has appeared many a time and oft and achieve distinguished success. He has pleaded the cause of the poor at the bar. He has pleaded the cause of truth at the Congress. He has pleaded for righteousness before the British nation. Kindly, courteous, accomplished, serviceable to the public, ready to undergo sacrifices, loved by all, esteemed by all, Mr. Bonnerjee is the most seen and the best known Indian throughout India.



Hon'ble Mr. Pherozesha Mehta.

"That is a man who would serve his country with a spade or pickaxe if he could not serve her in any other way." So said Lord Brougham of the Duke of Wellington once. The same is true of the Hon'ble Mr. Pherozesha M. Mehta. There is something distinguishing in his very appearance. His figure is strikingly graceful and commanding, his features are high and noble. If found in a crowd and not known, he is one of those men about whom questions will be asked and whispers will be heard. His handsome face beaming with intelligence is set off to advantage by his perfect manners. Amiable to a fault, affable in the extreme, courteous, accessible, Mr. Mehta has the easy graces of a man of the mode. Nursed in the lap of luxury he looks like a prince and carries himself like a prince. But he is also a prince among men. Physically and intellectually endowed, he is a born leader. Early in the sixties in one of the inns of Court in London, two Indians of striking features, of marked ability were eating their dinners and delivering speeches. In a few years, they were both in India, one in Bengal and the other in Bombay. Both worked their way up in their profession. Both became eminent and distinguished. Both came to be recognised as men of light and leading. The one was Mr. Bonnerjee : the other was Mr. Mehta. What Mr. Bonnerjee is to Bengal, that Mr. Mehta is to Bombay. Eminent lawyers, trusted leaders, both are honored, both are esteemed by the people.

Mr. Mehta is a man of brilliant abilities. Eloquent in speech, excelling in debate, he is one of those who could easily persuade his audience to his own belief by the magic of his voice and the charm of his delivery. His eloquence is not of the boisterous order. Drawn to his full height, he speaks



MR. P. M. MEHTA.

with proper emphasis and proper gesture, smiling when he indulges in light banter, frowning when he resorts to declamation and leaving behind always a pleasing impression of his performance. His eloquence is like that of Lord John Russell of which Moore has given us an apt description:—

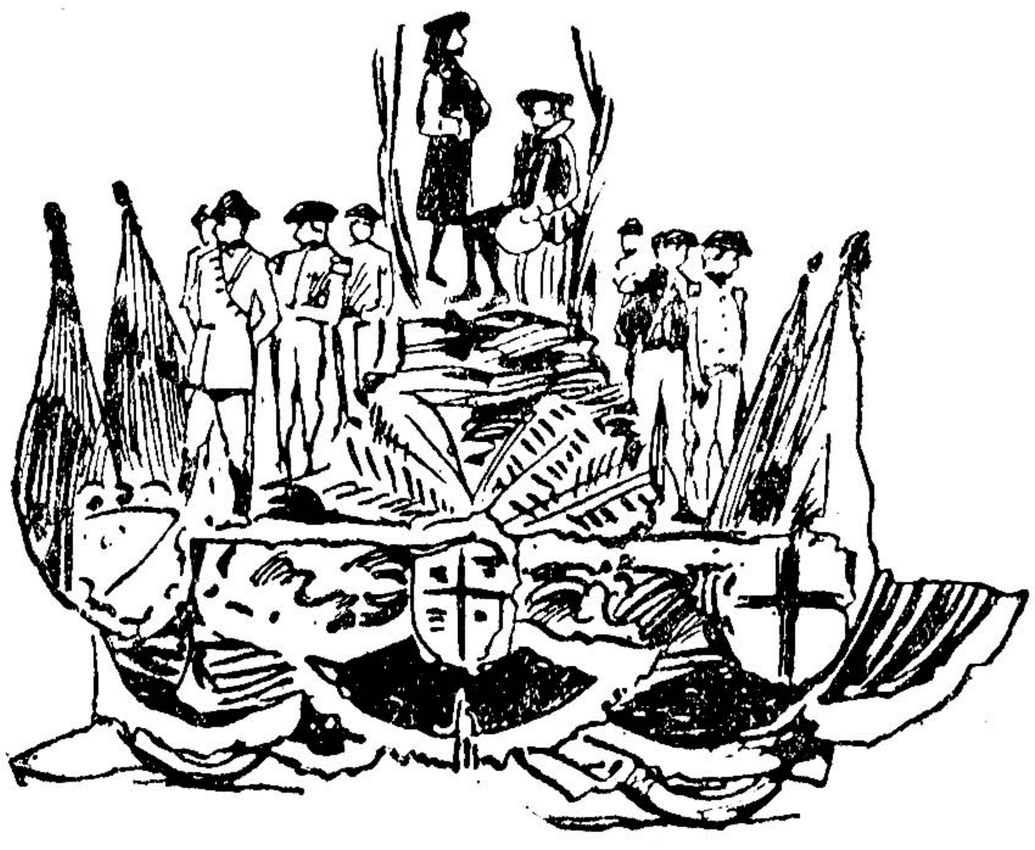
" An eloquence not like those rills from a height
Which sparkle and foam and in vapour are o'er :
But a current that works out its way into light
Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore."

But Mr. Mehta is greater as a debater than as an orator. It is then that he is seen at his best. What wine was to Addison, the atmosphere of debate is to Mr. Mehta. Few, very few are the occasions, when Congressmen have had the opportunity of hearing Mr. Mehta in a debate. I remember well one such occasion. It was at a meeting of the Subjects Committee of the Congress held at Poona. Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee was in the chair : and among those present were Mr. Mehta and Mr. Bonnerjee. A discussion arose in which there was a difference of opinion among the Congress leaders. Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee rose and spoke with all the warmth and vehemence he could command and when he sat, he sat amidst cheers. Then rose Mr. Mehta and in his pleasantest manner, he analysed Mr. Bannerjee's arguments, made some humorous remarks, evoked some laughter, and in a few minutes won over the Committee to his side. Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee rose again and animated by the attack, he flew to higher flights of eloquence and wound up with a magnificent peroration which again elicited cheers. Then rose Mr. Bonnerjee and in a simple and forcible speech attacked Mr. Surendranath and turned the tables on him. It was a lively encounter, a heated debate, a first class performance. It was a fight between a lion, a tiger and a bear. There was but one other Congressman whose presence would have made the debate livelier still, who would have thrown more life and light into it and that was Mr. Eardley

Norton. And there was but one historic occasion in the annals of the Congress, when this galaxy of Congressmen met and fought one another under the Congress banner. It was at the Bombay Congress which Bradlaugh attended : and they fought in the Subjects Committee over the scheme for the reform of Legislative Councils. That was a rare intellectual treat indeed—Mr. Surendranath's lofty declamation, followed by Mr. Mehta's pungent and pitiless raillery, to be followed again by Mr. Bonnerjee's simple and short shafts of logic, to be wound up by Mr. Norton's piercing, incisive attacks. These doughty champions of the Congress are like the gallant quadrilateral of musketeers in Dumas' story. But it is difficult to say who is the D'Artagnan of the party.

Mr. Mehta has been in the thickest of some fights. He has led some great fights as well as some little fights, and he has won laurels in many a political game. In the Bombay Municipality, he has fought for reform. In the University Senate, he has fought for progress. In the Bombay Legislative Council he has fought against bureaucratic oppression. In the Imperial Legislative Council he has fought against the pretensions of the Civil Service. He is the *doyenne* of the Bombay Municipality. None is a greater authority on Municipal matters and he rules that honorable civic body. Elected again and again unanimously as its representative in the local Legislative Council, he had the singular honor of being re-elected even when he had resigned. In the Bombay Legislative Council, he is the recognised leader of the non-official members and he has broken many a lance with the ablest of the Governor's Councillors and always come out unscathed. In the Viceregal Council, he has crossed swords with the haughty Sir James Westland and silenced him by his witheringly sarcastic references to the "most distinguished service in the world." Lord Sandhurst has acknowledged him as a skilled debater who would do credit to any representative assembly in the world and Sir Alexander Miller has

publicly avowed his admiration for Mr. Mehta's commanding ability. Ready and willing to fight in every good cause, Mr. Mehta has the great tact of directing his attacks in the most agreeable manner possible. His fiercest onslaughts are couched in the softest of language and his opponents scarcely feel their fierceness. His scathing denunciations are dealt out amidst pleasant wordy surroundings. The bitterest of his pills are coated with the sweetest sugar. His words penetrate like arrows but they pierce the flesh without pain. He never carried a heart-stain away on his blade. There is a pool of honey about his heart which lubricates his speech with fine jets of mead. Mr. Mehta is also a man of culture. His speeches betray his wide range of knowledge derived from the most recent publications. All the same, there is no parade of his knowledge, no show, no exhibition. Genial, generous : cultured, accomplished : impartial to friend and foe alike, charitable by nature : orator, debater, tactician : Municipal Councillor, University Fellow : member of the Bombay Legislative Council, representative of Bombay in the Imperial Legislative Council : Joint Founder of the East India Association, Founder and First Secretary of the Bombay Presidency Association : Companion of the Order of the Indian Empire, Mr. Pherozesha Mehta is one of the best loved and most loveable of men in all India.



Hon'ble Mr. P. Ananda Charlu.

With heavy steps, with a substantial stick in his right hand, with an unfinished cigar between two of his left-hand fingers, with an upturned face perched on a sportive neck-tie and protected by a turban 'sanguine-hued of set purpose,' enters the Hon'ble M. R. Ry. Panapakkum Ananda Charlu, Vidya Vinodha, Avergal, Rai Bahadur, B. L., C. I. E. He is as merry as a marriage bell. Gayest of the gay, jolliest of the jolly, there is none whose company is more sought or whose society is more attractive than that of Mr. Ananda Charlu. He is nothing if not humorous—humorous in private conversation, humorous in public speeches, humorous often at his own expense. Men of his age are struck with his hilarity, young men enjoy his cordiality and the people at large are impressed by his individuality. He is cosmopolitan in his views and tastes. He is a Hindu among Hindus, a Mahomedan among Mahomedans *minus* a beard, and a Christian among Christians not keeping Christmas. Like Disraeli he is an adept in phrase making. "Thesaurus of English Words and Pharses" is his inseparable table companion. And Sydney Smith is his Bible. When in need of a choice phrase, an apt expression he consults his "Thesaurus." When in need of saying something striking, something brilliant he opens his Sydney Smith. "Ask me for anything" he shrieked in despair at the laying of the foundation stone of a library in Southern India, recently "but don't ask me to part with my copy of Sydney Smith." His inimitable style is the result of laborious cultivation.

With wonderful vitality, he has sought originality
By all ways he thought untrodden of a predecessor's feet;
He has always left the highway for the undiscovered by-way
Haunted only by the terror lest a foot-print he should meet,



MR. P. ANANDA CHARLU.

Bits of wit, bulks of humour, float in his flowing conversation. Alliterative phrases leap to his lips with marvellous ease. He does not care to pepper his conversation with pellets of platitude. He was the first to discover that philanthropy by paragraphs is a perquisite of fame. "A book is to some men a fetish," said Freeman: "to me it is a working instrument." So is it with Mr. Ananda Charlu. He works into the book, like a worm. He works the book, like an artist into his conversation, his writings, his speeches. He is a prolific writer to the press: and he is a writer of books. He has written a story on "Virtue's Triumph." He has orientally told "Love's Triumphs." The first work though dealing with the same "ponderous epic" is "no competitor of Babu Protab Chander Roy's monumental work." In the second book he has written of "the wondrous magnificence of stupendous buildings, expansive streets, extensive gardens, redolent with odorous flowers, resplendent with blossoms of variegated hues and resonant with the chirrups and tunes of soft-singing birds," of being "riveted to a spot dazed and amazed," of "pedestrian pilgrimages," and of love affairs "ending with the consecrating matrimonial ceremonial." Goldsmith said to Johnson "If you were to write a fable about little fishes, doctor, you would make the little fishes talk like whales." "Whether he wrote in the character of a disappointed legacy hunter" says Macaulay "or an empty town fob, or a crazy virtuoso or a flippant coquette, he wrote in the same pompous and unbending style." What was true of Johnson is true of Mr. Ananda Charlu.

As a speaker Mr. Ananda Charlu is well known. His words proceed like bullets from his mouth at measured intervals. There is a majesty and dignity about his delivery which is peculiarly his own. He is diminutive in appearance but when he appears on the platform, he swells and develops into importance. The fish does not more easily develop into the whale than Mr. Ananda Charlu assumes the proportions

of a giant. If added to his appearance he had a voice resembling the *mew mew* of a cat, he would have for ever remained in obscurity. But he has the voice of a giant and he has imagination: and when he lashes himself into fury on the platform, he evokes all the respect due to a lion eager for the fray. And if anybody happens to cross his path just then he floors him by the ponderosity of his facts and the perspicacity of his logic. In the Imperial Council Chamber none fights with greater glee than Mr. Ananda Charlu. He creates dismay among his colleagues by the wealth of his expressions. He objects however to words being "unearthed from their deserved burial ground" and being carried "from within the limits of intelligible sense into regions shadowy and calculated to provoke endless and capricious speculation." He hates words suggestive of "infinite doubt and considerable obscurity" and prefers "precision and perspicuity" to "perilous vagueness." He protests against the "muzzling of people's mouths to forego a useful auxiliary which with all its faults the governing classes here can ill spare in getting at the minds of the people—be it for correction, conciliation or compliance." Above all, he has rendered himself immortal by his challenge to smoke in a powder magazine. He threw the challenge in the Imperial Council Chamber. It struck awe into the minds of the members of Council. It entered the Viceregal residence where it received marked attention. It went the round of all the papers in India. It appeared in the House of Commons where the Secretary of State for India exhibited it for public view. Till at last, a period has been put to its restless career by nailing it to an inkstand as an inscription which adorns the drawing room of a local leading Congressman.

It was Mr. Ananda Charlu who first saved Madras from ignominy. The Congress wanted a President from Madras and her first supply went in the shape of Mr. Ananda Charlu. Madras will never more be branded as a land of mediocrities.

Having become President, Mr. Ananda Charlu has devoloped into Proposer of Presidents. And not a Congress has been held without his weighty presence. None is a more ready speaker than Mr. Ananda Charlu and in this respect, he reigns supreme among his countrymen in Madras. Nobody loves a joke more keenly than Mr. Ananda Charlu. He jokes often at his own expense and is loved in society by men and women. There is no false pride in him. He loves theatres, he loves schoolboys: he is willing to preside at any function, public or private: and he is ever ready to speak. Whether in Calcutta or in Madras, he is equally familiar to all and equally at home, He cultivates acquaintances over his cigar: and he humours them with his anecdotes.

In his gay free mien and his hearty laugh,
He is perfect—yes, almost too perfect by half,

How courtly his bow, his smile how sweet
And how measured is the tread of his heavy feet!

Then how frank his look! You might think you could view
The soul through the eye of this good Hindu.

How chaste his manners, his English how choice
How thundering, how majestic, the tones of his voice,

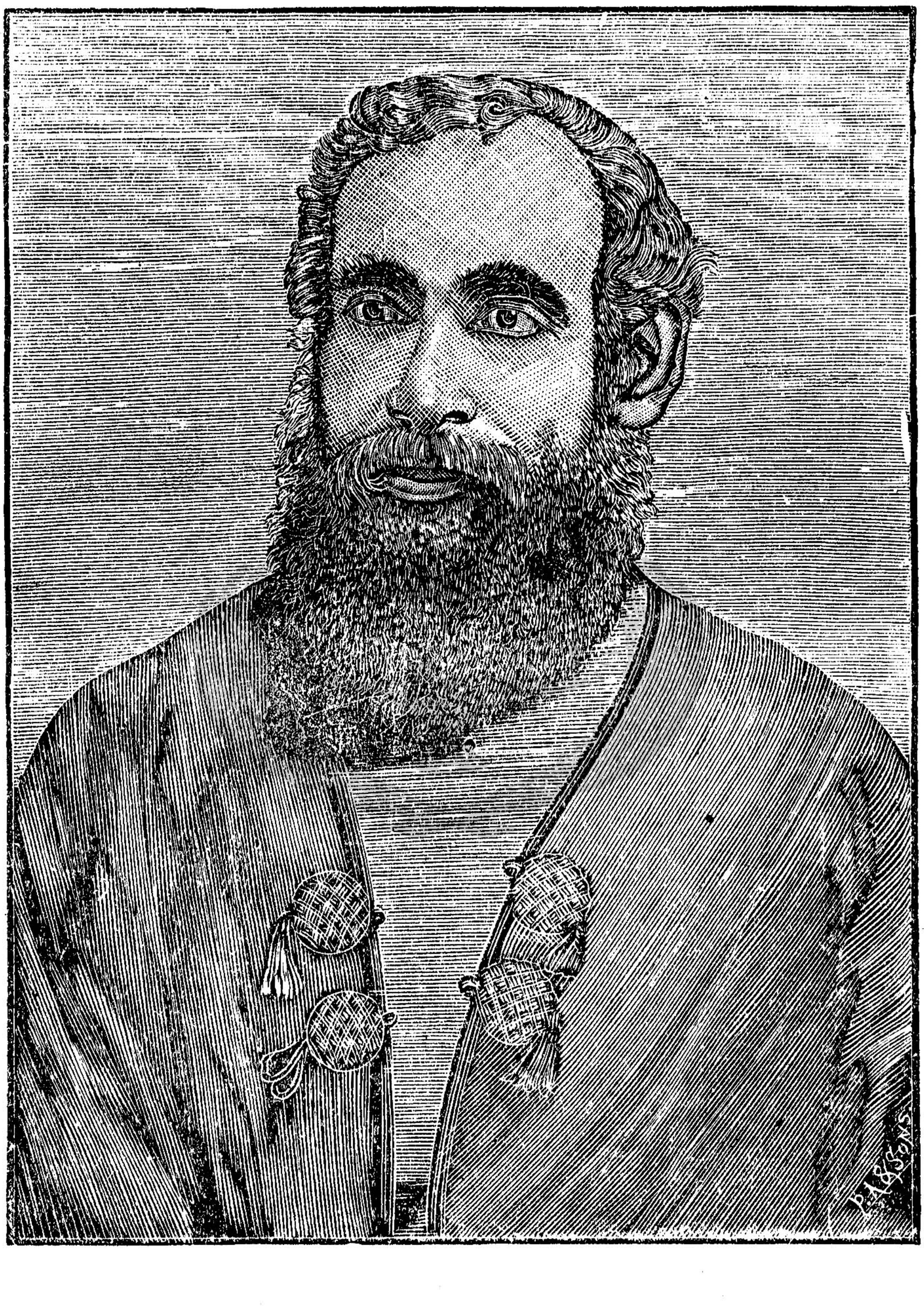
His whole demeanour seems to import
That to live to please is his one great forte.



Hon'ble Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee.

What's that noise about? Why all this confusion? Why are people hurrying in that direction? Amongst much struggling, much elbowing. you find that it is a dark figure darkly clad that is the object of all this inconvenient attention. There is nothing very remarkable about his appearance. Of medium height, of average build, he owns a beard, not over-luxuriant in growth, which betrays that perennial youth is denied in this world even to the most gifted of men. His movements are quick, his lips quiver in silent music and his flashing eyes furnish an index to the superior intelligence of their remarkable owner. There is something magnetic about the man. His walk is a procession. When he walks, the people around him walk and they will not walk without him. When he sits, he is subject to two dangers—the photographer's camera and the congratulatory address. A third danger has recently been added—the phonograph. He can do nothing in private. Wherever he is, he soon becomes the centre of a circle. Such is the Hon'ble Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee.

No man's arrival is hailed with such satisfaction, such enthusiasm by Congressmen as the arrival of the President of the Congress. But the Congress President is only the hero of the hour. He changes with time and tide, Year after year, a new figure appears at the Congress horizon and as he ascends the Congress sky, ardent Congressmen worship him from below. But his descent is as quick as his ascent. Not so however, with Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee. He is a fixed star on the Congress firmament, whose appearance is always hailed with enthusiasm. President or no President, he is



MR. SURENDRANATH BANNERJEE.

recognised as one of the pillars of the Congress. Long before the Congress had become a reality, he had developed himself into a power in Bengal. What the Civil Service had lost, the country had gained. The worthy wearer of the mantle of Ram Gopal Ghose, he welded the people of Bengal into a whole which they had since become, at least for purposes of political agitation. Since the birth of the Congress, none has been more loyally attached to it than Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee. Wherever he be, however multifarious his engagements, during the Congress season, at the Congress hour, he is in the Congress pavilion. The Congress will lose half its attraction without him.

He is the Congress orator. And his oratory is peculiar. If there is one man in all India who at the present moment could, by the power of his tongue stir up a rebellion or suppress a revolt, that is Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee. Blessed with a powerful voice, possessed of sufficient physical energy to utilise that voice to its fullest extent, Mr. Bannerjee is the only Indian who is capable of addressing thousands of his countrymen at an open-air meeting. There is no better instance of his wonderful physical and intellectual energy than that afforded by the delivery of his Presidential address at Poona. His thrilling speech from the chair which lasted for more than three hours in delivery was a marvellous performance in every way. As a physical feat, it was worthy of a high place even at a circus. As an intellectual effort, few in India, it must be said, are capable of delivering a more solid or more substantial address. As a feat of memory, it was marvellous how he went through the whole speech without mistakes, without hesitation, altering no fact, changing no figure, never for once looking into his printed copy—of which, I was one of the very few who were privileged to get in advance a copy—sustaining all through the vibration of his voice and making a splendid impression on the minds of his hearers by a magnificent peroration.

It is interesting to watch him when on the platform. He does not always rest on both his feet. Generally, he rests on his left and makes his right foot serve the purpose of a pivot whereon he turns to the right and to the left. His body is in perpetual motion from right to left and left to right. If he begins a sentence when he faces the portion of the audience on his right, he finishes it by facing the portion on his left. He is the only Congress speaker who does not slight those behind him on the platform. Occasionally, he turns his full face to them---flushed with the heat of the moment, he has then all the appearance of the lion rampant. His head is thrown back and is always inclined on one side. When he turns to the right, his head is inclined to the left and when he turns to the left, his head is inclined to the right. Naturally, he is heard by all. When he has reached one of his highest flights and succeeded in throwing the audience into a deep silence, he brings into play the admirable cadence of his voice. One portion of a sentence he utters in his highest pitch and the other he utters in a half-whisper which is equally well heard by every one of the audience. It is something like a billow which rising very high, falls with a tremendous noise and all its force having spent itself by the fall, kisses the sandy shore foaming, in silent stillness. By such an adjustment of his voice he is able to retain enough of breath for an eloquent peroration.

The remarkable effect of his eloquence may be judged from the fact that he is able to elicit cheers whenever he wants. I remember an occasion when he had to address a very large audience. The place was over-crowded and not a seat was vacant. He had reached that stage of his speech when he kept his hearers in profound silence. At the end of a long sentence either for the sake of obtaining time to think of what he had to say next or with some other object, he wanted to call forth a cheer. But when he found the audience did not readily respond, he paused a bit, and made

his right arm with which he was all the time fiercely gesticulating, remain outstretched vertically, his pointing finger directed towards the most sympathetic portion of the audience. The effect was instantaneous. The audience who were almost spell-bound till then woke suddenly and as if they were reminded of their duty, cheered him vociferously. His gesticulations are wild. When he begins to speak, his left hand is placed behind his back as if to lend support to his body and as he speaks, his thumb is seen moving over the rest of his fingers as if engaged in holding an animated discussion with them: and his right hand swings from one side to the other. As he warms into his speech, his right hand is raised above his head very often with his pointing finger outstretched, and when he reaches his peroration, both his hands go up and down vigorously like the piston of a steam engine. Very few Englishmen are accustomed to such gesticulations but I well remember how Mr. Bradlaugh when in his Bombay speech he came to the passage where he used the word "hammer" raised both his hands above his head and clasping them together, brought them down with a tremendous force. His action reminded me of the "village blacksmith" and I thought that if he had only a hammer in his hand then and a nail below he would have with one blow sent it down deep, deep deep down into the strata of the earth.

Mr. Surendranath Bannerjee's oratory is best likened to the oratory of Lord Ashbourne of which Mr. Escott says in his "Personal Forces of the Period":—"His is a sledge-hammer sort of oratory: the syllables dropped one by one with a precision and force suggestive of a nasmyth instrument, crushing with the same sureness, a granite block or a filbert nut." As an orator Mr. Bannerjee is not placed *hors de combat* by interruptions. Interruptions serve only as fuel to the fire of his eloquence. He answers the interrupter immediately and at times adopts the phrase used by the interrupter as the

key-note to the rest of his speech. Mr. Bannerjee is a giant on the platform and sometimes uses the interrupter as tyrannically as a giant. He opens his broadsides against him for a minute and the interrupter is pulverized. There was a prominent instance of it at the last Congress. Mr. Bannerjee was holding forth on the general apathy of Congressmen. Somebody cried 'shame.' And Mr. Bannerjee at once turned the tables on him by calling on him to prove as a model to. all Congressmen. This reminds me of how O'Connell once silenced an interrupter. O'Connell was declaiming against Peel. A sympathetic auditor who was more angry with Peel than O'Connell was, bawled out " I wish a crow picked Peel's eyes out". "I wish a crow" retorted O'Connell immediately "came and stuffed your mouth with potatoes."

Mr. Bannerjee is essentially the open-air orator of India. His is a boisterous sort of eloquence. When he finishes his speech you feel as if a storm had blown away or a heavy shower of rain had just stopped. Raymond Blathwaite special correspondent to *Black and White* while in India in 1894 pictured him as "a clear, fluent dissenting preacher with all the popular orator's love of phrases, something of his pomposity and not a little of his self-appreciation." "But" he added "he possesses in addition the aptness, the love of the abstract, the courtesy of the oriental." Mr. Bannerjee possesses an iron frame and indomitable courage. He is never tired of work. Where he is, there is force, energy, action. As the Editor of the *Bengalee*, as Professor of History in the Ripon College, as President of the largest number of school-boy associations, as Congressman, as Municipal Councillor and as Member of the Bengal Legislative Council, "dear Surendranath" is a power to be reckoned with in Bengal.

Mr. Eardley Norton.

A most remarkable man! Try to catch him, he slips through your fingers. Crush him under a heavy weight, he jumps up like a spring. Cast him on a land far-off beyond the ocean, his voice comes gurgling over the waves. Talk on Indian politics, you cannot but talk about him. Go to a club, you hear his name pronounced. Read the proceedings of an Association, he figures with a speech. Are you a victim of tyranny and oppression? He is your champion. Are you a lover of truth and justice? He is on your side. Are you a hater of shams and official arrogance? He is hand and glove with you. Who such a man is, nobody need be told. About six feet high, thin of body and limb, he possesses a face remarkable in itself. To see it is to love it. See him once and there is no forgetting him. The stamp of his face is perpetually impressed on your memory. His eyes flash like lightning; they pierce you on all sides. His nose is singular in the extreme—singular in its curvature. His lips and chin—you cannot think of them without thinking of that great hero who "with his Amazonian chin drove his bristled lips before him." His broad and expansive forehead is an index to his intellect. Watch him for a moment and you see his restlessness. You will not find him in the same attitude, in the same posture for two minutes together. The exuberance of his energy makes him physically active as he is mentally. Such is Mr. Eardley Norton.

Everything about Mr. Norton is brilliant—his conversation, his speech, his style of writing. His conversation is sparkling, full of wit, full of humour, full of merriment; it embraces anything, everything, nothing. Themistocles said that a man's discourse was like a tapestry which when spread

open displays its figures but when it is folded up, they are hidden and lost. If this is true of any man's conversation, it is true of Mr. Norton's. Speak to him and you begin to admire him: you appreciate his superior gifts. Once when Johnson was ill and unable to exert himself, Burke called, and when his name was mentioned, Johnson said: "That fellow calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now, it would kill me." You feel similarly when you talk to Mr. Norton. When you converse with him you have to sharpen all your faculties so that you may be prompt in understanding him. All the same Mr. Norton speaks with perfect ease. His talk, like Burke's, is merely the "ebullition of his mind." He does not talk with effort or from a desire for distinction but because his mind is full.

As a writer, Mr. Norton has scarcely any equal in all India, be it among Europeans or among Indians. His style is remarkable. In whatever paper he may write, he is easily spotted. His choice grouping of words is admirable and his sentences are always well balanced. Among passages which are pleasing to the ear when read, flowing though long, you will find short and pithy sentences which like gems encased in gold set off to advantage the whole paragraph. One cannot but feel charmed by the music of his phrases, the passion of his language, the grace and beauty of his sentences. It costs him no effort to write. He writes with perfect ease, and as he writes, quotations from the best of authors drop from his pen as if they were part and parcel of his writing. When he indulges in description, his paragraphs are pictures. If he were in England and attached to a newspaper he would have made his mark as Lobby correspondent. The wonder is he does not try his hand at fiction. There are few who have not been struck by the singular charm of his writings.

As a speaker too, he has few equals in India. He has almost all the qualities of an orator—a lively imagination, a

copious flow of words, an admirable command of language, strong feeling, and a commanding presence. It is always a pleasure to hear him: but his words travel with lightning rapidity like his thoughts. His sentences sometimes may be far too long, and there may be at times too many parenthetical expressions: all the same he will complete the sentences without any faultiness in construction. He always remembers how he began. Some of his forensic flights of eloquence are masterpieces of their kind. There are instances in which he is known to have been for the whole day continuously on his legs, to follow up his arguments again the next morning and continue his speech again for hours, scarcely looking at his notes for arguments, always mentioning correctly and without reference the names of parties and witnesses of which there may be a very large number and pausing for no promptings from his assistants. He has a wonderful memory and when he has carefully prepared his brief either for arguing a case or for leading a discussion, anybody who meets him in argument finds in him a Tartar. Quick at repartee, he is a perfect master of intellectual fencing. Skilled in all the arts of debate, he could hold his own in any intellectual assembly. Wherever he speaks, whether at the bar or on the platform, he is attentively heard. Following Mr. Norton, at the first Allahabad Congress, the Hon. Mr. Mehta said "it was a very difficult task indeed" to speak on the proposition he was called upon to speak when he remembered that he was preceded by Mr. Norton who had made "one of the most able and eloquent speeches that he had ever heard." And I have seen Bradlaugh at Bombay bending forward on his table, adjusting his spectacles on his nose, placing one of his fingers behind his ear, and sit in that posture, throughout the whole of Mr. Norton's speech, literally hanging on his lips!

Brilliant writer, brilliant speaker, he is even more brilliant as a fighter. He is a man of pronounced ideas and belligerent

tastes. Intellectual conviction is the "immediate jewel of his soul: " and once convinced that he is in the right, nothing could stop him from fighting. When he fights, he fights with wonderful courage and his speeches then are speeches of vitriolic bitterness. The people of India have never had a stouter champion—"a stouter champion never handled sword." His life in India is summed up in one sentence which he uttered at the very first Congress he attended. "If it be sedition, gentlemen," he said, "to rebel against all wrong, if it be sedition, to resist class tyranny, to raise my voice against oppression, to mutiny against injustice, to insist upon a hearing before sentence, to uphold the liberties of the individual, to vindicate our common right to gradual, to ever-advancing reform, if this be sedition, I am right glad to be called a seditionist." He has rebelled against wrong: he has resisted class tyranny: he has raised his voice against oppression: he has mutinied against injustice: he has insisted upon hearing before sentence: he has upheld the liberties of the individual: he has vindicated our common right to reform. He has fought for the people, by the people and he has fought a glorious fight, a most unselfish fight. On the one side, he found piled before him riches, titles, honors, offices; on the other side he found a helpless people struggling against oppression. He deliberately chose the latter. And like Robert Browning's hero he has been "ever a fighter." He has always enjoyed the genius and the joy of the strife. To fling himself on horseback at a moment's notice, to carry devastation into the enemy's camp, to put forth herculean efforts at a time of general despair, to strike dismay into the hearts of the enemy when in fancied security, to rout the opposing forces beyond all measurable distance—this is the sort of work Mr. Norton is best fitted to do. Fearless, dauntless, bravest of the brave, he has fought many a battle against overwhelming odds regardless of consequences. He has not only fought against official tyranny and high-handed

oppression, but he has fought against an unholy alliance against him at the bar; and he has fought against intrigues, plots and machinations. He is a power in the land he lives—the idol of his friends, the dread of his enemies, and a terror to all wrong-doers. There is none in India who could more appropriately, more deservedly adopt as his motto :—

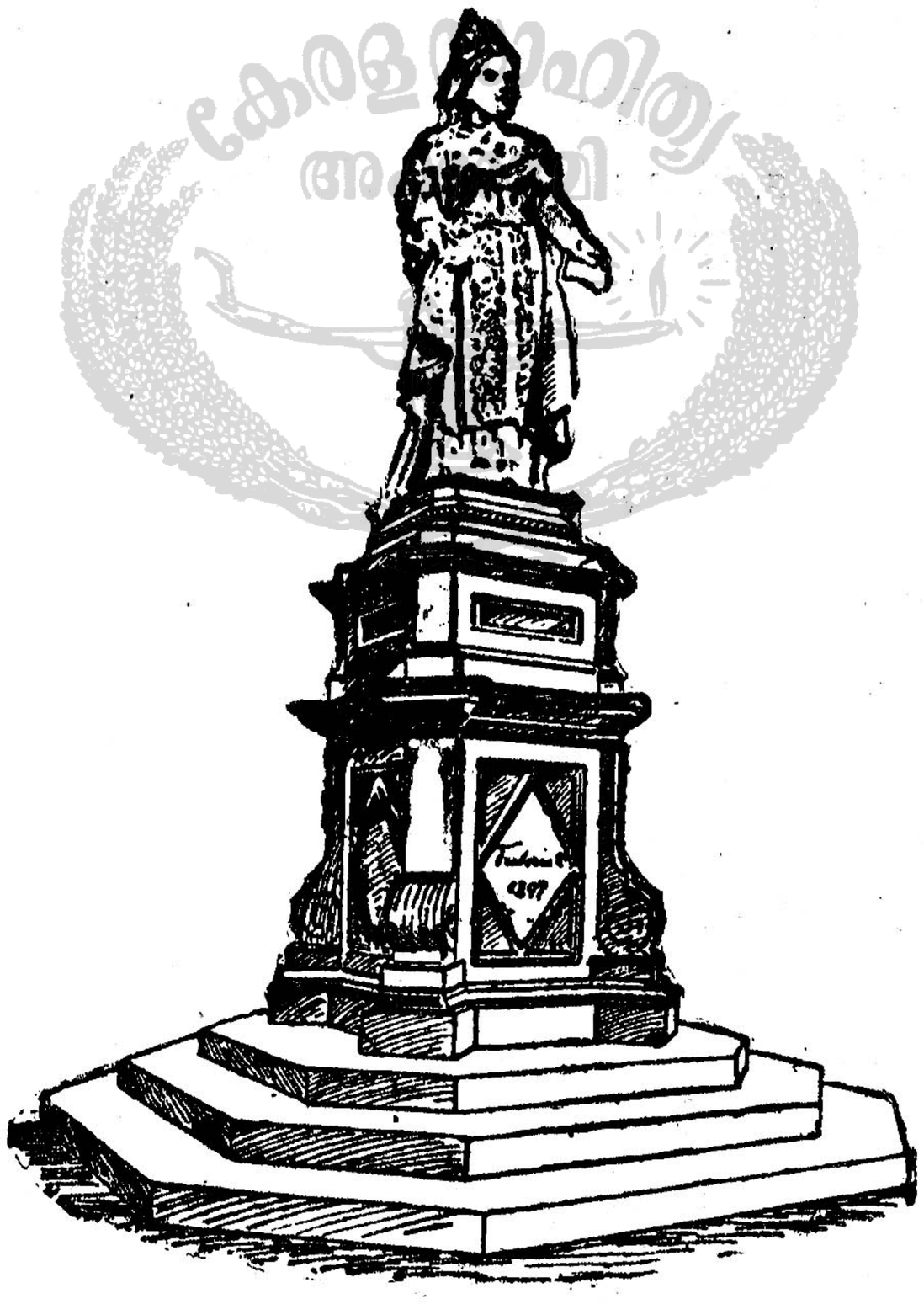
" I live for the cause that lacks assistance
I live for the cause that needs resistance
I live for the future in the distance
And the good that I can do.'

He is the negation of cant and humbug. His kindness and generosity are proverbial. Many are the cases in which he has appeared without fees, either because he was convinced his client was the victim of injustice, or because his client was poor and needy or out of private friendship; and many are the instances in which he has, unknown to the public, assisted poor boys with money and books. His kind heart is easily appealed to. Strong in hate, he is equally strong in love. His intimate friends are treated with the utmost consideration. His house, his library, his purse—all these are very generously open to them. Simple, sincere and straightforward, he is easily deceived by pretended friends. Not a flatterer himself, he hates flattery. He would not flatter Neptune for his trident or Jove for his power to thunder. And he would not believe if he were told he was Neptune or Jove. He has had his trials and troubles and none has withstood them more courageously than he. His social qualities make him the central figure in any society in which he moves. Where he is, there is mirth, merriment, wit, wisdom, humour, and learning. None could play the host with more grace or with greater candour. Affable, social, he grasps by the hand the least distinguished of his guests with as much warmth as he welcomes the most eminent. And the occasion has become historic, when, at the first Congress held in Madras, in " Dunmore House " and its extensive gardens, bright with a

myriad lights, buoyant with the luxuriance of foliage and the wealth of variegated flowers, assembled a thousand guests, from a thousand places, in a thousand costumes,

From Kashmir's icy mountains,
From Cochin's coral strand,
Where Mysore's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,

to receive and enjoy the magnificent hospitality of their kindly host and fellow-congressman, Mr. Eardley Norton.



Hon'ble Mr. P. Rungiah Naidu.

Hon'ble Mr. P. Rungiah Naidu is a unique personage at the Congress. Dark in complexion, his face covered with patches of grey hair which stand in imminent need of the barber's assistance, one of his eyes half open, the other full, he moves about with the ease and energy of a young man of five and twenty. He is dressed in white. A white turban, peculiar in shape, concave in front, flat at the top, with a small tail at the back which projects upwards, the like of which graces only the heads of the bazaar *Komatis* and *Chettis*, covers his head. A long white coat, innocent of pockets, not amenable to the discipline of buttons, with sleeves longer than his arms by at least a foot, carefully doubled up at the end, goes over his shoulders and kisses his knees. A white waistcoat brings up his front and in one of its nether pockets lies concealed a small white handkerchief which is seldom disturbed. An ordinary country cloth, reddish on the sides, white in the centre, covers his nether limbs. His feet are mounted on a pair of cheap slippers used by the country folk compelled to walk long distances.

Simple in dress, he is simple in habits. Out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning in a dress which a fellow-Congressman from Bengal recently mistook for his bathing costume, he walks miles before he attends to his day's work. Over seventy years of age, he has known no ailments, suffered from no diseases. He still displays two superb rows of pearly teeth which may well evoke the envy of the fairest of women. Hearty and hale, he is dexterous in crossing hills and dales, rice-fields and marshy swamps, pebbly brooks and thorny pathways. At the treats to Sunday school children which Lady Aberdeen used to give at her suburban menage, Dollis Hill,

Gladstone used to talk., laugh, play at hunt-the-slipper with them: he sang, he even danced with them: sometimes he actually ran races with them. Once, he delighted them by running a race with another sprightly young octogenarian, the late Sir Andrew Clarke, and came in a good winner by a head. Mr. Rungiah Naidu's children are full-grown members of the *Madras Mahajana Sabha.* He chats with them, cracks jokes with them, tells stories to them, discusses with them and rules them. He is ready to enter the field in a walking match with any of them and in a running race, I am prepared to back the septagenarian against the newest accession to the *Sabha.* Rough in speech and even uncouth in expression, he offends none, displeases none. Erect in posture, with his thumbs thrust in the armholes of his white waistcoat, he gives full vent to his emphatic affirmations and negations, and it is a pleasure to hear him and follow his hearty laughter. At private meetings he presides, he calls the members to order by a series of hard knocks on the table followed by a ringing repetition of "hear, hear, hear hear." When the members grow noisy, he silences them by a thundering harangue lasting for a minute. Hater of shams, he is no stickler at etiquette, he observes no formalities. He is not one of those who will put his house in order because he expects a visit from you. Careless of dress, regardless of appearance, he revels at home in sweet disorder, in lovely confusion. If a footstool finds its place on a sofa, if ink is spilt on the table, if a chair has only three legs, if papers are strewed on the floor, if the clock wants winding, he will not set these right because you mean to visit him and you may be the Governor of Madras.

The frowns of his official superior were useless against his determination not to button his coat: the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh was not sufficient to induce him to put on trousers. The only modern article of dress used by English-speaking Indians which he has adopted is the waistcoat and

thereby hangs a tale. When he was young, or rather when the world was young and he was employed as an Interpreter in the Small Cause Court, his dress was the same that is to-day, except for his waistcoat. Instead of a waistcoat, he exhibited his shirt in the front and made his coat hang loosely on his shoulders. His immediate superior, the Chief Interpreter, did not favour this liberty and Mr. Naidu was asked to tie up his coat, as the coat though devoid of buttons was furnished with strings. Mr. Naidu did not relish the idea. Off he went to the tailor's, ordered a waistcoat, wore it next day, pulled off the strings of his coat, appeared before the judges as Interpreter and returned to his superior officer to tell him that the judges had no objection to his new style of dress and he meant to stick to it. Ever since, he has been most loyal to his waistcoat. The genii was not more devoted to Alladin's wonderful lamp than Mr. Rungiah Naidu is to his waistcoat. But his hatred of trousers is greater than his love of waistcoat. Was it not "Ouida" who spoke of trousers as "the culminating point in male attire of ugliness, indecency, unsuitability and anti-hygienic stupidity; a garment which conceals all symmetry of proportion yet most impudently suggests nudity"? Mr. Rungiah Naidu is emphatically of the same opinion as 'Ouida' and Mr. Rungiah Naidu is more practical. When the Duke of Edinburgh visited this city, every Indian of position in Madras resolved to honor His Royal Highness in trousers. And they all did it. But not Mr. Rungiah Naidu. He set his face resolutely against this new abomination. He entered the Banqueting Hall exhibiting his naked feet. None the less, he was welcomed as warmly by the Duke as he welcomed others. Since then he has never been tempted into trousers.

Conservative in dress and habits, he is democratic in his views. Mr. Rungiah Naidu is, nothing if not independent. Sturdy and strong physically, he is equally sturdy and strong mentally. And on trying occasions, when all had yielded and

all had lost courage, "old Rungiah" has been found faithful to his charge, true to his word, courageous more than ever, ready to be sacrificed if sacrifice there must be. Independence—sturdy, sterling independence is the chief trait of his character. It is his chief food. He has lived on it. He has thriven on it. And he has displayed his independence in little things as well as big, on small occasions as well as great. He bearded an Advocate-General in his own den who had issued a general order against natives driving inside his compound, by refusing to instruct him in a case on the plea that a man who was not fit to drive right up to his bungalow was not fit to instruct him: and he created confusion in the mind of a European Magistrate who held his *kutcherry* in a room with no chairs for pleaders, by dragging a heavy chair from the adjoining drawing room and sitting in it. In the days of Sir Grant Duff, when political agitation was in its infancy in Madras, when those who worshipped authority were many and those who had the courage of their convictions few, when the Government was autocratic and the people slavish, when public men lived in dread of warrants and the press in danger of prosecution, the dark and quaint figure of Mr. Rungiah Naidu rose proudly above the rest in defiance of authority, in defiance of oppression. And when in the name of the public a handful of Indians basking in the sunshine of official smiles, gathered together to do homage to their hero, Mr. Carmichael, the then senior member of council, Mr. Rungiah had alone the courage to preside at a counter-demonstration. And later still when years had rolled away, when some of those very men who had marched under his banner of independence in the days of Grant Duff had sacrificed consistency and courage and congregated to do homage to Lord Wenlock, when some leading men who took credit for stout-heartedness collapsed ignobly at the last moment, when those who had promised had failed and those who were expected to be independent had miserably broken

down, "old Rungiah" again came forward and boldly took the field by signing a document of protest against any memorial to such an unpopular Governor as Lord Wenlock. Of all public men in Madras he is the man among Indians who has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting, tried in the furnace and still found pure.

Whenever the National Congress is held in Madras, none is more attentive to delegates none more solicitous of their comforts than Mr. Rungiah Naidu. His attention, his supervision extends everywhere, over everything and particularly over the culinary department. He is an adept in pleasing the palates of Congressmen. When the President of the Congress or the Secretaries sit at dinner and they begin to express surprise at the numerical preponderance of dishes, they are quietly told, some of them and a large number of them are Mr. Rungiah Naidu's special dishes! When the delegates congregate in the Congress compound for lunch Mr. Rungiah Naidu is there anxious to please all, willing to serve every one. Possessed of a kind heart, social and obliging, one of the gayest of old men, he is liked by all, revered by all. No writer, no speaker, possessing no great learning, no great accomplishments, with sterling independence as his chief merit, he sits enthroned on high on the hearts of the people of Southern India.

Mr. A. O. Hume.

In the dim and distant future when India attains the position of a British Colony and comes to be recognised as an important self-governing factor in the British Empire, there is one name which will be gratefully recalled in all Indian households, one name which will be cherished and revered far more than the name of any Empire-builder or Viceroy—the name of Allan Octavian Hume. Mr. Hume has done much more for India than any other Englishman living or dead. It is glorious to make a nation kneel before you at the point of your sword. It is equally glorious to govern an Empire famed for its fabulous riches. But it is still more glorious to put a prostrate people on their legs, and help them to walk. This is precisely what Mr. A. O. Hume has done. As the founder of the National Congress movement in India he has established an indisputable claim on posterity.

In the early days of the Congress there was no figure more familiar to Congressmen, none which was received with a more spontaneous outburst of cheering than that of Mr. Hume. Tall and graceful in appearance, he was remarkably active. His gray hairs commanded respect. The warmth of his words created enthusiasm. His strong feeling sought an outlet in sympathetic expressions. And his powerful imagination made him easily picture to himself the poor and forlorn condition of "Mother India." Madame Roland wept at nine years of age she was not born a Roman citizen. Tears of genuine warmth trickled down the cheeks of the revered old man when he thought of the condition of India. In his younger days, he had written in vigorous English reams of unsympathetic foolscap which passed for G O's: and he had sought pleasure in the company of birds and butterflies on

whom he is one of the best recognised authorities to this day. But as he grew old, when he moved from district to district, from province to province, one feature of Indian life forced itself on him everywhere. Struggle against it as he might, one gloomy shadow overclouded all his waking hours, one hateful spectre haunted all his dreams, one sorrowful fact stared him in the face—the miserable, poverty-stricken condition of the people of India. His mind was stirred: his feelings were roused: and he spoke straight. "Many and weary have been the years of my pilgrimage" he wrote, "and now the time of peace and rest, for me at any rate, draws nigh apace: but before I pass away and am no more seen, before that night falls for me in which no man can work, I would fain speak to those brethren who have so zealously toiled beside me, and to that people whom they and I love so well, of the great and enduring hope that is in me—a hope that, could I see realized, would light for me the portals of the unexplored and allow me to depart with the blessed assurance that a happier day was dawning for our beloved country." That was the "Old Man's Hope" and he summoned the sons of Ind in burning words of eloquence to the rescue of their motherland.

"Sons of Ind, be up and doing,
Let your course by none be stayed;
Lo! the Dawn is in the East
By themselves are nations made!"

Such was the birth of the National Congress movement and its "Father" watched it with solicitude during its childhood. For full seven years, Mr. Hume waited upon her personally, cradled her in comfort, clothed her with care, ran with her where she ran, stopped with her where she stopped and was always in attendance on her, to

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!"

For seven years, he devoted his entire attention to the

National Congress, made all preliminary arrangements in the city where it was to be held, guided its deliberations without a hitch, wrote and edited its reports and invariably moved the annual proposition regarding the place where the succeeding Congress was to be held, till at last at the seventh session when he found the Congress needed no longer his tender solicitude and he himself felt the increasing burden of advancing years, he bade adieu to India and retired to England. At that Congress held at Nagpur he said, "To me there is something saddening and something gladdening in this announcement, gladdening because we have reached the eighth Congress and are going to have a gathering which I know will be successful; saddening because for the first time from the commencement of the Congress, I shall not be present to share your enthusiasm and your labors for the good of the country. But be sure that, though distant from you in body, my spirit will be with you and I shall watch over your progress and shall be expecting, if still in the land of the living, to receive good tidings and hear that the next Congress is the most successful that you have ever had. Remember that our opponents have always been telling the world—you and I know how false it is—that these Congresses depend entirely upon Mr. Hume. It will be for you to show next year, when Mr. Hume has not been near the country for twelve months, that you can run the Congress yourselves as well as or better than it has ever been run when Mr. Hume was present." And so, it has proved to be. For seven years the Congress was held with Mr. Hume. For seven years the Congress was held without Mr. Hume. The latter is a more eloquent testimony to his great and enduring work than the former. The Congress has become a living force in India.

Its "father" is now giving rest to his wearied limbs in his quiet retreat in Upper Norwood. There is but one thing that occupies his thoughts there—India. As he said at Nag-

pur his heart is still with us all. He reads Indian newspapers at home. He attends meetings of the British Congress Committee at Palace Chambers at Westminster. Between these, he divides his attention. A man of strong feeling and pronounced views, he is strong in his adjectives and even vehement in his denunciations. But beneath his vehemence you perceive the swell of his soul, his sleepless humanity. There is no simpler man than Mr. Hume: none more sincere. Visit him at home and you are struck with his sincerity and simplicity. He has a simple home and his food is simple. He is a vegetarian but he imposes no restrictions on you. He treats you with all the kindness and consideration due to a member of his family: he finds you society and he provides you with amusement. A walk to the Crystal Palace grounds is proposed after dinner and you accept the proposal with pleasure. It is a night of fireworks (and such fireworks!)—a lovely night, only pleasantly cold: and I cannot recall to mind any moments of my life with greater pleasure than when seated on one of the high benches outside the Crystal Palace by the side of Mr. Hume, I observed while enjoying his company, the curious reproductions in bright and blazing light against a dark and gloomy sky, of portions of the Jubilee procession containing Her Majesty the Queen's carriage and several other incidents connected with that grand imperial celebration.

Mr. J. Ghosal.

One fine morning you find a smooth-faced stranger entering your city. Though on the wrong side of fifty, his face is free from the wrinkles of age and not a single streak of gray hair gleams on his devoted head. The only indication of his age, however, is the sparseness of hair which carefully combed dexterously conceals the deficiency. He is dressed English fashion from top to toe—and no mistake—and as he talks, haltingly and in his own peculiar manner, a red handkerchief peeps out of his coat pocket ready to be at the service of its proud owner. At his heels is his faithful attendant whose Mahommedan beard and attractive livery indicate the high social rank of his master. Though a stranger to the majority of the population he is really no stranger in the city. He is met on his arrival by old faces which smile in evident satisfaction and welcomed by old hands which are vigorous in the exchange of greetings. He smiles, he bows, he embraces: he talks sweet words, he uses kind expressions. Such is Mr. Janakinath Ghosal.

His arrival heralds the Congress. Find you Mr. Ghosal in any Indian town in December? There the Congress will be held. He comes with the Congress, goes with the Congress. Or rather, he comes before the Congress, goes after the Congress. First to come, last to go, Mr. Ghosal is the pivot round which the Congress turns. What Parliament was to Pitt, that the Congress is to Mr. Ghosal. It is his mistress, his stud, his dice-box, his game-preserve; it is his ambition, his library, his creed. Without him, no Congress has been held, without him will ever any Congress be held? The paternity of the Congress has been established. But, after all, the Congress does not know its real father. If

there is any one man who could dispute Mr. A. O. Hume's claim to parentage, it is Mr. Janakinath Ghosal. There is no doubt however, that it was between them both that the Congress was hatched. If Mr. Hume's claims to be known as the "father" of the Congress ought to be unassailed, Mr. Ghosal has a right to be known as its "mother." And the scene of their labours is not far off! Bombay is known as its birth-place but the mother knows better—and I dare say the father—and how fondly Mr. Ghosal points to the white storied building on the western side of the big tank in Mylapore as the scene of his early labours. Yes, in that storied building, in one of its spacious rooms, did the idea of the Congress first originate. Mr. Hume was its father: Mr. Ghosal was its mother: and Dewan Bahadur Raghunatha Row and Mr. (now Mr. Justice) S. Subramania Aiyer were the nurses that assisted at its birth.

There is none better fitted to write the inner history of the Congress than Mr. Ghosal. Who discovered who? Did Mr. Hume first discover Mr. Ghosal? Or, did Mr. Ghosal first discover Mr. Hume? This is still a problem of problems which few are able to solve. Mr. Ghosal is the right-hand man of the Congress President, who always sits to the President's left at the Congress. He is the President's encyclopædia, his authority, his mainstay, his backbone, his adviser, his high priest, his plaything. He is in charge of the too-too-dreaded President's gong. He carries it from place to place, safely deposited in the innermost depths of one of his numerous boxes. It lies quietly buried there from year's dawn to year's end till when the Reception Committee having completed all arrangements, has carefully forgotten the gong, Mr. Ghosal quietly takes it out, places it on the President's table and uses it when he finds the President too indulgent. Mr. Ghosal speaks but once at every Congress. As soon as the President's opening speech in over, up rises Mr. Ghosal, reminds the delegates that they should restrict

their loquacious tendencies to ten or five minutes as the case may be, reads the rules of procedure, goes over the list of members of the Subjects Committee and then sits down amidst thunderous applause. That is the signal for the Congress to disperse on the first day.

Mr. Ghosal is not only the advance guard of the Congress but its universal-provider. Wherever he is he makes himself comfortable and makes all others feel comfortable who are with him. If you want anything which you cannot get in the Congress camp, you have only to enter Mr. Ghosal's room. You wish to despatch a letter sealed and you find no sealing wax: go to Mr. Ghosal's room. You are thirsty and cannot get a cup of tea; go to Mr. Ghosal's room. You have received a telegram from an unknown place and you wish to find out where exactly in the map it is: go to Mr. Ghosal's room. It is too late for you to return home and you wish to have a blanket to wrap yourself up in: go to Mr. Ghosal's room. You are required to make a speech at the Congress and you have not got the necessary books of reference: go to Mr. Ghosal's room. Your carriage has no lights and you wish to go home: go to Mr. Ghosal's room. You want to have a shave and a bath: go to Mr. Ghosal's room. In fact, there is nothing that Mr. Ghosal has not got and he is only too ready and willing to oblige you. This thing you want is in the sixth drawer in box No. 1: that thing you require is found at the bottom of the fifteenth layer of box No. 22: and that other you are in need of turns up the moment box No. 13 is opened. He is in charge of such a large number of articles that he never returns home after any Congress without losing something. It may be a spoon, a knife, a plate, a walking stick or an umbrella. Sometimes he discovers the loss before he leaves. Sometimes, it so happens, that he discovers the loss only after he reaches home. And then, he has such a strong memory that he gives you a graphic description of the articles he has lost. If it is an umbrella he knows how many

ribs it had, at what angle it opened, the quality of its handle the value of its cloth, &c., &c., &c. In fact, Mr. Ghosal is such a consummate master of details! If Mr. Gladstone is known in his speeches to have made "pippins and cheese interesting and tea serious," Mr. Ghosal in his letters makes umbrellas lively and spoons instructive.

It is a rare privilege to have Mr. Ghosal as your companion at table. Jovial, amiable, of winning manners, the very pink of politeness, with a rich supply of entertaining anecdotes and ever ready to give you the history of things unknown, Mr. Ghosal keeps you roaring with laughter. The little stories and the little incidents are told in his own quaint way, spiced with apt asides, which make you thoroughly enjoy his company. There is nothing he does not know. Ask him and he begins "Oh! that-is-a-long-story" and you hang breathless on his lips to catch the words of wit and wisdom which issue out of his mouth at long intervals and entertain you in a way you are seldom entertained at table. No wonder that "Janaki" should be the universal favourite in Bengal. Managing member of the British Indian Association, of the Indian Association for the cultivation of Science and of the Indian National Chamber of Commerce, Municipal Commissioner, Honorary Magistrate, Secretary to the Managing Committee of the Bethune College for women, "Janaki" is in great requisition everywhere in Bengal. He manages both men and women. Above all, he is the happy husband of his wife, the accomplished Miss Tagore, once editor of the only journal for women in India and the mother of an Indian Civilian and a lady graduate.

Mr. D. E. Wacha.

Short, fair, lithe of limb, active, sprightly, cheerful, with a Parsi sloping-roofed hat on his head, sporting a *pince nez* on his nose, sitting but to read or write, standing only to walk, Mr. Dinsha Edulji Wacha is one of the most familiar figures at the Congress. He is its Joint General Secretary. But his title is disputed. As Mr. Janakinath Ghosal disputes Mr. Hume's claim to the title "Father of the Congress," so does Mr. Janakinath Ghosal dispute Mr. Wacha's right to be styled General Secretary. Year after year at the Congress Mr. Wacha is re-appointed General Secretary but year after year, some speak, and others write, of Mr. Ghosal as General Secretary. The fact is the master of the ceremonies at the Congress has no other name to be known by. But there is a world of difference between General Secretary and General Secretary. There is nothing half so amusing or half so enjoyable as to be seated between General Secretary and General Secretary, discussing some question or talking over some subject. On the one side you have a machine in perfect working order, throwing out word-impressions at a wonderfully rapid rate, till you find ourself confronted by an avalanche of words: on the other side you find a stringed instrument, struggling to make itself heard but abortive in its preliminary attempts to raise its tune to the necessary pitch. On the one side, you have to deal with a spirited race-horse; on the other, your concern is with philosophic Jumbo. One only begins sentences; the other always completes them in his own fashion. It is then that you begin to wish that you were 'doubled.' But being single, you devote one half of yourself to General Secretary No. 1 and the other half to General Secretary No. 2—one half listening, as it is afforded no opportunity to speak and the other half, speaking as it finds nothing to listen to.



MR. D. E. WACHA.

Mr. Dinshaw Edulji Wacha is the loftiest embodiment of activity to be found in the Congress camp. You see his boundless activity in whatever he does. Walking, he darts like an arrow. Talking, he monopolises all conversation. Writing, he writes pages after pages without effort. His letters are quite characteristic of the man. See you a square blue cover, with your address written in a sloping hand among your letters? Be sure it is Mr. Wacha's. Open it and you find at least two letter papers. Read it and you find every page of it written. From page to page there is no correction, no interlineation. Beginning at page No. I, the writer stops only with the last letter of the last word on the last page—and this for want of another page! His hand travels quick from page to page: but his thoughts fly quicker. He never suffers from want of matter to write about. He is always so full. There is but one other man I know of—and he is a literary man too and in Madras—who writes as Mr. Wacha does, but with a difference. Mr. Wacha always finishes when he reaches the bottom of the last page of his letters. But his Madras contemporary never does. He creates a fifth page by writing across on the first page. He always ends where he begins. What Macaulay says of "Burleigh and His Times" is true to a modified extent of Mr. Wacha. "The title is as long as an ordinary preface: the prefatory matter would furnish out an ordinary book: and the book contains as much reading as an ordinary library." Mr. Wacha's letters are essays: his essays are books. But the length of his letters does not detract from their interesting character. He is so replete with information—and his energy is so great—that words drop with rapidity from his pen when he writes and from his lips when he speaks.

As a speaker, he is one of the few men who could successfully baffle the art of short-hand reporting. With an admirable vocabulary at his command, with a faultless accent, never in want of a word, Mr. Wacha could easily speak at the

rate of 200 words a minute. His words race together at a break-neck speed. The first word is anxious to keep its place the second word chases the first: the third chases the second: the fourth presses on the heels of the third: the fifth is in danger of finding itself on the neck of the fourth: the sixth is pressed from behind: and so the race continues till they emerge, not higgledy-piggledy or helter-skelter, but in one long continuous line and form a rapid procession to the evident pleasure and delight of the audience. The charm of the performance is heightened by the ringing tones of his clear voice. Mr. Wacha's *forte* is statistics. Some dyspeptic individual has divided lies into three classes: lies, d—n lies, and statistics: but that does not detract from the value of statistics. Statistics has been recognized as a science and Mr. Wacha is the great statistician of the Congress. He is more. A fellow Congressman called him the other day, the Westland of the Congress. Evidently, it was meant as a compliment to Mr. Wacha. But I consider it complimentary to Sir James Westland. Yes, Mr. Wacha is the greatest financial authority of the Congress. He could speak on any subject: but he speaks generally on two subjects: it is either the currency or the growth of Civil and Military expenditure and his speeches are always brimful of facts and figures. Mr. Wacha loves company and the company of none so well, as statistics. Leave him alone with the dry bones of statistics and in a few minutes he is capable of quickening them to life, covering them with flesh and blood and placing them before you in a presentable form.

Mr. Wacha's activity is many-sided. He not only writes long letters: but he writes such a large number of them every day. Seldom does the Bengal mail or the Madras mail leave Bombay on any day for Calcutta or Madras without at least a single blue square envelope from Mr. Wacha: and in the Presidency itself he writes to a large number of friends. The British Committee of the Congress has no more steady, no

more regular, no more faithful correspondent than Mr. Wacha. He misses no English mail : and every one of these carries to the British shores not one or two but more letters, mostly to friends of the Congress. Such is the extent of his letter writing! More voluminous still is his newspaper correspondence. There are at least three papers in Bombay to which he writes regularly every week : there is at least one paper in Madras to which he writes, equally regularly : and as regards his occasional contributions his choice is not limited : it extends from Bombay to Calcutta, from Lahore to Madras. And whatever he writes is eagerly read both on account of the manner of it and the matter in it. And his political prescience is remarkable. Soon after the retirement of Lord Lansdowne and at the eve of the last General Election, when the Liberal Ministry stood in danger of momentary extinction, in a letter he wrote to me Mr. Wacha predicted in no indistinct terms the exact lines on which the Conservatives, if they came to power, would curtail the liberty of the Press in India! At the time, there was not the faintest, the remotest indication of it. And I myself was too optimistic to believe a word of it. Yet it came to pass. In addition to his voluminous private letters and newspaper contributions, he carries on a large correspondence as the Manager of a Mill, and is besides, Secretary to the Presidency Association, Municipal Commissioner, Justice of the Peace and Member of the City Improvement Trust, in all which directions, he is equally active. A ready writer, a ready speaker, ready also to fight for any good cause when necessary, wonderfully active in a multiplicity of directions, social, affable, obliging, Mr. Wacha is loved and esteemed by all in Bombay except the *Rast Goftar*. The more one knows him, the more the wonder grows that his little frail form could do all that he does within the circumscribed space of four and twenty hours.

Sir William Wedderburn.

Breathes not another Britisher in all Great Britain who has a kindlier heart for the people of India than the President of the British Congress Committee. After the fitful championship of India by Bright and Fawcett, came a period when she succeeded in securing the sympathy, the entire sympathy of a man of such consummate energy and ability as Bradlaugh. But the period was as brief as it was brilliant. In the height of his championship, when all eyes in India were turned on their doughty champian in the House of Commons, he was suddenly cut off: and India drifted again, rudderless, helpless. But the void in the House of Commons was soon filled. As soon as Bradlaugh had gone out, another man entered and assumed the leadership of a small band of members who pledged themselves to India. When Parliament sits and London is in season, this unpretentious old man whose forehead bears the stamp of sincerity and whose lips indicate his firmness is always seeu busy in an upper room in Palace Chambers at Westminster, reading Indian papers, opening Indian letters, taking notes of Indian grievances, drafting Indian questions, consulting his colleagues eagerly as to the best way in which a particular matter relating to India may be handled in the House of Commons. Such is Sir William Wedderburn. Addressing the Bombay Congress over which he presided he said that having been in the service of the people of India for tweuty-five years and eaten their salt, he hoped to devote to their service what still remains to him of active life. Sir William is still active—far too active for an old man. It is impossible to say when it is that Sir William renders himself more useful to India—when India is ruled by a rod of iron and the people are subject to trials and troubles or when all is peace and quiet here and nothing ruffles the Indian atmosphere. At all times Sir William is indefatigable. With sleepless eyes, he watches over India prepared to bear the brunt of official atttacks, and ready to share Anglo-Indian abuse.



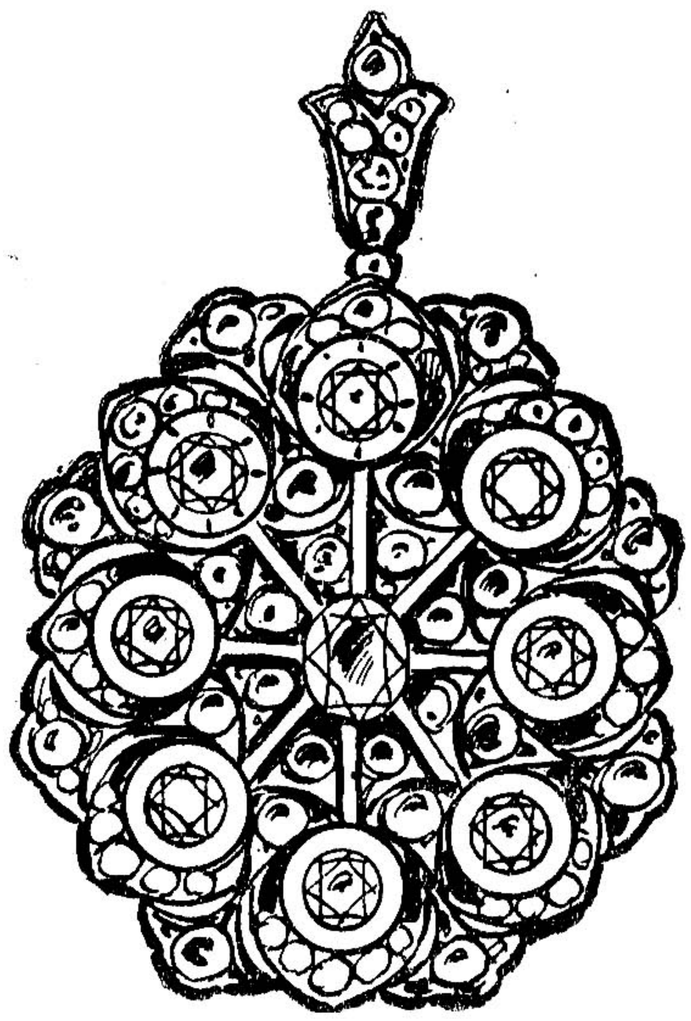
MR. W. S. CAINE.

Mr. W. S. Caine.

Mr. Caine is ardently devoted to India. He has been aptly termed the "father-in-law" of the House of Commons. And it is not merely Mr. Caine that is devoted to India but all the members of his charming family, his wife, his daughters and his sons-in-law, two of whom are Members of Parliament. Like Mr. Caine, his son-in-law Mr. Roberts is never weary of doing good to India. Shrewd and calculating, Mr. Caine is systematic and business-like in his habits and is in complete touch with the people of England. He has attended more than one Congress in India; and more than one Congress has had the benefit of his attendance. Years ago, when he first visited India an utter stranger as I was to him then, I formed some conception of his public speaking which may be reproduced with interest at the present moment, free as it must be from the taint of partiality which a steadily grown intimacy since cannot but convey to any description that I may attempt to give of him at the present moment. To reproduce what I then wrote:—

"There is genuine pleasure in hearing him. We have not heard a speaker who speaks with greater ease and less effort than Mr. Caine. His speeches are not prepared and his heart is full; there is a natural flow of words which express his pent-up feelings. He treats the whole audience as one man, and speaks in a rather conversational tone, seldom indulging in oratorical flights. His voice is clear and powerful, and indicates what he is capable of accomplishing in times of emergency. As he has to address hundreds of meetings in India, and to speak almost every day, one can understand his anxiety to preserve his voice. That he is a practised speaker is apparent from the way he addresses his audience. He is not partial to any portion of his hearers and gives no room for complaint. He resembles a volcano which makes the necessary

preparations for an eruption, or rather which shews the premonitory symptoms of an outburst. The symptoms indicate the nature of the result, and while now and then he carries his speech to such a pitch as to put the audience on the *qui vive*, he disappoints them at the next moment. There is a sudden calmness; the storm which was brewing blows away quietly. If the volcano bursts or the storm breaks out, it cannot last long, and therefore Mr. Caine does not attempt a volcanic or stormy oratory. The rumbling noise preparatory to an eruption can continue long; so will Mr. Caine have the strength and energy to continue his addresses day after day. But, if the volcano bursts in Madras to-day, it cannot burst again at Dindigul or Bellary or any other town to-morrow. A sufficient time must elapse for further preparations, and that is exactly what Mr. Caine does not want to do. Mr. Caine cannot be said to be free from gesticulations. He makes a freer use of his left arm than his right. The left arm keeps time with his words, points at the audience now and then and is always vigorously active. The right does less service: it is often akimbo and when he wants to lay special stress on any particular portion of his speech, off it goes and receives in its palm the full force of his folded left hand."





MR. A. M. BOSE.

Mr. A. M. Bose.

Mr. Ananda Mohan Bose is one of the best known Congressmen in Calcutta. Leader of a religious movement, there is piety in his talk. His gentleness is striking. He is easily moved to pity. He has a clear conscience. But enthusiasm is one of his chief qualities, enthusiasm in religion, enthusiasm in politics. Talking to him, you leave him to do all the talking. He has so much to say and he says it so well that you do not attempt the difficult feat of talking him into silence. As a speaker, he is impressive. There is music in the delivery of his speeches. With some it is the beating of the big drum. But Mr. Bose's oratory is a combination of the South Indian violin, *vina*, *tambour* and drum. At a South Indian music party there is nothing so common as to see such a quadrilateral combination of musicians vieing one with another, each trying to display his great skill, and all shaking their heads in ecstatic approval of each other's performance and in harmony with their music: and the audience when roused signify their approval in the same quaker fashion. Herein are combined pleasure, harmony, and agreeableness. Mr. Bose's eloquence is of the same order and produces a similar effect. Stanley's whole intellect, it is said, ran into his eloquence. Mr. Bose's intellectual ability is clearly seen in his eloquence. He speaks straight from the heart and his speech is sweet to the ear. "Love and Service" is his motto. He was the first wrangler at Cambridge from India.

Mr. Lal Mohan Ghose.

Mr. Lal Mohan Ghose is a distinguished leader of the Congress movement. He was the first to dispel the illusion that a native of India was capable of doing nothing better or higher than filling some of the posts in the subordinate services in India. He was the first to contest an English constituency and he was the first to convince Englishmen of the superiority of Indian political oratory. Many and multifarious are the speeches he made in Great Britain : and they are appreciated to this day by many of those who were privileged to hear him. Some still fondly ask, as they asked me, what became of that Bengalee who—they are not able to pronounce his name—contested Deptford and add 'won't he come back again.'? They still remember the 'bronzed Englishman,' as they called him. When at the Deptford election, the Conservatives cried out, "Do not vote for the Hindu but vote for the Englishman," the people in the streets shouted, "We will vote for the bronzed Englishman." And there were several men who voted for Mr. Ghose at that election simply because they heard him called a 'black man.' As an orator, Mr. Lal Mohan Ghose has established a reputation which none other in India has attained. He has many a time appeared on the same platform with John Bright and the British verdict is that he has not suffered in comparison. Free from gesticulations, with an admirable command of words and possessing a voice which he modulates with wonderful effect, Mr. Lal Mohan Ghose produces an excellent impression whenever he speaks. He speaks but seldom. Fox said of Pitt that though he himself was never in want of words, Pitt was never without the best words possible. Such is the comparison that may be made between Mr. Lal Mohan Ghose and other Indian orators. Mr. Ghose's style of oratory is best suited to the House of Commons. Nothing would seem wanting to his speeches and there would be no redundancy. He would hit the precise point and sit down without tiring his audience.

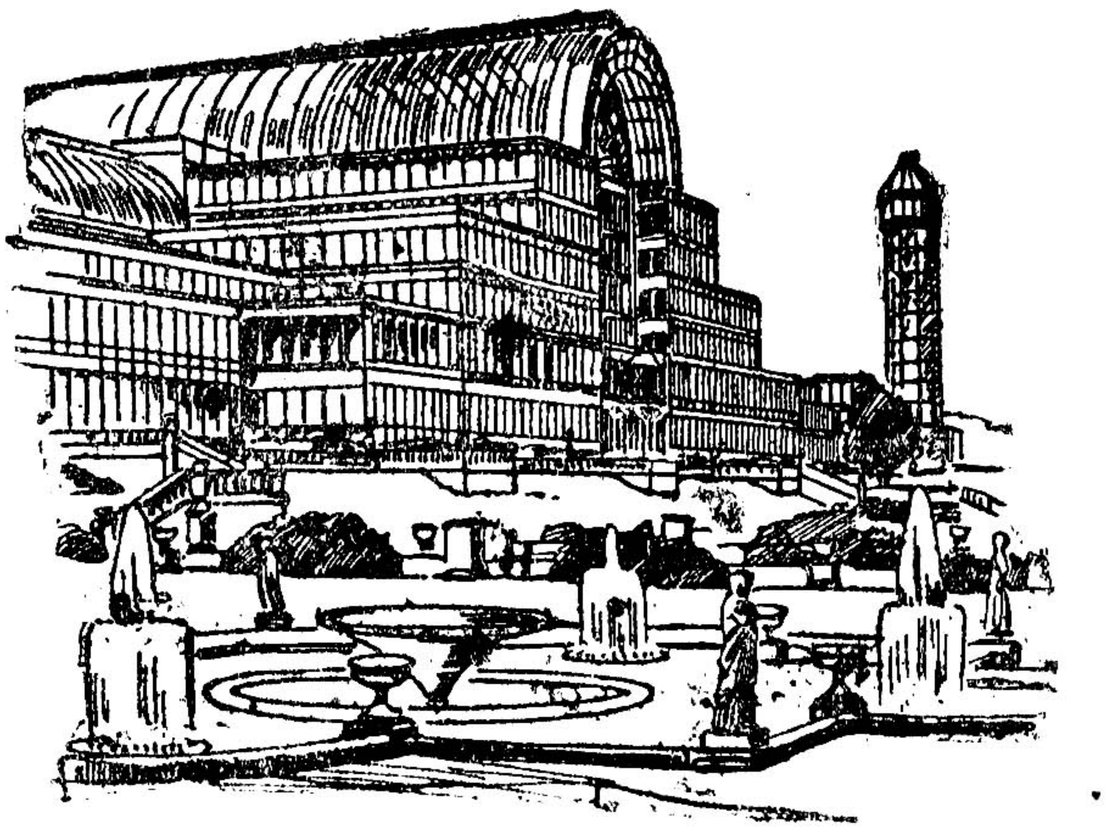
Raja Rampal Singh.

Raja Rampal Singh is a familiar figure at the Congress. Short and well made, he moves about with an enormous stick in his hand. When he speaks, he stammers but his stammering and stuttering has not prevented him from making some vigorous speeches. He is an ardent Congressman. He was being examined in a case as a witness for the defence. The prosecuting counsel in cross examining Raja Rampal thought he could make a strong point against him by eliciting the fact that he was a Congressman (seditious Congressman, of course!) and he asked Raja Rampal Singh to his surprise whether he was not a Congressman. The Raja saw it through. He had no hesitation: he was not wanting in courage. He was prompt. "Yes," said he to the judge, bringing his closed fist with tremendous force on the table before him "Yes, take that down, I *am* a Congressman." The cross-examining counsel did not pursue the subject further. To see Raja Rampal is ever to know him. But, for once I was puzzled. I had seen him familiarly in his English dress, short coat collar, necktie, hat and all: but attending a social gathering one night, I saw a short and well-made figure in gold and velvet, dressed in oriental profusion, with diamonds and pearls all over. That was Raja Rampal by night: the other was Raja Rampal by day. The one was Raja Rampal at a political meeting: the other was Raja Rampal at a social gathering.



Pandit Madan Mohan Malavaya.

Mr. Madan Mohan Malavayya hails from Allahabad. His speech is as mellifluous as his name. He has a sweet voice and is one of the most enthusiastically welcomed of men on the Congress platform. Neither tall nor short, not stout but thin, not dark, dressed in pure white, with a white robe which goes round his shoulders and ends down below the knees, Mr. Madan Mohan stands like Eiffel's tower when he addresses his fellow Congressmen. He stands slanting forward, admirably preserving his centre of gravity. His speeches are full of pellucid and sparkling statements and his rolling and interminable sentences travel out of his mouth in quick succession producing a thrilling impression on the audience. There is music in his voice: there is magic in his eye; and he is one of the sweet charmers of the Congress company. There was a connecting link between Raja Rampal Singh and Pandit Madan Mohan—the *Hindustan*. The one was proprietor, the other was editor. Schoolmaster before he became editor, Mr. Madan Mohan has become a lawyer after becoming editor.





MR. C. SANKARAN NAIR.

Mr. C. Sankaran Nair.

Mr. C. Sankaran Nair is "about as fine a specimen of one of India's fighting races as could be met with." He is as fit to command the Nair Brigade as he is to preside over the Congress assembly. He possesses two qualities which ought to win him distinction in the battle-field as he has won distinction in the Congress pavilion—coolness and courage. The Congress is in an uproar. In one corner, there is confusion worst confounded—seats tumbling, men falling, others swearing: in another place some Congressmen are crying at the top of their voice, fiercely gesticulating. There is a general disturbance and all Congressmen are unconsciously thrown on their legs. They look on with anxiety: they query with impatience. But one man has scarcely turned in his seat: he sits cool and collected: and that is Mr. Sankaran Nair. He is a radical of radicals: all the same he impresses many as a 'sober politician.' He seldom speaks: and when words run high and there is a heated discussion, he is silent, impenetrably silent. Says he,

> Vociferated logic kills me quite,
> A noisy man is always in the right—
> I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
> Fix on the wainscoat a distressful stare;
> And when I hope his blunders all are out,
> Reply directly, 'To be sure—no doubt'."

Mr. Sankaran Nair has the voice and constitution of an orator, but he lacks imagination, he wants the fire which whether subdued or allowed to flame is essential to the genius of the real orator. He is averse to public speaking and his speeches generally are very short. He is like a coy maiden too shy to speak.

Mr. John Adam.

Mr. John Adam is a prominent Congressman whom Madras claims. He is a Scotchman and possesses the shrewdness and shares the practical qualities of the Scotch. His is a splendid figure. Tall, strong and well-built, he makes an impression physically as he does intellectually. Few have had the courage to change their profession after their fortieth year. Mr. Adam is one of the few. Having won distinction as a schoolmaster, he is trying to win distinction as a lawyer. He has perseverance, he has energy and he is of a sanguine temperament. That is the high road to success. His speeches are practical and he speaks with ease, often in a conversational style like Mr. Caine: and he is always patiently heard. Mr. Adam's versatility is marked. He is a mathematician, a lawyer, a journalist, a specialist in technical education, an authority on the land question, an author of Commercial Primers and an all-round University examiner.



Mr. R. M. Sayani.

Mr. Rahimtollah M. Sayani is a leading Mahomedan Congressman. He joined the Congress, almost from the very beginning. But being of a quiet and retiring disposition, his worth was scarcely appreciated till he was called upon to fill the Presidential chair at Calcutta. His words are few but his presidential speech was long, very long. He is one of the few Mahomedans of Bombay in whom the public, Hindu, Mahomedan and Christian, all alike, have absolute confidence. Since a regrettable accident, Mr. Sayani labours under all the disadvantages of "strength by limping sway disabled." A spirit of resignation has come upon him. But his ardour is none the less cool. His energy is as sustained as ever. As a leading solicitor, as a member of the corporation, as Sheriff, as Joint Secretary to the Anjuman-i-islam, as member of the Bombay and the Imperial Legislative Council, Mr. Sayani has rendered great service to the people of Bombay.



Mr. N. G. Chandavarkar.

Fair and of a prepossessing appearance, with greater affinity in features to his countrymen in Southern India, Mr. Chandavarkar is a well-known Congressman of whom Bombay is justly proud. There is something dashing about his speeches. He speaks in clear ringing tones and he is fluent speaker. An Anglo Indian paper has remarked that 'the ring of the English platform athlete is in his voice.' One of the earliest batch of our delegates to England, he had not the slightest hesitation in crossing the *Kalapani* though a Brahmin of Brahmins. He is a practical social reformer—a *rara avis* in these days of talk and tom-tom. He has a strong memory and he has sound knowledge. Both combined have made him a marked figure on the Congress platform.



Mr. R. N. Mudholkar.

In Berars, there is no man better known than Mr. R. N. Mudholkar. Boots, trousers, long black coat, a folded garment round his shoulders, a Poona scarlet turban—these form his accoutrement. Facts and figures are on his fingers' ends. The latest reports, the most recent bluebooks form a chief portion of his food. On the poverty of India, on the condition of its agricultural population, on revenue settlement and on kindred subjects he could talk without being tired. And he has talked Englishmen into conviction in England and he has talked his own countrymen into admiration in India.

